

1989

DIRECTOR'S BOOK

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

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INTRODUCTION

THE GUIDE TO WELL-BREAD LOAFING

The Bread Loaf School of English

Tuesday, June 27, 1989

Green Greetings

Welcome to Bread Loaf. For those of you who don't yet know your way around, those who think they do will by now have told you more about the place than they know themselves. The "Green Ribbon Greeters" in the Inn Lobby are returning Bread Loafers who want to help you feel at home. Ask them questions about any aspect of life on the mountain. And remember the answers: you may wear a ribbon yourself next year.

Of Course Registration

In the Bread Loaf Office are Hugh Coyle, Elaine Hall, and Jeanine Zeitvogel. Students should confirm their course selections as soon as possible. If you have not yet registered for classes or if you wish to change your registration, please see Hugh even sooner.

Yauch!

Middlebury College Comptroller Philip Yauch will collect on all unpaid bills today in the Blue Parlor. Ask a Green Ribbon Greeter where that is. It hurts him more than it hurts you: believe it!

First Night

There will be an All-School Meeting after dinner tonight at 7:30 in the Little Theater, at which Director Jim Maddox will officially begin the summer with his welcoming remarks. A reception will follow, in the Barn, with cookies and punch providing your excuse to linger and converse.

They're Handy

The Front Desk of the Inn is ably managed by Joan (jo-an) and Robert (bob) Handy, along with Jen "U. Flecked" Heck, Dan Robb (also the Bookstore Manager), and Doug "No Relation" Handy (a.k.a. the Taxi Driver). They will provide you with information, advice, and (in need) comfort. They double as switchboard operators and triple as Post Officers.

Park Away from the Parkway

State Law prohibits parking along Route 125. Enforcement of this law begins today. Faculty in Maple and students in Tamarack, Brandy Brook, and Gilmore may park their cars on the lawn contiguous to but well away from the road. It is particularly important to keep the road clear in front of the Inn: the School's van stops there frequently and one can't always count on Driver Doug's natural good humor.

On Fire

Due to the danger of fire, hot plates and coffee makers are forbidden on campus. Hot food and coffee are available at all reasonable (and a few formerly-unreasonable) hours from the snack bar. Also due to the danger of fire, smoke detectors have been installed all over campus. As they are very sensitive to smoke (by nature) be careful when smoking in your room. If the alarm should go off inadvertently, air your room; if the alarm persists, notify the Front Desk. If the alarm beeps frequently, it probably needs a new battery: contact the Front Desk.

White Wash

The Laundry is in the white building on the road from the Inn to the Barn (or vice versa). Wash and dry are fifty cents each. All machines run on small plastic tickets, which are available at the Front Desk. Please be patient with these machines: they may not start up immediately, but would you, given their job?

Valuable Information

Small valuables may be stored in the Front Desk Safe.

In the Soup

This summer Sarah Campbell will lead the Croutons, Bread Loaf's resident kids group. She will be in the Blue Parlor today for registration from 8:30 until noon, or you can stop by the Croutons' Playground tomorrow between 8:15 and 4:45. Ask someone at the Front Desk for directions.

In Time for the Times

There are still a few subscriptions to The New York Times available for this summer; see Doug Handy at the Front Desk by 6:00 p.m. Wednesday and your first copy will arrive Friday. If you have already ordered a subscription, it will begin tomorrow; payment is required on receipt of your first issue.

No Room at the Inn

Urgent requests for room changes may be submitted to Hugh Coyle. But at the moment our current enrollment makes it impossible to provide any new (or old) rooms.

sCrumbtious!

The Bread Loaf Crumb is a daily bulletin that you will find among the condiments on your table at lunch each weekday. Copies for off-campus students will be available at the Front Desk from about 12:00. The Crumb serves up important announcements, where and when to find or do what and why, along with other verbal transactions without which life on the mountain would be less of what it is.

Apple Sellers

Bread Loaf's computer center, known locally as the Apple Cellar, is located under Davison Library and boasts a large collection of Apple 2e's available for student use. In addition, our stock of IBM machines has grown this year. The Apple Cellar is expertly staffed by Joanne Tulonen along with Raymond Williams and Larry DeBlois. In addition, Bill Wright will lead a number of telecommunications workshops. The Apple Cellar will open for regular hours on Thursday (see the schedule on page 4). Stop by and someone will be proud to show you their wares.

No Posed-Officers Here

Our Front Desk team operates an actual Federal Post Office, and its hours are therefore Federally regulated (see page 4). Mail should be posted at the Front Desk mailbox (located on the door beside the student mailboxes) by 3:00 on weekdays and 2:00 on Saturdays. Mail is distributed at 10:00 and 5:30 weekdays, varying slightly with volume. Everyone is sharing a mailbox, so don't tear up the letters in your box just because they're not for you.

Telephone Opera-tours

Our Front Desk staff also serve as expert telephone operators. Local off-campus calls are free from any "eggshell" colored phone on campus and need no operator assistance: simply dial 9 and then your number. Long distance calls go through our switchboard and must be collect, calling card, or third party calls: dial 0 for a Front Desk Operator. Sprint and MCI lines are available as well as AT&T. Please observe the switchboard hours for both outgoing and incoming calls. Emergency calls will be received at any time by the Handys, but please tell the friends and family you have left behind that our industrious opera stars must rest their vocal chords sometimes and cannot be called upon to give tours after the hours listed on page 4. Late night calls may be made from the pay phones on the ground floor of the Inn, behind the Laundry, inside the entrance to the Barn classrooms, and at Gilmore.

Meal Tickets

The Dining Hall will be open during the times listed on page 4 only. Since meals are served by students on working scholarships, please try to be prompt. The waiters must clear and set up after each meal before resuming their true identities as students. Headwaiter this summer is Megan Shea; her assistant is Ed Brown. As usual, Paul Larocque is the Dining Hall Supervisor. Weekend breakfasts are self-serve. Meals are available for adult guests at the following rates: \$3.00 for Breakfast, \$5.00 for Lunch, and \$7.00 for Dinner. Off campus students may purchase weekly lunch tickets for \$20.00. Tickets are available at the Front Desk.

Silver Linen

Subscribers to the Nu-Way Linen service may pick up their sheets and towels from the Linen Room on the second floor of the Inn, today (follow signs to "the Box").

Text Flexers

Our Librarians this summer are Brent Goeres, Barbara McBride, Terry Plum, and Patricia Noll. They will assist you with their bibliographical muscle in the Davison Library, located beside the tennis courts, just behind the Little Theater.

Taxiturn

Doug "Store Indian" Handy will provide a cheerful and reliable taxi service to and from Middlebury each Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday afternoon. The school van will leave the front porch of the Inn promptly at 2:00; it will make an equally prompt departure from the Middlebury Post Office at 4:00 on each of the specified afternoons. Stragglers cannot be accommodated, but the service is free.

The Times of Your Loaf

FRONT DESK: Monday - Saturday: 8:00am to 3:00pm
Sunday: 8:30am to 1:00pm and 5:30pm to 3:00pm

SWITCHBOARD: Monday - Saturday: 8:00am to 11:00pm
Sunday: 8:30am to 1:00pm and 5:30pm to 11:00pm

POST OFFICE: Monday - Friday: 8:00am to 5:00pm
Saturday: 8:00am to 12:00pm
Sunday: Closed

MEALS:		<u>Weekdays</u>	<u>Weekends</u>
Breakfast		7:30 to 8:00	8:00 to 8:30
Lunch		1:00 to 1:15	1:00 to 1:15
Dinner		6:00 to 6:15	6:00 to 6:15

SNACK BAR (in the Barn): Daily: 8:00am to 6:00pm and 6:30pm to midnight

BOOKSTORE: Today: All day (more or less) until dinner
Tomorrow: 8:00am to 1:00pm, 1:30pm to 2:30pm, and
6:30pm to 7:30pm
Weekdays: 8:00am to 9:45am, 12:30pm to 1:00pm, and
1:45pm to 2:15pm (an hour and forty-five
minutes after breakfast; half an hour
before lunch; half an hour after lunch)
Saturday: Noon to 1:00pm
Sunday: Closed

DAVISON LIBRARY: Daily: 8:00am to midnight

APPLE CELLAR: Weekdays: 8:30am to 1:00pm
2:00pm to 6:00pm
7:00pm to 11:00pm
Saturdays: 9:00am to 1:00pm
2:00pm to 6:00pm
Sundays: 9:00am to 1:00pm
2:00pm to 6:00pm
7:00pm to 11:00pm

1989 SCHEDULE OF CLASSES

All classes will be held in the Barn, except where otherwise noted.
Please cooperate with our request that there be no smoking in class.

			Room
8:30	50. Antebellum American Writing (IV)	Mr. Brodhead	5
	71. The Classical Tradition (V)	Mr. Fleming	1
	93. Modern Drama: Ibsen Vs. Brecht (V)	Mr. Cadden	4
	177. Forms of Thinking, Talking, & Writing (I)	Ms. Cazden	2
	208. Theory & Practice of Cultural Crit. (V)	Mr. Freedman	3
9:30	11. Romantic Poetry (III)	Ms. Armstrong	3
	21. Modern British Novel (III)	Ms. Maddox	2
	61. Carnival, Theatre, & Gender Shakespeare(II)	Ms. Wofford	A
	95. Modern American Novel (IV)	Mr. Sundquist	1
	174. Thought & Modes of Language(I)(1st 3 wks)	Miss Martin	6
	212. Education & Opposition(I)(2nd 3 wks)	Ms. Stuckey	6
10:30	3. Case Study Research & Classroom Practice(I)	Mrs. Goswami	2
	19. Chaucer (II)	Mr. Fleming	5
	28. Shakespearean Tragedy (II)	Mr. Brodhead	4
	39. Contemporary American Short Story (IV)	Mr. Huddle	1
	74. From Victorian to Modern (III)	Mr. Freedman	6
	79. Shakespeare, Spenser, Age of Elizabeth (II)	Ms. Wofford	3
11:30	34. Nineteenth Century Novel (III)	Ms. Armstrong	1
	119. Studies in European Fiction (V)	Mr. Donadio	2
	154. Contemporary Drama: Beckett & Beyond (V)	Mr. Cadden	A
	172. The Stories Children Write (I)(2nd 3 wks)	Mr. Armstrong	3
	173. Telling Stories of Our Lives (I)(1st 3 wks)	Mr. Britton	3
	185. Contemporary Southern Fiction (IV)	Mr. Sundquist	5
Mon., Wed. 2:00-4:30			
	18. Playwriting (I)	Mr. Clubb	1
	160. Poetry of Yeats, Frost, & Stevens (IV)	Mr. Pack	4
	172. The Stories Children Write (I)(opt. hours)	Mr. Armstrong	3
	173. Telling Stories of Our Lives(I)(opt.hours)	Mr. Britton	3
	176. Connections: Writing & Literature (I)	Mr. Macrorie	2
	184. American Nature Writers (IV)	Mr. Elder	6
Mon., Thurs. 2:00-5:00			
	129. Introduction to Acting (VI)	Ms. Elliott	A
Tues., Thurs. 2:00-4:30			
	2. Writing & Editing Prose Non-Fiction (I)	Mr. Macrorie	2
	99. Conrad (III)	Mr. Donadio	1
	174. Thought & Modes of Language (I)(opt. hours)	Miss Martin	6
	200. Nature Writing Workshop (I)	Mr. Elder	5
	212. Education & Opposition (I) (opt. hours)	Ms. Stuckey	6
	213. The Poetry of Theatre (NEH) (VI)	Mr. Mokler	Barn
	(NOTE: Meets from 2:00-5:30)		East
Tues., Fri. 2:00-4:30			
	5. Poetry Writing (I)	Ms. Oles	4
	6. Fiction Writing (I)	Mr. Huddle	3

1989 SCHEDULE OF CLASSES

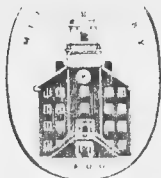
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The Bread Loaf School of English
Program for Summer 1989

Tuesday, July 4	Theatre - Beckett Plays: "Ohio Impromptu" and "Act Without Words II"	Little Theatre 7:15 p.m.
Monday, July 10	Gail Paster, Professor of English George Washington University The Elizabeth Drew Memorial Lecture Purging Bottom: Experiencing the Body in <u>A Midsummer Night's Dream</u>	Little Theatre 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, July 11	Theatre - Beckett Plays: "Footfalls" and "Not I"	Little Theatre 7:15 p.m.
Monday, July 17 Tuesday, July 18	Theatre - Beckett Play: "Happy Days"	Little Theatre 7:15 p.m.
Monday, July 24	Faculty Reading - Carole Oles	Barn, 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday July 25, 26, 27, 28	Theatre - Student directed plays "Still Life" by Elizabeth Mann, directed by Nancy Seid "A Kind of Alaska," "The Applicant," "That's Your Trouble" by Harold Pinter, directed by Thomas Edgar	Earthworm Barn 7:30 & 9:30 p.m.
Monday, July 31	Faculty Reading - Robert Pack	Barn, 7:30 p.m.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday August 3, 4, 5, 6	Theatre - "Merchant of Venice" by William Shakespeare directed by Alan Mokler	Little Theatre 8:30 p.m.
Monday, August 7	Faculty Reading - David Huddle	Barn, 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, August 8	Theatre - Staged Reading "The Toll Taker" by Jeanne Leiby	Barn A 7:30 p.m.
Wednesday, August 9	NEH Adaptations	Little Theatre 7:30 p.m.
Saturday, August 12	Commencement Exercises	Little Theatre 8:15 p.m.

LETTERS TO THE FACULTY



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

*Send photocopy of
last year's
list.*

Bread Loaf School of English

March 20, 1989

I think we ought to read only the kind of books that wound and stab us....We need the books that affect us like a disaster, that grieve us deeply, like the death of someone we loved more than ourselves, like being banished into forests far from everyone, like a suicide. A book must be the axe for the frozen sea inside us. "??"

Dear Professor:

This letter is about reserve books and articles for your courses at the Bread Loaf School of English this summer.

The Davison Library at the Bread Loaf campus contains about 4,000 volumes, a collection selected to support graduate courses in English and American language and literature, theatre arts, and the teaching of writing. The collection is select but small, and it may not have the materials that you need to place on reserve for this summer.

Enclosed is a reserve list for each course you are teaching. On the form would you list the author, title, publisher, and date (if the edition is important), and the number of copies of the items you would like placed on reserve. Indicate also whether the items should be charged out for two hours only (the more usual case) or for twenty-four hours.

Reserve materials are placed on designated shelves in the Library. Your name and the course number are identified, and the items are marked for either two hour or twenty-four hour loan. Materials not at the Davison Library are either transferred from Starr Library at Middlebury College for the summer, or purchased. Receiving ordered materials from publishers can take up to two months, even under the best of conditions. Would you please return the reserve list to the Bread Loaf office by April 15.

Brent, Pat, and I look forward to seeing you this summer. Our computer catalog has been further enhanced and should provide even better access to the materials at Davison and Starr libraries. If it appears that an item requested for reserve is out of print, out of stock, or has succumbed to any of the other problems that befall books, you will be notified. Again, please return the list by April 15 to have the materials waiting for you when you arrive.

With best regards,

Terry Plum

Terry Plum
Davison Librarian

TP/elh

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
DAVISON LIBRARY — RESERVE LIST

Course No. _____ Anticipated Enrollment _____

Type of Reserve: 2 Hours_____ 24 Hours_____ Faculty Name_____

Reserved Book List should be submitted to the Bread Loaf Office at least 8 weeks before the session begins.
If a particular edition is required, please specify.

PLEASE TYPE OR PRINT

[illegible]

June 26, 1989

TO: Faculty

FROM: James H. Maddox

RE: Independent Winter Reading Program

I'd like to define the role of faculty advising on Independent Winter Reading Programs. This project is not a guided winter reading program undertaken with a member of the Bread Loaf faculty as a literary correspondence course. In order to be assured that the student's project is a responsible one and that the student has been given some guidance in shaping a thesis, selecting manageable primary texts, and sampling major secondary sources, I ask students contemplating an Independent Project to consult with their instructor and to submit a brief statement of theme and text for your review and signature. This procedure simply verifies that the Bread Loaf faculty member has reviewed the topic and finds that it is one that could be managed in a 25-30 page essay. The instructor may be asked to review an outline or progress report in early April but will provide no further advice during the academic year.

Although the projects are a valid way to receive a unit of credit - they very often falter because they are not carefully set up with a clear subject that can over the winter be refined into a manageable essay with a defensible thesis or because the student does not have the experience or independence of mind to move forward with the proposed project. Students who could do well in a directed reading program may still understandably flounder when completely on their own. Therefore, it is usually prudent to suggest to first-year students that they wait a summer or two.

Proposed topics should be reasonably focused and not so specialized that I will have trouble finding readers in next summer's faculty. Bibliographies should be limited to key texts available to students who have no access to a major library. A list of preliminary texts can include more works for exploration than can be encountered in the essay. Students who have demonstrated a mastery of some aspect of the field or the subject in your course. I rely on your professional judgment of the topic and the student. I need your help in dissuading the student that enthusiasm and dedication are not the only prerequisites.

To assure that a student can reasonably undertake such a project successfully, the reading project in general should emerge as an extension of a course that has been taken or is being taken at Bread Loaf.

In the fall these approved proposals are reviewed by me after the student's grades and faculty comments have been recorded. Final approval is given in October, if the student's grade is high enough (usually A- or better) to suggest competent undertaking of the project.

Faculty - Independent Winter Reading Program
June 1989
page 2

In April the student will submit a two-page summary of the thesis, if not a rough draft, as well as an outline of it and a statement of changes in the reading list. I shall send the precis to a member of the 1990 faculty who is probably to be one of the readers. Failure to submit a summary is usually taken to mean that the project has been abandoned or postponed.

The student should not solicit further guidance from the faculty member after the Bread Loaf session. I urge faculty who receive inquiries in the winter to forward them to me for a response, since, of necessity, I am the advisor for all Bread Loaf students between sessions.

JHM/jpz



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1989

Dear Bread Loaf Student:

I am writing to welcome both returning Bread Loaf students and those who will be spending their first summer on the Mountain. We again have a very promising and very diverse group of students and faculty whose excellence has come to be a trademark of the School of English. Now to business.

Your final bill has been sent from Middlebury College, is payable upon receipt and should have been paid by June 1. Bills not paid by the deadline given by Middlebury College will be charged a late fee of \$25. This date does not apply for those admitted recently. Please return the enclosed arrival card and the medical information form to the Bread Loaf office.

The Bread Loaf campus is twelve miles from Middlebury, the closest bus stop. The Bread Loaf taxi will meet all Vermont Transit buses at Keeler's Gulf Station (Rt. 7 South) in Middlebury on June 27; do not get off at Middlebury College itself. There are Vermont Transit buses from Montreal, Boston, Albany, and New York City. Buses leave the Burlington bus station at 7:30 and 11:30 A.M. and 2:30 and 5:00 P.M. They leave the airport at 11:05 A.M. and 2:00 and 4:30 P.M.

If you are traveling by car, you should turn off U.S. 7 at the junction of State Hwy. 125, four miles south of Middlebury. The Bread Loaf campus is eight miles mostly up and east of this junction on Rt. 125. The School will provide taxi service at modest cost during the summer so that you can get to Middlebury some afternoons if you don't have a car.

Delta Connector (Business Express), Eastern, and Piedmont have flights from Boston to Burlington. USAir, and Eastern (LaGuardia Airport) and Piedmont (LaGuardia and Kennedy Airports) have service from New York, and other connections in the East. Continental and Piedmont fly in from Newark, USAir from Pittsburgh and United from Chicago and points west. Connections from Burlington to Middlebury can be made on Vermont Transit buses, or you can get a taxi for \$40 or so right to Bread Loaf.

Upon arrival at Bread Loaf, you should go to the Inn Desk to check in and to receive your room and post office box assignments. Please read the Basic Information Sheet, which you will receive from Bob and Joan Handy, the Inn Managers. Then call at the Secretary's Office to register and to confirm your courses with Hugh Coyle. The next stop is the Blue Parlor, where you will be welcomed by Elaine Hall and Jen Zeitvogel of the Bread Loaf Office, a representative of the Accounting Office of Middlebury College, and Laurie Brown, Bread

Loaf's Nurse. You may obtain your ID card here (as receipt for full payment made) and take care of other administrative details. I too will be there to welcome you.

Lunch at 1:00 on Tuesday, June 27, will be the first meal served to members of the School. No rooms will be available before the morning of June 27, except for waiters and waitresses, who are expected to arrive on Monday, June 26, for faculty and staff, and for students who because of travel problems have my permission to arrive on Monday, June 26.

You should bring informal clothing for country wear, both for cool (40° to 50°) and warm (75° to 90°F), wet and dry weather. Vermont weather is notoriously fickle. Bring insect repellent, preferably Cutters or Deet. If you do not elect to use Nu-Way Linens for linen rental, you must bring your own linen, unless you are on the faculty or staff. Bread Loaf provides blankets, bedspreads and pillows free of charge.

Radios (unless you use earphones), TV's, and stereos are not permitted in the dormitories, which are far from soundproof. Please leave portable refrigerators, hot plates and coffee pots at home. Hot plates and coffee pots can be a fire hazard. (Medical supplies needing refrigeration may be given to our Nurse.) Leo Hotte, our Caretaker, has graciously agreed to retain in secure custody any contraband items, should you inadvertently bring them. The only noise encouraged on campus is that created by typewriters or insured word processors.

A subscription to the New York Times may be purchased by returning the enclosed form.

For your convenience bring traveler's checks, which may be cashed at the Front Desk. Until August 4, banks will honor personal checks in amounts not exceeding \$20 - an inconvenience which is not in my control. And after that, no honor and no cashed checks at all. The obliging Front Desk Team, however, will gladly cash \$50 personal and traveler's checks throughout the session.

Pets are not allowed in dormitories or in school buildings. If you must bring an animal, please make prior arrangements to have it kept off campus. A barking dog can seriously disrupt a class on a quiet mountain campus. You do neither your colleagues nor your pet a service in bringing it on campus.

The Inn Managers ask me to advise you that guests are not to be invited for overnight visits in student rooms. There are no guest rooms available on campus.

You should inform correspondents to address you at: (Your name) Bread Loaf School of English, Bread Loaf Rural Station, Middlebury VT 05753. Please make clear that this address is, alas, temporary. Notify your Post Office to forward your mail to Bread Loaf only until August 9. Newspapers, magazines and other than first class mail cannot be forwarded. Express packages sent in advance should be addressed to you at the Bread Loaf School of English, Tilden House, Middlebury College, Middlebury VT 05753.

Since the Front Desk closes at 11 P.M., it can be difficult to complete late evening calls. Try to have incoming calls made well before 11 P.M., with allowances for time differential. Emergency telephone messages, of course, will be delivered at any time. The Bread Loaf campus telephone is 802-388-7945.

If you have software disks that will be interesting to use during demonstration sessions on an Apple IIe or IBM PC 25S microcomputer, please bring them.

I hope that you have a cool and pleasant trip to the Mountain. You will then be ready to plunge into what I'm sure will be an invigorating summer. I look forward to seeing you.

Cordially,


James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh

P.S. If you find at the last moment that you can't come to Bread Loaf this summer, please call the Bread Loaf office collect at 802-388-3711, Ext. 5418. We have a waiting list of very good candidates, and I would hate to have them lose out on a chance to attend Bread Loaf this summer if we have room.



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

June 1989

Bread Loaf School of English

Dear Bread Loaf Relatives and Friends:

I want to welcome all relatives and friends of Bread Loaf students to the Mountain. Bread Loaf is much more than a School; it is a community of shared intellectual, social and recreational interests.

You who are not enrolled students are cordially invited to join in as many on-campus activities as you wish, to attend the evening lectures, the evening writing workshops, the picnic at the Frost Farm, receptions, films and plays, or to use the tennis and volleyball courts, Johnson Pond, and the Snack Bar in the Barn. You may purchase meal tickets at the Front Desk whenever you'd like to join on-campus Bread Loaf students for a meal. Lack of space makes it impossible for us to accommodate student children at meals. If you'd like to audit an occasional class, you may do so after checking with Hugh Coyle to see whether the instructor permits auditors. It has been a tradition since 1920 to pay the School \$1.00 a class hour to help the secretaries meet their routine office expenses at Bread Loaf. Jim Lobdell, the Theatre Production Manager, would welcome your assistance in mounting our dramatic productions. You are encouraged to try out for a part in our plays: Merchant of Venice or our other productions. I suggest you write your landlord (copy to me) on arrival and advise him or her as to how you found your accommodations. Keep a copy of the letter if there are problems.

The spirit of this invitation is meant to be warm and real, but we should recognize that it can also be abused. The rights of resident students can unintentionally be infringed upon by visitors. Dogs must not be brought on campus because they create a serious nuisance by barking outside open classroom windows, by annoying students and faculty in the Barn, or worse, being left unattended in cars. My tone is not meant to be querulous, but it is my responsibility to create an educational environment which supports the central purpose of the School.

I'm pleased that Sarah Campbell is running our informal weekday all-day-child-care program, Croutons, for all our off-campus youngsters. You can make arrangements with Sarah by completing the enclosed Croutons form and sending it to the Bread Loaf office. The fees are minimal and the program terrific. The Campbells are also planning social gatherings for off-campus Bread Loaf students and families as soon as School starts - cookouts, etc.

I hope we can make the summer a truly enjoyable one for you and your family.

Cordially,

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh

A SEMI-COMPLETE GUIDE TO FOOD, FUN, FRIVOLITY, FRUGALITY, ETC IN MIDDLEBURY AND
SURROUNDING AREAS

We hope that this little publication will be helpful to new and returning Bread
Loaf students and their families. The listing is certainly not comprehensive, but
perhaps will serve as a jumping-off point.

Happy exploring!

Hugh Coyle
Elaine Hall
Jeanine Zeitvogel

FOOD

A&W - Try a cold root beer float. (Route 7 South, Middlebury)

AMIGOS MEXICAN RESTAURANT - Mild, hot, or incendiary. (4 Merchants Row, Middlebury)

BAKFRY LANE - Delicious baked goods (Across the street from the Grand Union,
Middlebury)

BLUEBERRY HILL - Elegant, secluded dining, need reservation, fixed menu (Ripton)

CALVI'S - Wonderful homemade ice cream treats! Stop by for a break when exploring
Middlebury's great shops. (Main Street, Middlebury)

SILVER PALACE - Great Chinese cuisine. Reasonably priced. Fun, Oriental-American
atmosphere. (Marble Works Complex, Middlebury)

DOG TEAM TAVERN - Down home and reasonable. Wonderful sticky buns with all meals!
(Dog Team Road, 3 miles North of Middlebury)

FIRE AND ICE - Fantastic "all you can eat" salad and bread bar, children's menu,
Inexpensive-reasonable. (26 Seymour Street, Middlebury)

KITCHEN SHOP - Lunches: Very special sandwiches, including vegetarian. (Try the
Gobbler) Wonderful cookies. Gourmet goods to take home and fix yourself. (Main
Street, Middlebury)

LEMON FAIR - Middlebury's oldest traditional diner. Breakfast, what they do best,
served all day. Inexpensive. (Merchants Row, Middlebury)

LYON'S PLACE - Small shop specializing in submarine sandwiches, Ben and Jerry's ice
cream and creamies. They are also a small grocery store which sells most major East
Coast newspapers. A word to the wise - order a small creamie unless you want to be
eating it the rest of the day! Try the cheesecake, too. (6 College Street,
Middlebury)

MARY'S RESTAURANT - "Yankee Magazine's Favorite Restaurant in All of Vermont." A
very special dining experience. Wonderful country atmosphere-like eating in a
greenhouse. Great service. Wickedly delicious Sunday brunch. (11 Main Street,
Bristol)

MCDONALD'S - Sure to squelch your mid-summer Big Mac Attack. (Route 7 South, Middlebury)

MIDDLEBURY INN - Lovely Sunday Brunch (all you can eat) for about \$10 including tip. (Court Street, Middlebury)

MISTER UPS - Excellent drinks. The food varies from good to fair. If you like spicy try the Thai noodles dish under light fair. The salad and bread bars are inexpensive. Good nachos. Be sure to ask for a table on the deck overlooking Otter Creek. Great Sunday brunch. Reasonable. (Bakery Lane, Middlebury)

OTTER CREEK CAFE - Great gourmet soups, breads, salads, desserts. Lovely country-cosmopolitan atmosphere. Relatively expensive but worth it! Has received rave reviews. Good wine selection. Also has a takeout bakery for a more inexpensive dining experience. Situated on Otter Creek. (Frog Hollow, Middlebury)

PAISANO'S - Fine Italian food. (86 Main Street, Middlebury)

PIZZA CELLAR - Great pizza. (Merchants Row, Middlebury)

ROSEMARIE'S - Wonderful Italian food. Semi-expensive. Twenty minutes from Middlebury. (Routes 17 and 116, Bristol)

ROSIE'S - Good local color restaurant/diner. Great and inexpensive breakfast/brunch. Reasonable. (Route 7 South, Middlebury)

THE SALVAGE YARD - Bar/Restaurant. Great sandwiches - try the Monte Cristo. (Route 7 South, Middlebury)

SUGAR HOUSE RESTAURANT - Good family restaurant. Nice salad bar. (Route 7 North, Middlebury)

SWIFT HOUSE INN - Elegant dining. Thursday through Monday 6-9 p.m. Reservations only. (North Pleasant St. (Rt.7), Middlebury)

VERMONT COUNTRY KITCHEN - Pleasant gourmet sandwich shop. Also a store to meet all your gourmet cooking needs! (Park St., Middlebury)

WAYBURY INN - Elegant dining. A great Sunday brunch. Also has a fully equipped bar with a selection of 136 beers. New England Inn atmosphere. Reservations are smart. (Route 125, East Middlebury)

WOODY'S - Try the spring rolls and the Amaretto Cheese cake (when they have it)! Nice atmosphere. Ask to be seated on the deck which overlooks the Otter Creek. Great food. (5 Bakery Lane, Middlebury)

ZACHARY'S - Serves great pizza and hot subs. (Washington Street next to Grand Union, Middlebury)

BOOK SHOPS

ALLEY BEAT - Used books and records. (Frog Hollow, Middlebury)

BREADLOAF BOOKSHOP - Great used book shop. (Route 125, East Middlebury)

POOR RICHARD'S USED BOOK SHOPPE - Fine selection. (Main Street by the bridge, Middlebury)

THE VERMONT BOOK SHOP - Old time flavor book shop with creaky wooden floors. Records, tapes and CD's - expansive jazz collection. (38 Main Street, Middlebury)

SPECIAL EVENTS

FESTIVAL ON THE GREEN - July 3-9

- IT'S MIME, IT'S MUSIC, IT'S MAGIC, IT'S DANCE, IT'S FREE -

Sunday, July 2 - 2:00 p.m. Jon Gailmor; 3:30 p.m. The Mettawee River Theatre Company

Monday, July 3 - 12:00 noon "Brown Bag Special": Josephine; 7:00 p.m. Mary Samuels & Karen Downey; 8:30 p.m. Josephine and special surprise event to celebrate the Fourth.

Tuesday, July 4 - 6:00 p.m. Fat Tones; 7:45 p.m. Middlebury Community Players; at dusk Fireworks at Middlebury Union High School

Wednesday, July 5 - 12:00 noon "Brown Bag": Bob Baybrook (Duke of YO, Yo-yo Prince & Princess); 7:00 p.m. D'Moja (Haitian-African Band); 8:30 p.m. Opheline (Steel Band)

Thursday, July 6 - 12:00 noon "Brown Bag": Ivy Vine Players; 7:00 p.m. Vt. Gilbert & Sullivan Singers; 8:30 p.m. Banjo Dan & Nidnite Ployboys

Friday, July 7 - 12:00 noon "Brown Bag" - Frog Jumping Contest; 7:00 p.m. Stephen Procter-Martin Hanft; 8:30 p.m. Billy Novick & Guy Van Duser

Saturday, July 8 - Flea Market; 7:00 p.m. Vermont Jazz Ensemble - STREET DANCE - a must.

More details will be published in newspaper closer to date.

ADDISON COUNTY FIELD DAYS - New Haven - A Vermont Country Fair held early August. Watch for the dates.

CHAMPLAIN VALLEY FOLK ARTS FESTIVAL - Button Bay State Park, near Basin Harbor, Vermont, August 5 - August 7.

MOVIE THEATRES

Burlington Theatres - Lots of first-run movies. Check the Free Press

CAMPUS THEATRE - Bargain nights Monday and Tuesday (\$2.50 for adult, normally \$5.00) (Main Street, Middlebury) 388-4841

DANA AUDITORIUM - Foreign films listed in "This Week at Middlebury" (Middlebury College - Sunderland)

Ilsley Library Kid Series - Check the Addison Independent or the Valley Voice

FRIVOLITY

ANTIQUÉ SHOPS - Dotted across the Vermont countryside. Great places to explore.

BEN AND JERRY'S FACTORY STORE - Ice Cream factory. Tours every hour. "Udderly" incredible gift shop. (Route 100, Waterbury)

BRISTOL MINI-GOLF - Bristol Commons Inn, Jct. 17 and 116, Bristol. Sat. & Sun. Noon till 10:00 p.m., Mon. - Fri. 5-9.

BURLINGTON, VERMONT - Population 40,000. Largest city in the state. Home of the University of Vermont. Explore the Church Street walking mall and the original Ben and Jerry's multi-level ice cream shop.

CONTRA DANCING - Second and fourth Fridays - check the Valley Voice for times and locations.

FROG HOLLOW CRAFT CENTER - All Vermont crafts. Offers exhibits, demonstrations, classes. (Frog Hollow, Middlebury)

KIDSPACE - A Must for the kids. Giant wooden structure with swings, slides, etc. (Mary Hogan School, Court Street, Middlebury)

ILSLEY LIBRARY - Fine community library. Excellent children's collection. \$10 non-resident fee which is refunded when you leave. (Main Street, Middlebury)

MIDDLEBURY RECREATION DEPARTMENT - Swimming pool, tennis courts. Fitness Trail. Summer classes (ballet, tennis, etc.) Court Street, Middlebury. Call 388-4041 for information. (Register for courses at the Municipal Building, Middlebury, Vermont) Office Hours 8:30-5:00 M-F.

RUTLAND, VERMONT - Population 20,000. Second largest city in the state. A real Vermont experience. Be sure to see the dog statue by Mia Farrow's brother.

WOODWARE/HARVEST HILL/BUSY ACRES - Wood products, Vermont dried flower and herb shop, unique food, great gift ideas. (Route 7, Middlebury)

MUSEUMS

BASIN HARBOR MARITIME MUSEUM - Dedicated to the preservation and exploration of Lake Champlain heritage. Wed.-Sun. 10-5. 802-475-2317 Basin Harbor, Vermont.

VERMONT FOLKLIFE CENTER - Wonderful displays of Vermont folklife and art. Gamaliel Painter House (Court Street, Middlebury) Weekdays 9-4.

SHELBURNE MUSEUM - Fantastic replica of early American community. Covers several acres. Plan to spend the whole day. Expensive, but well worth it - adult \$9.00, child \$6.00. (Route 7, Shelburne, Vermont - 40 minutes North of Middlebury)

SHELDON MUSEUM - Local history. Henry Sheldon House as it was in mid-1800's. Fine early Middlebury portraits, furniture, clocks and a carpenter's workshop. Early Victorian garden. Gift Shop. (Park Street, Middlebury) Mon.-Sat. 10-5. Last tour starts 4:15. Admission \$2.50 adult, .50 child.

SERVICES

BANKS

Chittenden Bank (Court Street, Middlebury) 388-6316

Lobby Hours - Mon.-Thurs. 9-3, Fri. 9-6

Drive-up - Mon.-Thurs. 8-5, Fri. 8-6

National Bank of Vermont (Main St., Middlebury) 388-4982

Lobby Hours - Mon.-Thurs. 9-3, Fri. 9-6

Drive-up - Mon.-Thurs. 9-4, Fri. 9-6 (Located next to
Fire Station on Seymour Street, Middlebury)

DIETARY CENTERS

The Diet Center (Marble Works Complex, Middlebury)

Overeaters Anonymous - Meetings 7:00 Tuesday evenings (Mountain Street School,
Bristol) More information (802)863-2655

Weight Watchers - Meetings Monday evenings 5:00 to 7:00 (Methodist Church,
Middlebury)

GROCERY STORES - Middlebury

A&P, Middlebury Plaza (Route 7 South) (open 24 hours)

Grand Union (Washington Street) (open 24 hours)

Greg's Meat Market (Seymour Street)

IGA, Village Court (Route 7 in town)

Middlebury Natural Food Co-op (Washington Street)

Paisano's Fish Market - fresh fish (Main Street)

HAIR CUTS - ETC.

Bud's Barbershop (Merchants Row, Middlebury) Good local gossip.

Carousel Cuts (17 Court Street, Middlebury)

Heads Up Hairstyling (34 North Pleasant Street, Middlebury)

Joe's Barbershop (Grand Union Plaza, Middlebury) More good local gossip.

Lady Fair (34 Main Street, Middlebury)

Le Salon de Vie (Court Street, Middlebury)

Pauline's (Merchants Row, Middlebury)

Under Cuts, Inc. (Washington Street, opposite Grand Union, Middlebury)

COPY SERVICES - MIDDLEBURY

Main Street Stationery

Middlebury Print and Copy (9 College Street)

Middlebury College Library

DRY CLEANERS AND LAUNDRY FACILITIES -MIDDLEBURY

Desabrais Laundry (Village Court, Court Street)

Mountain Fresh Cleaning (Washington Street, near Grand Union)

THERAPEUTIC MASSAGE

Pat Schmitter - Swedish/Esalen Massage 388-6113
(42 Court Street, Middlebury)

Jo Anne Davies - Integrative-Rosen Bodywork &
Swedish/Esalen Massage. 758-2287
Have table, will travel.

POST OFFICE - Middlebury, Vermont

8-5 Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri.; 8-12 Wed. (no afternoon hours); 10-12 Sat.

FRUGALITY

Ben Franklin 5 & 10 (Main Street, Middlebury)

Bass Shoe Factory Outlet (3 locations: two in Burlington, one in Rutland)

Danform Shoe Factory Outlet (Burlington)

Dexter Shoe Factory Outlet (Burlington and Rutland)

Dunham Shoe Factory Outlet (Burlington and Rutland)

Timberland Shoe Factory Outlet (Burlington and Rutland)

Little Red Shoe House (Marble Works Complex, Middlebury)

Charleston Mill Store - Great buys on sweaters. (Route 7 South, Middlebury)

Cheese Factory Outlet (2 locations: Pine Street, Burlington, Route 116, Hinesburg)

Peg's Thrift Shop (Merchants Row, Middlebury)

Round Robin - Beautifully run second hand clothing shop. (Bakery Lane, Middlebury)



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

May 1, 1989

Center for Counseling and Human Relations

To Faculty, Staff, and Students at the Breadloaf School of English:

We write to you concerning the Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV) which causes the Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome (AIDS). Recent statistics show a significant increase nationally in the number of AIDS cases reported in the past year. In addition, recent statistics from the Center For Disease Control indicate that over 84,000 Americans now have AIDS and that many more have been infected by the virus (HIV) which causes AIDS, and are potential carriers. Most of these people do not know they are carriers. Information publically available suggests, at least statistically, that there are probably AIDS carriers among us. The AIDS epidemic continues to be of concern nationally and, therefore, it must also concern each of us at Middlebury.

We believe it is important that you understand what resources are available on campus in the areas of education, diagnosis, treatment, and support. We also believe it is important that we outline the policy guidelines at Middlebury.

The American College Health Association (ACHA) provides a series of guidelines for college policy based on facts from the best recent medical data available. Middlebury College has used those guidelines and adapted them to our particular needs.

ACHA recommends that colleges not adopt blanket policies concerning students with AIDS or AIDS-related conditions. Rather, it suggests that certain guidelines be followed and that the college analyze and respond to each case individually. Middlebury College has established a committee of people whose responsibility is to do this. For the 1989 summer session, these people are:

- 1) Bread Loaf Nurse, Cornwall Infirmary
- 2) Laurie Brown, M.S.N., C.R.N.P, Nurse Practitioner
- 3) Ruth K. Grant, M.D., College Physician, Parton Health
Center
- 4) Gary Margolis, Ph.D, Director of Counseling And Human
Relations

In order to provide essential medical support, appropriate health and hygiene counseling and related assistance, any member of the community who has tested positive for HIV or who has AIDS or an

AIDS-related condition should consult with either the college Health Center or their own physician, AND with one of the individuals named above. Responses to such occurrences will be guided both by Middlebury's commitment to the protection of individual rights, including confidentiality, and by necessary consideration of the community public health interest.

If you think you may have been exposed to AIDS or have symptoms of AIDS, we strongly urge you to make contact with the nurse at the Cornwall Infirmary or the Health Center on the main campus. The nurse will provide information, evaluation, counseling and support, and education regarding testing options. Confidentiality is maintained in accordance with laws governing the privacy of medical information.

It is important that we all be acquainted with the latest information concerning AIDS. Therefore, the college has undertaken an educational program concerning AIDS. We strongly urge each of you to read the enclosed pamphlet, AIDS....WHAT EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW. It gives an up-to-date, excellent and readable summary of what we all need to know about AIDS. For those who are sexually active, we recommend a second document entitled MAKING SEX SAFER. These pamphlets and free condoms are available to all members of the community at the Cornwall Infirmary and in the Laundry Room.

Remember studies and guidelines from the Center for Disease Control and the Public Health Service indicate that individuals with AIDS or AIDS-related conditions do not pose a health risk to others through casual contact. Available evidence indicates that AIDS is transmitted only by intimate sexual contact or by injection of contaminated blood.

If you have any questions or concerns, please visit the nurse at Cornwall Infirmary (ext. 14) or call Parton Health Center on main campus (388-3711, ext. 5135). You may also call the Vermont Health Department telephone hotline to request further information and advice (1-800-882-AIDS).

Sincerely,

Yonna McShane

Yonna McShane
Health Educator
Counseling And Human Relations

Ruth Grant

Ruth Grant, M.D.
Medical Director
Parton Health Center

Nancy Cutting

Nancy Cutting, R.N.
Head Nurse
Parton Health Center

Summer 1989 Health Form, Short Version*

CONFIDENTIAL

Name (please print) _____

Last

First

Summer Program _____

Social Security Number _____

*For any Middlebury College undergraduates and any students who attended a Middlebury College summer program in 1987 or 1988 AND who have a Health Form on file at the Parton Health Center: You may complete and return this form IN LIEU OF the two-page white Health Form.

☐

No changes in my health condition since summer 1988.

☐

Health changes which would not yet be recorded at Parton Health Center. (Please list specific diagnosis, medication or other treatment regimen, name and address of caregiver, and any other details which would help us care for you.)

Signature

Date

Please return this form to:

George F. Parton Health Center
Carr Hall
Middlebury College
Middlebury, VT 05753

Summer Program: _____

Name _____
LAST FIRST

Date of Birth: _____

Home Address: _____

Home Tel: (____) _____

S.S. # _____

PARTON HEALTH CENTER
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
Tel. (802) 388-3711, ext. 5135

HEALTH FORM

INSTRUCTIONS: This form must be completed, signed, and submitted in order for you to attend Middlebury College. The information will be held in confidence as part of your health records at the College. Contents of your health file will not jeopardize your admission to Middlebury College. *It is in your interest that your health records be complete.* Please attach additional sheets if necessary.

Please return the completed forms to the address above. Thank you for your cooperation.

PERSONAL HEALTH HISTORY

Have you ever had or have you now: (Please check and describe at right of each item)

	YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS		YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS
Frequent or severe headache					Rectal disease				
Dizziness or fainting spells					Kidney or bladder infection				
Concussion					Kidney Stone				
Severe head injury					Albumin or blood in urine				
Head or neck X rays or radiation treatments					Mother used D.E.S. during pregnancy with you				
Sinusitis					Bone, joint, or other deformity				
Cigarette Smoking					Shoulder dislocation				
Hearing loss					Knee problems				
Other ear, nose & throat trouble					Recurrent back pain				
Eye trouble other than need for glasses					Excessive alcohol or drug use				
High blood pressure					Neck injury				
Rheumatic fever					Back injury				
Heart Trouble					Broken bones				
Pain or pressure in chest					Swollen or painful joints				
Shortness of breath					Arthritis, rheumatism or bursitis				
Fibrocystic breasts					Paralysis				
Asthma					Epilepsy or seizure disorder				
Pneumonia					Diabetes or sugar in urine				
Chronic cough					Thyroid trouble				
Tuberculosis or Positive TB test					Serious skin disease				
Tumor or cancer					Pilonidal cyst				
Severe or recurrent abdominal pain					Obesity				
Hernia					Mononucleosis				
Ulcer (duodenal or stomach)					Anemia				
Intestinal trouble					Immune Deficiency Syndrome				
Self-induced vomiting					HTLV III Assoc. Disorder				
Frequent vomiting					Malaria				
Gall bladder trouble or gallstones					Serious depression				
Jaundice or hepatitis					Learning disability				
					Excessive worry or anxiety				

Please check each item "YES" or "NO."
For every item checked "YES," please explain fully in blank space on right.

Have you ever experienced adverse reactions (hypersensitivities, allergies, upset stomach, rash, hives, etc.) to:		(If yes, please explain fully: type of reaction, your age when the reaction occurred, and how often the experience has occurred.)
YES	NO	
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Penicillin _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Sulfa _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Other antibiotics (Name: _____) _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Aspirin _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Codeine _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Other pain relievers (Name: _____) _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Horse serum _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Local anesthetics _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Other drugs, medicines, chemicals (Name: _____) _____

Are you allergic to:		
YES	NO	
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Foods (please list) _____ Name of allergist: _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Stinging insects (please specify) _____ Address: _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Molds, pollen: _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Animals (please specify) _____ Telephone: () _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Other (please specify) _____ Date series begun: _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Do you receive allergy desensitization injections? Please describe fully any adverse reactions to these injections: _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Do you wish to continue allergy desensitization injections at Middlebury College Health Center? If so, please supply the information in the right hand column. _____

—Please bring your serum with you, along with complete directions and a schedule for the injections—

Do you use medications regularly? Please list any drugs, medicines, chemicals, vitamins and minerals (both prescription and non-prescription) you use and indicate how often you use them. We recommend that you bring what you anticipate needing.	
YES	NO
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
(Name) _____	
(Name) _____	
(Name) _____	

Please indicate year for any of the following childhood illnesses you have experienced.

Chickenpox _____ Measles _____ Rubella (German Measles) _____

Diphtheria _____ Mumps _____ Scarlet Fever _____

YES NO
☐ ☐ Have you had any problems for which you have received counseling or psychotherapy? If so, please describe.

YES NO
☐ ☐ Have you ever been a patient in any type of hospital? (If yes, specify when, where, and diagnosis.)

YES NO
☐ ☐ Have you had any operations? (If yes, please describe and give year in which they were performed.)

YES NO
☐ ☐ Have you ever had any serious illnesses or injuries other than those already noted? (If yes, specify when and where and give details.)

YES NO
☐ ☐ Do you use corrective eyewear? Please copy your prescription(s) here:
 Eyeglasses; prescription: _____
 Contact lenses; prescription: _____
 Note: We recommend that you bring an extra pair.

Has any blood relative of yours had any of the following?

	YES	NO	RELATIONSHIP
Diabetes			
High blood pressure			
Stroke			
Cancer (Type: _____)			
Heart attack before age 55			
Cholesterol or blood fat disorder			
Alcoholism			
Sickle cell anemia			
Glaucoma			

	YES	NO	RELATIONSHIP
Depression			
Other serious illness (specify):			

If either parent or any sibling is deceased, please list relationship to you, age at death, and cause of death.

IMMUNIZATIONS

VACCINE TYPE	MONTH, DAY, & YEAR FOR EACH DOSE					10 YEAR BOOSTER
	1	2	3	4	5	
DPT or Td (Diphtheria, Pertussis, Tetanus or Tetanus, Diphtheria)						
Polio - not required after 18th birthday.						
Measles (red or hard measles) check type: <input type="checkbox"/> Live <input type="checkbox"/> Killed* <input type="checkbox"/> Unknown *reimmunization required	Vaccine Titer Disease	Date:____/____/____ Date:____/____/____ Date:____/____/____				
Rubella (3-day or German measles)	Vaccine Titer Disease Result:_____	Date:____/____/____ Date:____/____/____ Date:____/____/____ Was disease diagnosed by a physician?				

Measles and rubella vaccine - must be repeated if administered before first birthday.

Have you ever had to discontinue study or restrict activities because of physical or nervous disturbances? If yes, explain fully.

Have you ever had any limitation placed on the amount and type of physical exercise? If yes, explain fully.

SOURCES OF HEALTH CARE

Please list the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of physicians, psychologists, or other health caregivers you now consult.

Name _____	Field _____	Name _____	Field _____
Address _____		Address _____	
City, State _____		City, State _____	
Tel. (____) _____		Tel. (____) _____	

HEALTH INSURANCE COVERAGE

Please list below any current insurance coverage such as Blue Cross/Blue Shield, public assistance, or private insurance.

INSURANCE COMPANY	ADDRESS	GROUP/POLICY NUMBER
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____

EMERGENCY NOTIFICATION

In case of emergency please notify:

Name _____
Relationship _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Telephone (____) _____
Work Telephone (____) _____

In case of emergency please notify:

Name _____
Relationship _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Telephone (____) _____
Work Telephone (____) _____

My signature below indicates that:

- I consent to medical and nursing treatment by the staff at the Health Center.
- the information on this form is correct and complete to the best of my knowledge.
- I understand that Middlebury College views my health as chiefly my responsibility.
- if I require services, prescriptions, or referrals beyond the primary care services available at Parton Health Center, I shall assume the financial responsibility or negotiate satisfactory arrangements with the caregiver.
- I hereby authorize the release of any information on file pertaining to my condition of health. I understand that my contacts with health and counseling services are held in confidence but that confidentiality may be broken if my life or that of any other person is in danger.

DATE

SIGNATURE OF STUDENT

DATE

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN

(required if student is not yet 18 years old or if insurance listed above is in parent's or guardian's name)

If you have any questions, call the Health Center at 388-3711, ext. 5135

**Concerning
SEXUAL
HARASSMENT
at Middlebury College**

What is sexual harassment?

As an educational institution, Middlebury College must maintain a campus environment where bigotry and intolerance, including discrimination on the basis of sex or sexual orientation have no place, and where any form of coercion and harassment that insults the dignity of others or impedes their freedom to learn or work is not accepted. Sexual harassment is a form of sex discrimination, which violates Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, Title IX of the Educational Amendments of 1972, and Middlebury College policy. Middlebury College condemns and will not tolerate any form of sexual harassment.

Middlebury College defines sexual harassment as "encompassing several different types of behavior, including unwelcome sexual advances, requests for sexual favors, and other verbal or physical contact of a sexual nature when 1) submission to such conduct is made either explicitly or implicitly a condition of a person's employment or participation in a course, program, or other college activity; 2) submission to or rejection of such conduct is made the basis for academic or employment decisions and evaluation affecting that person; or 3) such conduct has the purpose or effect of substantially interfering with a person's academic or job performance and/or embarrassing a person". Note: for the full statement of College policy on sexual harassment, see the College Handbook.

Sexual harassment can occur between a faculty member and a student, a supervisor and a student employee, an advisor and a student, or between two students. Sexual harassment may also occur between a supervisor and an employee or between two co-workers. Sexual harassment also takes many forms.

Listed below are some examples of possible conduct which is harassing in nature:

- uninvited pressure for sexual activity
- catcalls, whistles
- obscene remarks, jokes, insults or tricks
- sexist jokes told in class or in the work environment
- repeated requests for dates or get-togethers when a person has said "no"
- inappropriate questions about one's personal life
- unwanted physical contact such as touching, pinching, or brushing up against
- jokes or negative comments concerning sexual orientation
- showing slides of nude women or men humorously or whimsically during an otherwise serious lecture
- threats that your job, wages, advancement, working conditions, grades, recommendations, or assignments might depend on your permitting any of these forms of harassment

- demands or requests for sexual favors accompanied by threats concerning grades or your job or implied or overt promises of preferential treatment
- intimidation, hostility, or condescension which is gender-based

What can I do

If I am or have been sexually harassed?

First, be sure the harasser knows right away that you do not welcome this treatment.

- don't delay; say "stop" as soon as something happens which makes you feel uncomfortable
- don't smile when you say "no"; give a clear message
- don't look away; look directly at the harasser
- don't reply to personal questions
- don't let the person lean on you; stand up or move away
- don't worry about the harasser's feelings; protect yourself and your own self-respect
- keep a record of where, when, and how the person is harassing you

What if this doesn't stop the unwanted behavior?

Often sexual harassment issues can be resolved in an informal manner by verbally setting limits with the harasser, writing a letter to the harasser insisting that it stop, or taking similar steps. If this response doesn't stop the unwanted behavior or if you would like to speak with someone for advice, and if you are a College employee or a student during the academic year, you may bring your complaint to:

Shirley Fisler
Assistant Director of Personnel
Extension 5465

Ann Hanson
Dean of the College
Extension 5393

Victor Nuovo
Professor of Philosophy
Extension 5282

If you are a student or employee at the Bread Loaf School of English, you may contact:

Dixie Goswami
Director and Coordinator in the Program in Writing
Extension 12

Eric Sundquist
Professor of English
Extension 21

If you are a participant at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, you may contact:

Stanley Bates
Administrative Director

Sydney Landon
Coordinator of Admissions
and Development

If you are a student or employee at the Language Schools, you may bring your complaint to:

Shirley Fisler
Assistant Director of Personnel
Extension 5465

Ann Hanson
Dean of the College
Extension 5393

John Berninghausen
Dean of Chinese School
Extension 5545

Note: At the Language Schools, many different cultures are represented, each with its own patterns of personal behavior. Cultural differences do not excuse inappropriate or offensive behavior; they do call for particular awareness of and sensitivity to other people's rights and dignity.

Each of these people has been designated to listen to sexual harassment concerns and advise you. Other resources on campus that you can contact for information, support and advice are the Counseling Service, Parton Health Center, or the nurse at Bread Loaf. Your discussions with any of these resource people will be confidential and will not necessarily commit you to further action.

If you are an employee, you may also contact the Public Protection Division of the Attorney General's Office, 109 State Street, Montpelier, Vermont 05602, for advice and support. If you choose to contact this office, all information you share is confidential until you decide to make an official complaint.

Confronting and/or reporting sexual harassment may be uncomfortable initially. However, many issues concerning sexual harassment can be resolved in a fair and informal manner. You have a legal right to be treated with respect and dignity in your workplace and students have the right to participate in the educational and social life at Middlebury without harassment. It is the institution's aim to safeguard the rights and welfare of all members of the Middlebury College community and to provide a process by which concerns can be reported and resolved.

AIDS...

WHAT
EVERYONE
SHOULD
KNOW



What Is AIDS?

"AIDS" is shorthand for the *acquired* (not inherited) *immune deficiency* (a breakdown of the body's defense system, producing susceptibility to certain diseases) *syndrome* (a spectrum of disorders and symptoms). People with the full-blown form of AIDS suffer from unusual, life-threatening infections and/or rare forms of cancer.

The virus that causes AIDS also produces milder, but often debilitating, illnesses called *AIDS-Related Complex*, or ARC. Persistent enlargement of lymph nodes, chronic fatigue, fever, weight loss, night sweats, and abnormal blood counts are typical features. Many people with ARC improve without treatment; others progress to have AIDS itself, and some remain the same.

The largest group of people infected with the AIDS virus, however, are not currently ill. Since they have no symptoms, these people can be identified only by a blood test for antibody to the AIDS virus. (See section on the HIV antibody test.) There is no certain way to predict whether an individual with a positive blood test and no symptoms will develop ARC or AIDS. The best estimates now available indicate that at least 20 to 30 percent of people with positive blood tests eventually will develop AIDS; this may take 5 to 10 years to happen. A similar or larger proportion of those with positive tests may develop ARC. These percentages may change as our experience with AIDS grows.

All people with a positive blood test for antibody to the AIDS virus must regard themselves as carriers of the virus; even though they may have no symptoms, they are probably infectious and may transmit the virus to others.

What Causes AIDS?

The virus that causes AIDS and AIDS-related conditions is now called *Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV)*. Other names for the same virus are Human T-Lymphotropic Virus, Type III (HTLV-III) and Lymphadenopathy-Associated Virus (LAV). HIV is a retrovirus that must live and reproduce inside human cells. It is extremely fragile, and does not survive long outside the body. It is present in certain body fluids (notably in blood, semen, and vaginal secretions) of people who have been infected, whether or not they have symptoms. Although it is certainly transmitted by blood and semen, there is no evidence that the AIDS virus is transmitted by saliva or tears.

It is likely that certain "co-factors" influence the outcome of infection with HIV. The use of injected or inhaled recreational drugs, stress, and multiple exposures to HIV all seem to promote the development of AIDS or ARC. Although it is not clearly identified as a co-factor, alcohol may suppress the immune system, as well.

Who Gets AIDS?

Approximately two-thirds of people with full-blown AIDS are men who have had sex with other men. 17% are intravenous drug users who have shared needles with other people. 8% are people who fit into both of the first two categories—men who have both shared needles with people and had sex with other men. At least 4% of people with AIDS have acquired it through heterosexual sexual contact. However, this small percentage is misleading. The number of cases among heterosexuals has just begun to climb, because of the very long incubation period for AIDS and the fact that HIV entered the heterosexual population relatively recently. If people do not change their behaviors, there will be many more cases of AIDS among heterosexuals in the future.

Other groups of people at risk have included hemophiliacs (who receive blood products pooled from many donors) and patients who receive blood transfusions. The availability of the antibody test for HIV and new methods of processing blood products have sharply reduced the chance of transfusing HIV in blood or blood derivatives. The risk of transmitting HIV by blood transfusion is now estimated to be 1 in 100,000.

It is important to remember that "risk behaviors" are much more relevant than "risk groups." It isn't who you are, it's what you do, that matters. Increasing numbers of people who fit into none of the originally described risk categories are getting AIDS. HIV can be transmitted sexually between men and women, in either direction, and possibly between women. You are not safe from AIDS just because you're not gay and don't use drugs. All people, gay or straight, should know how to protect themselves.

Babies have gotten AIDS because HIV may be transmitted from an infected mother to her child before or during birth, or in breast milk after birth. Therefore, women with positive HIV antibody tests should protect against pregnancy; if they do have babies, they should not breast feed them.

How Is AIDS Transmitted?

AIDS is not an easy disease to get. HIV is a very fragile virus. There is no evidence that HIV can be transmitted by casual contact. People with AIDS, ARC, or a positive test present no danger to those with whom they go to class, share bathrooms, eat, work, or sit. Objects touched or handled by people with AIDS are not "contaminated" and need not be feared; the only exceptions are needles which might be shared. Any object or surface can be adequately disinfected with a 1:10 dilution of household bleach. There is no need for concern about the safety of swimming pools, whirlpools, saunas, or telephone booths because of AIDS. AIDS cannot be transmitted by coughing or sneezing. The virus is not transmitted in food handling. Those living with people with AIDS, ARC, or a positive blood test are at no extra risk unless they are sexual partners or they are sharing contaminated needles.

Under no circumstances can you get AIDS by donating blood or by getting hepatitis B vaccine.

AIDS is transmitted by intimate (sexual) contact and by exposure to contaminated blood. Normally, the body's protective barrier—the skin—prevents infection with agents like HIV; if the barrier is broken by injury or by needle puncture, fluid containing the virus may enter the body. HIV is easily transferred from one person to another in sexual activities that involve the exchange of body fluids, especially if minor injuries are involved.

Some sexual activities are more dangerous than others. Anal intercourse is especially risky, whether the recipient is male or female. Women may be infected through vaginal sex with a male carrier; men having vaginal sex with female carriers are also at risk. The risk of oral-genital sex on a male seems much lower, and oral sex is less risky if it stops before ejaculation. Oral sex on a female may be more risky during menstruation. Although HIV is occasionally present in the saliva of people with AIDS, there is no evidence that saliva can transmit the virus; large studies have shown no case to have been transmitted by kissing or other contact with saliva. If there is any risk of kissing, it would come from prolonged, deep or rough kissing, which may damage the tissues of the lips or mouth.

The AIDS virus is easily transmitted by shared or dirty needles, and people who share intravenous drugs and needles are exposing themselves to a serious risk of AIDS.

What If A Friend Has AIDS?

People with AIDS, ARC, or a positive test need the same kind of support and friendship you always provided before. They are likely to feel isolated, frightened, and uncertain about their relationships, their future, and their medical condition. You can help socially and psychologically by continuing to talk and share activities. At the same time, it is also important to recognize that a minor infection for you could prove to be much more serious for a person whose immune system is impaired—don't expose a friend with AIDS to what could be a dangerous illness for him or her.

Health Care Professions Students and Others in Health Care Settings

Health care workers do not have a high risk of getting AIDS as a result of their work with patients, even if they regularly care for people with full-blown AIDS in hospitals. The risk is associated with needlestick injuries. Guidelines for prevention of transmission of AIDS virus to health care workers are similar to those for transmission of hepatitis B. All health professions students should be aware of these guidelines and observe them scrupulously. Health care professionals who have positive AIDS antibody tests may continue to study or work; the Public Health Service has published specific recommendations for their activities. Your Health Service is prepared to explain all of these precautions to you.

For Further Information

Contact your health service or health care provider. Much additional information and support can be obtained from regional institutions known as "AIDS Projects" in major cities. The following national "hot line" services are also available:

Centers for Disease Control

Hotline: 1-800-342-AIDS

Public Health Service

Hotline: 1-800-447-AIDS

National Gay Task Force and AIDS Crisis

Hotline: 1-800-221-7044

A publication of the
American College Health Association
15879 Crabbs Branch Way
Rockville, Maryland 20855
(301) 963-1100

Produced by the
ACHA Task Force on AIDS.

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Nu-Way Linen
68 South Main Street
Port Henry, New York 12974

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YOUR NAME _____
(Please print)

Please do not send payment in the mail. Bring it with you to Bread Loaf.

Please return this form, if you are subscribing, with all of the other forms, by June 15th.

BREAD LOAF

I will arrive by bus at the Middlebury Bus Station ☐

I will arrive by private car at Bread Loaf ☐

at..... On.....
hour of day day of week and month

Name.....

In order to facilitate transportation arrangements, please return
this card before.....**JUN 15 1989**.....

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VT 05753

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH - 1989

SALARY AND TAX INFORMATION

GENERAL:

Summer faculty and staff members are paid in two installments. The first payment is made about midway through the session, and the second at the end of the session.

Form W-4 (withholding exemptions) should be returned to the Bread Loaf office so that there will be no delay in processing your salary check.

OTHER INFORMATION:

TRAVEL ALLOWANCE

Travel allowance will be paid by check separate from your salary payments. Although travel allowance payments are not subject to withholding taxes, they may be subject to income tax, and consequently the College is required to report these payments to the Internal Revenue Service on your W-2 statement. You can claim allowance deductions on your tax return in order to offset this income.

FEDERAL AND STATE WITHHOLDING TAXES

Salary payments are subject to Federal Income and Social Security taxes. Those of you with two or more employers for 1989, who will have more than the maximum FICA tax withheld by law, will be able to recover the excess when filing your 1989 Federal Income Tax Return. The College is required to withhold Vermont Income Tax (25% of Federal Income Tax) whether or not you are a year-round resident of Vermont. If you are a non-resident, you should file a Vermont Non-Resident Income Tax return to recover excessive state taxes withheld. These forms will be available after December 1989. Please write to the Bread Loaf office if you need one.



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1989

TO: Theatre Staff

FROM: James Maddox

I'd like to set up a schedule for theatre meetings so that if there are any problems, we can work them out before tryouts at 7:30 on June 28.

The Kitchen will be open Sunday noon for lunch, June 25, and you're welcome any time on Sunday. Dinner is at 6. Please let me know when you plan to arrive so our meal count will be accurate.

There will be a meeting of the Theatre Staff (Mokler, Boswell, McCartney, Lobdell, Mapes) Monday morning at 11 in Treman.

The Theatre Production Staff should be ready for a meeting with Alan and the Theatre Staff Monday afternoon at 1:30.

See you all soon.

JHM/elh.

Princeton University

Program in Theater and Dance
185 Nassau Street
Princeton, New Jersey 08544
Telephone: 609 452-3676

May 4, 1989

Dear Colleague,

I'm writing as I have done for the last few years to let you know that the Acting Ensemble will again be in residence at Breadloaf this summer. There will be ten actors available to work with you in your classes in any way you think might be helpful.

If you are new to Breadloaf, perhaps you would find it helpful if I gave you a few examples of the kind of work the Ensemble has done in the past. The basic idea is that professional actors can sometimes bring an interesting perspective to texts. For example:

- two actors work on a scene from a play, doing it one way, then quite another way to explore dramatic possibilities, rhythm, language, etc.

- students in a fiction course are teamed up with actor-tutors to investigate writing a first-person short story.

- original student writing is read in different ways to explore the difference between male and female voices, rhythms, tones, tempo, and how these change meaning.

- the voice behind the narrator in a novel is explored; how do we really hear it? What happens if it changes?

- dialogue in novels can be presented, worked, rehearsed, tried in different ways.

- poetry can be read by different voices, different numbers of people, investigated as if from the inside.

- actors have taken on major projects working with courses in the teaching of writing; improvisation, theater games, rehearsal techniques, and a theatrical point of view can all be very good tools to teach.

The possibilities are endless. We have also found, over the past three summers, that we have been able to handle nearly all the requests we've had from faculty members. For that reason, there is no reason to contact me before the summer to request the Ensemble. We can wait until the first few days we're on the mountain when you can speak with me or one of the actors, and we can arrange to be in your class when you need us. If you think you'd like to use one or more of the actors extensively, it might be good if you could let me know early, though.

For your information, the major production this summer will be MERCHANT OF VENICE. We also plan to present several short pieces by Samuel Beckett, a reading of an original student-written play, and supervise two student-directed projects and a host of other workshop pieces.

Sometimes faculty members have a vague idea that actors could be useful but don't quite know how to focus it. Please let me or one of the actors work with you to see what might evolve. Some of our happiest sessions have been improvised.

I hope the Ensemble can be of use to you, whether in one session or as a regular part of your course. I look forward to talking with you about your ideas. See you in June.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Alan Mokler", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

Alan Mokler
Theater Supervisor

6/26/89

Dear Faculty,

Welcome to Bread Loaf. The following information may be helpful to you this summer.

Treman Cottage is always open to faculty, their spouses, and guests. Before lunch and dinner every day we serve Vermont Cheddar, crackers, mixers, and ice. Coffee is served after dinner. Come and relax in Treman any time. I ask only that you plan to hold routine student conferences elsewhere.

I have desk copies of most books. Check with me, Eric, or Randy if you would like a free copy. Eric Sanborn and Randy Kapelke are assistants to Jim Maddox. The three of us hope to help you and your families throughout the summer.

You and your children are welcome to use the College athletic facilities. Hours for the Field House and the pool are available at the front desk of the Bread Loaf Inn. These hours will be published soon in The Crumb. Children must be accompanied by an adult and you will be asked to show your College ID. Please ask your children to avoid the Barn area during classes (8:30-5:30). Classes are easily disrupted on this quiet campus. After dinner there are frequent volleyball games on the East Lawn. Everyone is invited to play.

There is a Kid's Table in the dining hall. Head Waiter, Megan Shea, will assign her best waitroid to serve the young.

I'd be grateful if you could supply me with the names, ages, and expected dates of residence of your children. The meal plan form attached to this letter can be used to supply this information. Faculty guests must pay for meals at the full rate (\$3, \$5, and \$7).

John Canaday is the editor of the daily newspaper, The Crumb. All Crumb submissions must be received by John by 8:30 a.m. He would appreciate it if you would submit material a day early whenever possible. Announcements may be given directly to John, posted at the front desk, or left with Hugh Coyle, Elaine Hall, or Jen Zeitvogel, the hard-working administrative office staff.

Good luck with everything. Eric, Randy and I will try to make the summer a smooth one.

Enjoy Bread Loaf,

Woody

Doug Woodsum, "Woody"
Assistant to the Director

While love and fame may be the food of poets, children generally require more conventional fare. While Bread Loaf defies The Chicago School of Economics by offering free lunch (and dinner and breakfast) to those four and under, you may wish to nourish your older children according to one of the following meal plans.

FULL SESSION RATE: \$325.00. If your child is over four years old and will be with us for the entire session, this meal plan will prove the most palatable. As the board charge for students is \$650, your child gets a 50% discount just for selecting such distinguished parents. If your child misses one meal consistently (breakfast, perhaps?), we can deduct the cost of the missed meal from the final bill according to the following schedule: breakfast - 25%; lunch - 35%; dinner - 40%. (Thus, for example, if your child eats only lunch and dinner in the Dining Room, the charge for the entire session will be 75% of \$325.00 or \$219.00.

WEEKLY RATE: \$54. If your child will be here for only part of the session, you can arrange to be billed by the week. As above, if your child misses one meal consistently, an appropriate percentage of the cost can be deducted.

INDIVIDUAL MEAL RATE: Breakfast \$1.50; Lunch \$2.50; Dinner \$3.50. If your child eats in the Dining Room only on occasion, this is a tasty option. Please note that these rates apply to faculty children only. Other guests must fork over \$3 for breakfast, \$5 for lunch, and \$7 for dinner. Please keep an accurate count of all meals eaten.

Bills for the meal plan you have chosen may be paid at the end of the session. I would be happy to meet with you at your convenience to complete the attached form. As always, I will be glad to try to answer any questions you may have.

Thanks for your cooperation.

Please fill out a separate form for each child over four years of age.

Meals Regularly Missed:

Breakfast _____

Lunch _____

Dinner _____

MEAL PLANS - SELECT ONE:

1) Full Session Rate ----- \$325.00

Percentage Deducted for Meals Regularly Missed _____

Adjust Cost _____

2) Weekly Rate ----- \$54

Percentage Deducted for Meals Regularly Missed _____

Adjusted Cost Per Week _____

Number of Weeks _____

Total Cost _____

3) Individual Meal Rates:

Breakfast ---- \$1.50

Lunch ----- \$2.50

Dinner ----- \$3.50

I AGREE TO COUNT ALL MEALS EATEN ON THE INDIVIDUAL MEAL PLAN.

Signature _____



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 26, 1989

Dear Colleague:

A variant of this letter will be familiar to returning colleagues, but it would be nice if you would refresh your memory about our grading strategies anyway.

I should like to suggest the following scale for final grades:

<u>Letter Grade</u>	<u>Numerical Grade</u>	<u>Description</u>
A+	97-100	A superlative achievement.
A	94-96	A very high accomplishment. Grades of A and higher are received probably by no more than 10 to 15% of all students.
A-	90-93	A distinguished performance at the Master's level. Excellent work.
B+	87-89	Very good work.
B	83-86	Good, competent performance, entirely creditable, but in lower range of your class.
B-	80-82	Passing, but undistinguished work.
C	70-79	An unsatisfactory performance, not worthy of graduate credit.
F	Below 70	A total failure. Fails to complete the work or the course.

Final grades at Bread Loaf in recent years suggest that as a normal expectation, at least half of them will be B+ or better. First-year students do not always do as well as their more experienced Bread Loaf peers, but many surprise us in impressive ways.

More important than the grade on the transcript are the comments I ask you to write on each student at the time you submit your grades. These judgments become a part of the School's records and are helpful in determining whether to readmit a student or to allow him or her to attend Oxford next summer, and in the preparation of letters of recommendation. I attach a statement of School policy regarding these comments since they are included under the Family Education Rights and Privacy Acts of 1974.

Enough written work in literature courses should be assigned so that the final examination will not have to carry the preponderant weight of your judgment. Some kind of early paper could help spot trouble - a weak student, a miscalculation in the demands of the course, etc. Most members of the faculty in literature assign a 6 to 8 page paper due about July 15; another about July 29. That observation carries nothing prescriptive about it.

We have in recent summers become plagued with late papers and excuses for extensions. It's probably a good idea to announce your policy on due dates early on. Community casualness in regard to deadlines can create problems you don't need in August. On behalf of the students, I ask please that any papers not ready by the end of classes be given to Elaine for mailing if the student has left before Commencement. All comment cards must be turned in prior to your departure. I think the obligation of the faculty here is clear.

Most students at Bread Loaf should achieve a grade of B without difficulty. Clearly the crucial grade is B-. If a weak first-year student has made good progress, and you believe that he or she could become a Master's candidate at Bread Loaf, it is reasonable to give a grade of B-. If returning students have in your judgment been done a disservice by being reaccepted, please do not make the problem of termination more difficult by awarding B's when they should not be encouraged to continue. Think of yourself and your next summer's colleagues.

B- is a probationary grade. This grade is your recommendation that a student be readmitted the following summer on probation. If he or she then fails to achieve B or better in both courses, I will not readmit. A Bread Loaf faculty member can no longer in this age of academic litigation give a student a passing grade and then suggest in confidence that I not readmit him or her. You can, of course, recommend, but I have little choice but to readmit on probation. If the School faces the problem of

Faculty
June 26, 1989
Page 3

the marginal student early in his or her Bread Loaf career, we (I, you, he and she) can be spared much anguish at Commencement time.

Enclosed is a list of first-year students. Please give them a particularly careful scrutiny and keep me informed of any emerging concerns.

I, of course, will be glad to discuss with you problems of student workload, grading, and standards of the School.

Sincerely,

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/jpz

June 26, 1989

TO: Faculty
FROM: James H. Maddox
RE: Auditors

I have advised students that no auditors are permitted in writing courses, afternoon seminars and workshops. You are, of course, free to admit auditors to any of your courses; you should simply recognize that if you do so in these, you may possibly receive complaints from students I've waved off.

Although students are encouraged to audit an additional literature course, auditing means simply attending class unless you invite participation. Some teachers find it best to open class discussions only to those students formally enrolled; each year there are a few complaints about courses in which auditors dominate the discussion and create some morale problems.

JHM/jpz



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

July 18, 1989

To the Faculty:

If you have any student whose performance in your course may be a cause for concern, please let me know. Wednesday, July 19, is the midpoint in the session, and students cannot drop a course after that date without receiving an automatic failure.

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

17 July 1989

Dear Colleague:

If you are receiving this note, you are the parent of a child or children in the age group of Croutoneers--children who sometimes are in the care of Sarah Campbell and the Croutons staff but who are also old enough to be helpful in caring for smaller children: hence the honorific Croutoneers.

The policy on these children is apparently somewhat vague, and Sarah has asked me to help clarify it. The usual means of treating Croutoneers is for the parents to pay the normal fee for their being at Croutons and for Sarah then to pay the Croutoneers 50 cents an hour for their help. All things considered, this giving-with-the-right-hand-and-taking-away-with-the-left method actually seems the most workable and is probably the most satisfactory for the Croutoneers themselves; this is, moreover, the policy that will be in place next year. If this policy does not accord with your prior understanding about Croutons and Croutoneers, however, don't hesitate to let me know; I'm sure we can work things out.

Best wishes,

Jim

Jim Maddox

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

July 27, 1989

To: Bread Loaf Faculty Members

From: James Maddox, Director

Enclosed are the Comment Cards, Grade Rosters, and notation of seniors in your course(s). Would you please verify immediately that every student listed is, in fact, taking your course and that there are no students listed whom you are not aware of?

FINAL EXAMS

If possible, you should give Elaine exams to be reproduced no later than the morning of Monday, August 7.

There is no need to proctor exams. Please remain with your class for about fifteen minutes to answer questions. A member of the staff will be in the vicinity of the Barn to relay distress calls to you. He or she should be informed where you will be.

Students should not be given more than three hours to complete an examination.

Exam books and copies of the exams will be brought to the Barn classroom for you well before the exam starts. Please return to the Barn at the end of the exam time to pick up your students' bluebooks.

Books of graduating seniors should be read at once, and the final grades should be returned to Elaine by **11 a.m. on Saturday, August 12**. The graduating students appreciate your initialing your course on the list on the bulletin board outside of the Bread Loaf office as soon as you have determined that all of the candidates have passed. If a graduating student has failed your course, please notify Elaine or me at once. I will inform the student, and the list can then be initialed.

GRADES

Please submit grades and comment cards as speedily as you can: on Friday or Saturday morning in the office or on Saturday afternoon or early Sunday, August 13, at the Front Desk; the Bread Loaf office moves from the Mountain to the Middlebury campus on Monday morning. Blue books should be destroyed before leaving the Mountain, with the exception of any exam you grade below a B minus, which should be turned over to Elaine with your comment cards and course rosters.

Please, if at all possible, do not assign the grade of Incomplete; only in rare cases does the School ever use this grade. The grounds for assigning it must be personal or family emergencies. In any case, if you want to assign a final grade of Incomplete, please review the situation with me first. Before assigning such a grade, arrangements must be made and finalized in writing with the student for completing the work in the course in a timely fashion. Students with this grade should be instructed to forward completed work to the Bread Loaf office for transmittal to the instructor. If the work is not completed by the deadline established, a grade of F will be recorded in the class.

COMMENT CARDS

I would appreciate some appraisal of each student on the Comment Card. This evaluation of the student's work will explain the significance of the grade and will be helpful in readmitting students or in denying readmission, in academic counseling and in preparation of letters of

recommendation. (If students know that your evaluations of their work is available in the Bread Loaf office, they may not feel the need to request letters of recommendation from you during the winter. At least this is our hope.)

If you assign a student a grade of B- or lower, you should offer clear reasons for the grade. A B- will bring credit for the course, but is a signal that the student must improve in order to proceed toward the degree or, perhaps, should not be encouraged to continue on with the degree. A grade of C+ or lower signals that denial of readmission is called for. I hope that Comment Cards will give me clear advice in such cases, and that the comments will be in keeping with the letter grade assigned. It is difficult to give proper guidance to students if faculty members recommend denial of readmission and yet award passing grades.

I also ask for your judgment as to whether the quality of the student's writing and his or her ability to work independently make him or her fully qualified (1) to attend Oxford in 1990 or (2) to undertake an Independent Winter Reading Project. A simple "yes," "no," or "doubtful" is an adequate signal. In recent years we have had a few weak students at Oxford and a disturbingly large number of weak Independent Winter Reading Projects, and I would encourage you to be rigorous in making these two judgments.

Comment cards are marked "Not Confidential" if the student has indicated that he or she reserves the right to review his or her record. Needless to say, you are free to follow your own policy in writing evaluations under these circumstances.



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June, 1989

Dear Bread Loaf Faculty and Staff:

In the past, the School has made available rooms for faculty and staff guests in Maple. This year, with the added housing demands created by the NEH Institute in the Poetry of Theatre and the Writing Grants Program, we are unable to offer accommodations to anyone other than official guests of the College. Please advise your guests that they should make arrangements well in advance with a local inn or motel for lodging. Meal tickets can still be purchased for the dining hall at the Front Desk.

I apologize in advance for any inconvenience which this might incur for you or your potential guests.

Sincerely,

Hugh Boyle
Administrative Director

Information for Faculty on Copyright Compliance

The 1978 Copyright Law includes provisions on photocopying for classroom and library reserve use which may be summarized as follows:

Single Copying for Teachers

A single copy may be made of any of the following copyrighted material by or for a teacher at his or her individual request for his or her scholarly research or use in teaching or preparations to teach a class:

1. A chapter from a book;
2. An article from a periodical or newspaper;
3. A short story, short essay or short poem, whether or not from a collective work;
4. A chart, graph, diagram, drawing, cartoon or picture from a book, periodical, or newspaper.

The Library will accept a single copy of an article or chapter for reserve only if the faculty member signs a statement on the first page indicating that he or she owns the copy and that it was acquired for his or her own research or academic purpose. The Library has a rubber stamp which may be used for this purpose.

Multiple Copies for Classroom or Library Reserve Use

Multiple copies of copyrighted material (not to exceed in any event more than one copy per student in a course) may be made by or for the teacher giving the course for classroom use or discussion, provided that:

1. It is brief - poems: not exceeding 250 words; prose: a complete article, story or essay not exceeding 2,500 words, or an excerpt not exceeding 1,000 words or 10 percent (whichever is less) of a longer work, but in any event a minimum of 500 words; illustrations: one per book or periodical issue.

Even when the copying meets the test of brevity outlined above, permission to make multiple copies must be sought from the copyright holder unless

2. It is spontaneous - use is too timely to ask permission from copyright holder. However, the Library will accept multiple copies for reserve only if accompanied by a letter granting or at least requesting permission to make multiple copies. Such copies will be returned to the faculty member at the end of the term.
3. The copying of the material is for only one course in the school in which the copies are made.
4. Not more than one short poem, article, story, essay or two excerpts may be copied from the same author, not more than three from the same collective work or periodical volume during one class term.
5. There shall not be more than nine instances of such multiple copying for one course during one class term.

Information for Faculty on Copyright Compliance
1978 Copyright Law
page 2

6. Copying shall not be repeated with respect to the same item by the same teacher from term to term. The Library will not accept multiple copies beyond a single term unless permission to copy has been granted for that term or the faculty member certifies in writing that the copyright holder or clearing house has not responded to a request for permission to copy.
7. It is not taking the place of an anthology or is not a substitute for purchasing a book.
8. A notice of copyright is included on each copy.
9. Students are not charged more than the actual cost of photocopying the material. (The limitations stated in 4 and 5 above do not apply to current news periodicals and newspapers and current news sections of other periodicals.)

These nine criteria should be viewed as only guidelines which state the minimum and not the maximum standards of educational fair use.

Forms are available from Starr Library which may be completed when writing to publishers to request permission to make multiple copies for classroom or library reserve use. The request should be sent, together with a self-addressed return envelope, to the permission department of the publisher in question. If the address of the publisher does not appear at the front of the material, it may be readily obtained in The Literary Marketplace or Books in Print, both available in our reference collection. It is advisable to allow enough lead time to obtain permission before the materials are needed. PERMISSION FROM THE COPYRIGHT HOLDER IS ALWAYS THE MOST DESIRABLE WAY OF AVOIDING UNCERTAINTY ABOUT THE LEGALITY OF MAKING MULTIPLE COPIES IN A SPECIFIC SITUATION.

More detailed information on the provisions of the Copyright Law is available at the Reference Desk of Starr Library.

LETTERS TO THE STUDENTS



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1989

Dear Bread Loaf Student:

I am writing to welcome both returning Bread Loaf students and those who will be spending their first summer on the Mountain. We again have a very promising and very diverse group of students and faculty whose excellence has come to be a trademark of the School of English. Now to business.

Your final bill has been sent from Middlebury College, is payable upon receipt and should have been paid by June 1. Bills not paid by the deadline given by Middlebury College will be charged a late fee of \$25. This date does not apply for those admitted recently. Please return the enclosed arrival card and the medical information form to the Bread Loaf office.

The Bread Loaf campus is twelve miles from Middlebury, the closest bus stop. The Bread Loaf taxi will meet all Vermont Transit buses at Keeler's Gulf Station (Rt. 7 South) in Middlebury on June 27; do not get off at Middlebury College itself. There are Vermont Transit buses from Montreal, Boston, Albany, and New York City. Buses leave the Burlington bus station at 7:30 and 11:30 A.M. and 2:30 and 5:00 P.M. They leave the airport at 11:05 A.M. and 2:00 and 4:30 P.M.

If you are traveling by car, you should turn off U.S. 7 at the junction of State Hwy. 125, four miles south of Middlebury. The Bread Loaf campus is eight miles mostly up and east of this junction on Rt. 125. The School will provide taxi service at modest cost during the summer so that you can get to Middlebury some afternoons if you don't have a car.

Delta Connector (Business Express), Eastern, and Piedmont have flights from Boston to Burlington. USAir, and Eastern (LaGuardia Airport) and Piedmont (LaGuardia and Kennedy Airports) have service from New York, and other connections in the East. Continental and Piedmont fly in from Newark, USAir from Pittsburgh and United from Chicago and points west. Connections from Burlington to Middlebury can be made on Vermont Transit buses, or you can get a taxi for \$40 or so right to Bread Loaf.

Upon arrival at Bread Loaf, you should go to the Inn Desk to check in and to receive your room and post office box assignments. Please read the Basic Information Sheet, which you will receive from Bob and Joan Handy, the Inn Managers. Then call at the Secretary's Office to register and to confirm your courses with Hugh Coyle. The next stop is the Blue Parlor, where you will be welcomed by Elaine Hall and Jen Zeitvogel of the Bread Loaf Office, a representative of the Accounting Office of Middlebury College, and Laurie Brown, Bread

Loaf's Nurse. You may obtain your ID card here (as receipt for full payment made) and take care of other administrative details. I too will be there to welcome you.

Lunch at 1:00 on Tuesday, June 27, will be the first meal served to members of the School. No rooms will be available before the morning of June 27, except for waiters and waitresses, who are expected to arrive on Monday, June 26, for faculty and staff, and for students who because of travel problems have my permission to arrive on Monday, June 26.

You should bring informal clothing for country wear, both for cool (40° to 50°) and warm (75° to 90°F), wet and dry weather. Vermont weather is notoriously fickle. Bring insect repellent, preferably Cutters or Deet. If you do not elect to use Nu-Way Linens for linen rental, you must bring your own linen, unless you are on the faculty or staff. Bread Loaf provides blankets, bedspreads and pillows free of charge.

Radios (unless you use earphones), TV's, and stereos are not permitted in the dormitories, which are far from soundproof. Please leave portable refrigerators, hot plates and coffee pots at home. Hot plates and coffee pots can be a fire hazard. (Medical supplies needing refrigeration may be given to our Nurse.) Leo Hotte, our Caretaker, has graciously agreed to retain in secure custody any contraband items, should you inadvertently bring them. The only noise encouraged on campus is that created by typewriters or insured word processors.

A subscription to the New York Times may be purchased by returning the enclosed form.

For your convenience bring traveler's checks, which may be cashed at the Front Desk. Until August 4, banks will honor personal checks in amounts not exceeding \$20 - an inconvenience which is not in my control. And after that, no honor and no cashed checks at all. The obliging Front Desk Team, however, will gladly cash \$50 personal and traveler's checks throughout the session.

Pets are not allowed in dormitories or in school buildings. If you must bring an animal, please make prior arrangements to have it kept off campus. A barking dog can seriously disrupt a class on a quiet mountain campus. You do neither your colleagues nor your pet a service in bringing it on campus.

The Inn Managers ask me to advise you that guests are not to be invited for overnight visits in student rooms. There are no guest rooms available on campus.


You should inform correspondents to address you at: (Your name) Bread Loaf School of English, Bread Loaf Rural Station, Middlebury VT 05753. Please make clear that this address is, alas, temporary. Notify your Post Office to forward your mail to Bread Loaf only until August 9. Newspapers, magazines and other than first class mail cannot be forwarded. Express packages sent in advance should be addressed to you at the Bread Loaf School of English, Tilden House, Middlebury College, Middlebury VT 05753.

Since the Front Desk closes at 11 P.M., it can be difficult to complete late evening calls. Try to have incoming calls made well before 11 P.M., with allowances for time differential. Emergency telephone messages, of course, will be delivered at any time. The Bread Loaf campus telephone is 802-388-7945.

If you have software disks that will be interesting to use during demonstration sessions on an Apple IIe or IBM PC 25S microcomputer, please bring them.

I hope that you have a cool and pleasant trip to the Mountain. You will then be ready to plunge into what I'm sure will be an invigorating summer. I look forward to seeing you.

Cordially,


James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh

P.S. If you find at the last moment that you can't come to Bread Loaf this summer, please call the Bread Loaf office collect at 802-388-3711, Ext. 5418. We have a waiting list of very good candidates, and I would hate to have them lose out on a chance to attend Bread Loaf this summer if we have room.



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1989

Dear Bread Loaf Relatives and Friends:

I want to welcome all relatives and friends of Bread Loaf students to the Mountain. Bread Loaf is much more than a School; it is a community of shared intellectual, social and recreational interests.

You who are not enrolled students are cordially invited to join in as many on-campus activities as you wish, to attend the evening lectures, the evening writing workshops, the picnic at the Frost Farm, receptions, films and plays, or to use the tennis and volleyball courts, Johnson Pond, and the Snack Bar in the Barn. You may purchase meal tickets at the Front Desk whenever you'd like to join on-campus Bread Loaf students for a meal. Lack of space makes it impossible for us to accommodate student children at meals. If you'd like to audit an occasional class, you may do so after checking with Hugh Coyle to see whether the instructor permits auditors. It has been a tradition since 1920 to pay the School \$1.00 a class hour to help the secretaries meet their routine office expenses at Bread Loaf. Jim Lobdell, the Theatre Production Manager, would welcome your assistance in mounting our dramatic productions. You are encouraged to try out for a part in our plays: Merchant of Venice or our other productions. I suggest you write your landlord (copy to me) on arrival and advise him or her as to how you found your accommodations. Keep a copy of the letter if there are problems.

The spirit of this invitation is meant to be warm and real, but we should recognize that it can also be abused. The rights of resident students can unintentionally be infringed upon by visitors. Dogs must not be brought on campus because they create a serious nuisance by barking outside open classroom windows, by annoying students and faculty in the Barn, or worse, being left unattended in cars. My tone is not meant to be querulous, but it is my responsibility to create an educational environment which supports the central purpose of the School.

I'm pleased that Sarah Campbell is running our informal weekday all-day-child-care program, Croutons, for all our off-campus youngsters. You can make arrangements with Sarah by completing the enclosed Croutons form and sending it to the Bread Loaf office. The fees are minimal and the program terrific. The Campbells are also planning social gatherings for off-campus Bread Loaf students and families as soon as School starts - cookouts, etc.

I hope we can make the summer a truly enjoyable one for you and your family.

Cordially,

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

June 1, 1989

Health Services

Dear Student,

We are pleased to welcome you to the 1989 session of the Bread Loaf School of English. Please help us to anticipate and meet your health needs by completing one of the enclosed confidential Health Forms and returning it to: Parton Health Center, Carr Hall, Middlebury College, Middlebury, VT 05753. A physician's or psychotherapist's statement outlining the details of any chronic condition or ongoing health and/or psychological problems will assist us in providing optimal care. Our Health Center handles most primary health care needs, but the College cannot guarantee that all health care needs will be met on the Mountain or in Middlebury.

The summer program is an intensive one and can be stress-producing. If you have had or are now experiencing stress-related physical or emotional symptoms, e.g. head/stomach aches, sleeping problems or depression, please consult your health care provider before arriving on campus. We encourage you to utilize College health services this summer if you experience any stress-related problems.

We ask that you bring along an adequate supply of prescription medications as Vermont pharmacies have strict regulations for filling out-of-state prescriptions. If you have or anticipate special health needs, please contact the Health Center after June 9, telephone 802-388-3711, x5135.

We hope your experience this summer will be satisfying and rewarding. Please be sure to let us know if we can be of further help.

Sincerely,

Gary F. Margolis, Ph.D.
Director of Counseling
Services

Nancy Cutting, Head Nurse
Administrative Director
Parton Health Center

Enclosure



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

May 1, 1989

Center for Counseling and Human Relations

To Faculty, Staff, and Students at the Breadloaf School of English:

We write to you concerning the Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV) which causes the Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome (AIDS). Recent statistics show a significant increase nationally in the number of AIDS cases reported in the past year. In addition, recent statistics from the Center For Disease Control indicate that over 84,000 Americans now have AIDS and that many more have been infected by the virus (HIV) which causes AIDS, and are potential carriers. Most of these people do not know they are carriers. Information publically available suggests, at least statistically, that there are probably AIDS carriers among us. The AIDS epidemic continues to be of concern nationally and, therefore, it must also concern each of us at Middlebury.

We believe it is important that you understand what resources are available on campus in the areas of education, diagnosis, treatment, and support. We also believe it is important that we outline the policy guidelines at Middlebury.

The American College Health Association (ACHA) provides a series of guidelines for college policy based on facts from the best recent medical data available. Middlebury College has used those guidelines and adapted them to our particular needs.

ACHA recommends that colleges not adopt blanket policies concerning students with AIDS or AIDS-related conditions. Rather, it suggests that certain guidelines be followed and that the college analyze and respond to each case individually. Middlebury College has established a committee of people whose responsibility is to do this. For the 1989 summer session, these people are:

- 1) Bread Loaf Nurse, Cornwall Infirmary
- 2) Laurie Brown, M.S.N., C.R.N.P, Nurse Practitioner
- 3) Ruth K. Grant, M.D., College Physician, Parton Health
Center
- 4) Gary Margolis, Ph.D, Director of Counseling And Human
Relations

In order to provide essential medical support, appropriate health and hygiene counseling and related assistance, any member of the community who has tested positive for HIV or who has AIDS or an

AIDS-related condition should consult with either the college Health Center or their own physician, AND with one of the individuals named above. Responses to such occurrences will be guided both by Middlebury's commitment to the protection of individual rights, including confidentiality, and by necessary consideration of the community public health interest.

If you think you may have been exposed to AIDS or have symptoms of AIDS, we strongly urge you to make contact with the nurse at the Cornwall Infirmary or the Health Center on the main campus. The nurse will provide information, evaluation, counseling and support, and education regarding testing options. Confidentiality is maintained in accordance with laws governing the privacy of medical information.

It is important that we all be acquainted with the latest information concerning AIDS. Therefore, the college has undertaken an educational program concerning AIDS. We strongly urge each of you to read the enclosed pamphlet, AIDS....WHAT EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW. It gives an up-to-date, excellent and readable summary of what we all need to know about AIDS. For those who are sexually active, we recommend a second document entitled MAKING SEX SAFER. These pamphlets and free condoms are available to all members of the community at the Cornwall Infirmary and in the Laundry Room.

Remember studies and guidelines from the Center for Disease Control and the Public Health Service indicate that individuals with AIDS or AIDS-related conditions do not pose a health risk to others through casual contact. Available evidence indicates that AIDS is transmitted only by intimate sexual contact or by injection of contaminated blood.

If you have any questions or concerns, please visit the nurse at Cornwall Infirmary (ext. 14) or call Parton Health Center on main campus (388-3711, ext. 5135). You may also call the Vermont Health Department telephone hotline to request further information and advice (1-800-882-AIDS).

Sincerely,

Yonna McShane

Yonna McShane
Health Educator
Counseling And Human Relations

Ruth Grant

Ruth Grant, M.D.
Medical Director
Parton Health Center

Nancy Cutting

Nancy Cutting, R.N.
Head Nurse
Parton Health Center

Summer 1989 Health Form, Short Version*

CONFIDENTIAL

Name (please print) _____
Last First

Summer Program _____

Social Security Number _____

*For any Middlebury College undergraduates and any students who attended a Middlebury College summer program in 1987 or 1988 AND who have a Health Form on file at the Parton Health Center: You may complete and return this form IN LIEU OF the two-page white Health Form.

☐ No changes in my health condition since summer 1988.

☐ Health changes which would not yet be recorded at Parton Health Center. (Please list specific diagnosis, medication or other treatment regimen, name and address of caregiver, and any other details which would help us care for you.)

Signature

Date

Please return this form to:

George F. Parton Health Center
Carr Hall
Middlebury College
Middlebury, VT 05753

Summer Program: _____

Name _____
LAST FIRST

PARTON HEALTH CENTER
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
Tel. (802) 388-3711, ext. 5135

Date of Birth: _____

Home Address: _____

Home Tel: (____) _____

S.S. # _____

HEALTH FORM

INSTRUCTIONS: This form must be completed, signed, and submitted in order for you to attend Middlebury College. The information will be held in confidence as part of your health records at the College. Contents of your health file will not jeopardize your admission to Middlebury College. *It is in your interest that your health records be complete.* Please attach additional sheets if necessary.

Please return the completed forms to the address above. Thank you for your cooperation.

PERSONAL HEALTH HISTORY

Have you ever had or have you now: (Please check and describe at right of each item)

	YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS		YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS
Frequent or severe headache					Rectal disease				
Dizziness or fainting spells					Kidney or bladder infection				
Concussion					Kidney Stone				
Severe head injury					Albumin or blood in urine				
Head or neck X rays or radiation treatments					Mother used D.E.S. during pregnancy with you				
Sinusitis					Bone, joint, or other deformity				
Cigarette Smoking					Shoulder dislocation				
Hearing loss					Knee problems				
Other ear, nose & throat trouble					Recurrent back pain				
Eye trouble other than need for glasses					Excessive alcohol or drug use				
High blood pressure					Neck injury				
Rheumatic fever					Back injury				
Heart Trouble					Broken bones				
Pain or pressure in chest					Swollen or painful joints				
Shortness of breath					Arthritis, rheumatism or bursitis				
Fibrocystic breasts					Paralysis				
Asthma					Epilepsy or seizure disorder				
Pneumonia					Diabetes or sugar in urine				
Chronic cough					Thyroid trouble				
Tuberculosis or Positive TB test					Serious skin disease				
Tumor or cancer					Pilonidal cyst				
Severe or recurrent abdominal pain					Obesity				
Hernia					Mononucleosis				
Ulcer (duodenal or stomach)					Anemia				
Intestinal trouble					Immune Deficiency Syndrome				
Self-induced vomiting					HTLV III Assoc. Disorder				
Frequent vomiting					Malaria				
Gall bladder trouble or gallstones					Serious depression				
Jaundice or hepatitis					Learning disability				
					Excessive worry or anxiety				

Please check each item "YES" or "NO."
For every item checked "YES," please explain fully in blank space on right.

		Have you ever experienced adverse reactions (hypersensitivities, allergies, upset stomach, rash, hives, etc.) to:	(If yes, please explain fully: type of reaction, your age when the reaction occurred, and how often the experience has occurred.)
YES	NO		
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Penicillin	_____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Sulfa	_____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Other antibiotics (Name: _____)	_____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Aspirin	_____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Codeine	_____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Other pain relievers (Name: _____)	_____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Horse serum	_____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Local anesthetics	_____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Other drugs, medicines, chemicals (Name: _____)	_____

		Are you allergic to:	
YES	NO		
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Foods (please list) _____	Name of allergist: _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Stinging insects (please specify) _____	Address: _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Molds, pollen: _____	_____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Animals (please specify) _____	Telephone: () _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Other (please specify) _____	Date series begun: _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Do you receive allergy desensitization injections?	Please describe fully any adverse reactions to these injections:
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Do you wish to continue allergy desensitization injections at Middlebury College Health Center? If so, please supply the information in the right hand column.	_____

—Please bring your serum with you, along with complete directions and a schedule for the injections—

		Do you use medications regularly? Please list any drugs, medicines, chemicals, vitamins and minerals (both prescription and non-prescription) you use and indicate how often you use them. We recommend that you bring what you anticipate needing.
YES	NO	
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	(Name) _____
		(Name) _____
		(Name) _____

Please indicate year for any of the following childhood illnesses you have experienced.

Chickenpox _____ Measles _____ Rubella (German Measles) _____

Diphtheria _____ Mumps _____ Scarlet Fever _____

YES NO
☐ ☐

Have you had any problems for which you have received counseling or psychotherapy? If so, please describe.

YES NO
☐ ☐

Have you ever been a patient in any type of hospital? (If yes, specify when, where, and diagnosis.)

YES NO
☐ ☐

Have you had any operations? (If yes, please describe and give year in which they were performed.)

YES NO
☐ ☐

Have you ever had any serious illnesses or injuries other than those already noted? (If yes, specify when and where and give details.)

YES NO
☐ ☐

Do you use corrective eyewear?

Please copy your prescription(s) here:

Eyeglasses; prescription:

Contact lenses; prescription:

Note: We recommend that you bring an extra pair.

Has any blood relative of yours had any of the following?

Diabetes

High blood pressure

Stroke

Cancer (Type: _____)

Heart attack before age 55

Cholesterol or blood fat disorder

Alcoholism

Sickle cell anemia

Glaucoma

YES NO RELATIONSHIP

Depression

Other serious illness (specify):

YES NO RELATIONSHIP

If either parent or any sibling is deceased, please list relationship to you, age at death, and cause of death.

IMMUNIZATIONS

VACCINE TYPE	MONTH, DAY, & YEAR FOR EACH DOSE					10 YEAR BOOSTER
	1	2	3	4	5	
DPT or Td (Diphtheria, Pertussis, Tetanus or Tetanus, Diphtheria)						
Polio - not required after 18th birthday.						
Measles (red or hard measles) check type: <input type="checkbox"/> Live <input type="checkbox"/> Killed* <input type="checkbox"/> Unknown *reimmunization required	Vaccine Titer Disease	Date:____/____/____ Date:____/____/____ Date:____/____/____				
Rubella (3-day or German measles)	Vaccine Titer Disease Result:_____	Date:____/____/____ Date:____/____/____ Date:____/____/____ Was disease diagnosed by a physician?				

Measles and rubella vaccine - must be repeated if administered before first birthday.

Have you ever had to discontinue study or restrict activities because of physical or nervous disturbances? If yes, explain fully.

Have you ever had any limitation placed on the amount and type of physical exercise? If yes, explain fully.

SOURCES OF HEALTH CARE

Please list the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of physicians, psychologists, or other health caregivers you now consult.

Name _____	Field _____	Name _____	Field _____
Address _____		Address _____	
City, State _____		City, State _____	
Tel. (____) _____		Tel. (____) _____	

HEALTH INSURANCE COVERAGE

Please list below any current insurance coverage such as Blue Cross/Blue Shield, public assistance, or private insurance.

INSURANCE COMPANY

ADDRESS

GROUP/POLICY NUMBER

EMERGENCY NOTIFICATION

In case of emergency please notify:

Name _____
Relationship _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Telephone (____) _____
Work Telephone (____) _____

In case of emergency please notify:

Name _____
Relationship _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Telephone (____) _____
Work Telephone (____) _____

My signature below indicates that:

- I consent to medical and nursing treatment by the staff at the Health Center.
- the information on this form is correct and complete to the best of my knowledge.
- I understand that Middlebury College views my health as chiefly my responsibility.
- if I require services, prescriptions, or referrals beyond the primary care services available at Parton Health Center, I shall assume the financial responsibility or negotiate satisfactory arrangements with the caregiver.
- I hereby authorize the release of any information on file pertaining to my condition of health. I understand that my contacts with health and counseling services are held in confidence but that confidentiality may be broken if my life or that of any other person is in danger.

DATE

SIGNATURE OF STUDENT

DATE

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN

(required if student is not yet 18 years old or if insurance listed above is in parent's or guardian's name)

If you have any questions, call the Health Center at 388-3711, ext. 5135

**Concerning
SEXUAL
HARASSMENT
at Middlebury College**

What is sexual harassment?

As an educational institution, Middlebury College must maintain a campus environment where bigotry and intolerance, including discrimination on the basis of sex or sexual orientation have no place, and where any form of coercion and harassment that insults the dignity of others or impedes their freedom to learn or work is not accepted. Sexual harassment is a form of sex discrimination, which violates Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, Title IX of the Educational Amendments of 1972, and Middlebury College policy. Middlebury College condemns and will not tolerate any form of sexual harassment.

Middlebury College defines sexual harassment as "encompassing several different types of behavior, including unwelcome sexual advances, requests for sexual favors, and other verbal or physical contact of a sexual nature when 1) submission to such conduct is made either explicitly or implicitly a condition of a person's employment or participation in a course, program, or other college activity; 2) submission to or rejection of such conduct is made the basis for academic or employment decisions and evaluation affecting that person; or 3) such conduct has the purpose or effect of substantially interfering with a person's academic or job performance and/or embarrassing a person". Note: for the full statement of College policy on sexual harassment, see the College Handbook.

Sexual harassment can occur between a faculty member and a student, a supervisor and a student employee, an advisor and a student, or between two students. Sexual harassment may also occur between a supervisor and an employee or between two co-workers. Sexual harassment also takes many forms.

Listed below are some examples of possible conduct which is harassing in nature:

- uninvited pressure for sexual activity
- catcalls, whistles
- obscene remarks, jokes, insults or tricks
- sexist jokes told in class or in the work environment
- repeated requests for dates or get-togethers when a person has said "no"
- inappropriate questions about one's personal life
- unwanted physical contact such as touching, pinching, or brushing up against
- jokes or negative comments concerning sexual orientation
- showing slides of nude women or men humorously or whimsically during an otherwise serious lecture
- threats that your job, wages, advancement, working conditions, grades, recommendations, or assignments might depend on your permitting any of these forms of harassment

- demands or requests for sexual favors accompanied by threats concerning grades or your job or implied or overt promises of preferential treatment
- intimidation, hostility, or condescension which is gender-based

What can I do if I am or have been sexually harassed?

First, be sure the harasser knows right away that you do not welcome this treatment.

- don't delay; say "stop" as soon as something happens which makes you feel uncomfortable
- don't smile when you say "no"; give a clear message
- don't look away; look directly at the harasser
- don't reply to personal questions
- don't let the person lean on you; stand up or move away
- don't worry about the harasser's feelings; protect yourself and your own self-respect
- keep a record of where, when, and how the person is harassing you

What if this doesn't stop the unwanted behavior?

Often sexual harassment issues can be resolved in an informal manner by verbally setting limits with the harasser, writing a letter to the harasser insisting that it stop, or taking similar steps. If this response doesn't stop the unwanted behavior or if you would like to speak with someone for advice, and if you are a College employee or a student during the academic year, you may bring your complaint to:

Shirley Fisler
Assistant Director of Personnel
Extension 5465

Ann Hanson
Dean of the College
Extension 5393

Victor Nuovo
Professor of Philosophy
Extension 5282

If you are a student or employee at the Bread Loaf School of English, you may contact:

Dixie Goswami
Director and Coordinator in the Program in Writing
Extension 12

Eric Sundquist
Professor of English
Extension 21

If you are a participant at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, you may contact:

Stanley Bates
Administrative Director

Sydney Landon
Coordinator of Admissions
and Development

If you are a student or employee at the Language Schools, you may bring your complaint to:

Shirley Fisler
Assistant Director of Personnel
Extension 5465

Ann Hanson
Dean of the College
Extension 5393

John Berninghausen
Dean of Chinese School
Extension 5545

Note: At the Language Schools, many different cultures are represented, each with its own patterns of personal behavior. Cultural differences do not excuse inappropriate or offensive behavior; they do call for particular awareness of and sensitivity to other people's rights and dignity.

Each of these people has been designated to listen to sexual harassment concerns and advise you. Other resources on campus that you can contact for information, support and advice are the Counseling Service, Parton Health Center, or the nurse at Bread Loaf. Your discussions with any of these resource people will be confidential and will not necessarily commit you to further action.

If you are an employee, you may also contact the Public Protection Division of the Attorney General's Office, 109 State Street, Montpelier, Vermont 05602, for advice and support. If you choose to contact this office, all information you share is confidential until you decide to make an official complaint.

Confronting and/or reporting sexual harassment may be uncomfortable initially. However, many issues concerning sexual harassment can be resolved in a fair and informal manner. You have a legal right to be treated with respect and dignity in your workplace and students have the right to participate in the educational and social life at Middlebury without harassment. It is the institution's aim to safeguard the rights and welfare of all members of the Middlebury College community and to provide a process by which concerns can be reported and resolved.

AIDS...

WHAT
EVERYONE
SHOULD
KNOW



What Is AIDS?

"AIDS" is shorthand for the *acquired* (not inherited) *immune deficiency* (a breakdown of the body's defense system, producing susceptibility to certain diseases) *syndrome* (a spectrum of disorders and symptoms). People with the full-blown form of AIDS suffer from unusual, life-threatening infections and/or rare forms of cancer.

The virus that causes AIDS also produces milder, but often debilitating, illnesses called *AIDS-Related Complex*, or *ARC*. Persistent enlargement of lymph nodes, chronic fatigue, fever, weight loss, night sweats, and abnormal blood counts are typical features. Many people with ARC improve without treatment; others progress to have AIDS itself, and some remain the same.

The largest group of people infected with the AIDS virus, however, are not currently ill. Since they have no symptoms, these people can be identified only by a blood test for antibody to the AIDS virus. (See section on the HIV antibody test.) There is no certain way to predict whether an individual with a positive blood test and no symptoms will develop ARC or AIDS. The best estimates now available indicate that at least 20 to 30 percent of people with positive blood tests eventually will develop AIDS; this may take 5 to 10 years to happen. A similar or larger proportion of those with positive tests may develop ARC. These percentages may change as our experience with AIDS grows.

All people with a positive blood test for antibody to the AIDS virus must regard themselves as carriers of the virus; even though they may have no symptoms, they are probably infectious and may transmit the virus to others.

What Causes AIDS?

The virus that causes AIDS and AIDS-related conditions is now called *Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV)*. Other names for the same virus are *Human T-Lymphotropic Virus, Type III (HTLV-III)* and *Lymphadenopathy-Associated Virus (LAV)*. HIV is a retrovirus that must live and reproduce inside human cells. It is extremely fragile, and does not survive long outside the body. It is present in certain body fluids (notably in blood, semen, and vaginal secretions) of people who have been infected, whether or not they have symptoms. Although it is certainly transmitted by blood and semen, there is no evidence that the AIDS virus is transmitted by saliva or tears.

It is likely that certain "co-factors" influence the outcome of infection with HIV. The use of injected or inhaled recreational drugs, stress, and multiple exposures to HIV all seem to promote the development of AIDS or ARC. Although it is not clearly identified as a co-factor, alcohol may suppress the immune system, as well.

Who Gets AIDS?

Approximately two-thirds of people with full-blown AIDS are men who have had sex with other men. 17% are intravenous drug users who have shared needles with other people. 8% are people who fit into both of the first two categories—men who have both shared needles with people and had sex with other men. At least 4% of people with AIDS have acquired it through heterosexual sexual contact. However, this small percentage is misleading. The number of cases among heterosexuals has just begun to climb, because of the very long incubation period for AIDS and the fact that HIV entered the heterosexual population relatively recently. If people do not change their behaviors, there will be many more cases of AIDS among heterosexuals in the future.

Other groups of people at risk have included hemophiliacs (who receive blood products pooled from many donors) and patients who receive blood transfusions. The availability of the antibody test for HIV and new methods of processing blood products have sharply reduced the chance of transfusing HIV in blood or blood derivatives. The risk of transmitting HIV by blood transfusion is now estimated to be 1 in 100,000.

It is important to remember that "risk behaviors" are much more relevant than "risk groups." It isn't who you are, it's what you do, that matters. Increasing numbers of people who fit into none of the originally described risk categories are getting AIDS. HIV can be transmitted sexually between men and women, in either direction, and possibly between women. You are not safe from AIDS just because you're not gay and don't use drugs. All people, gay or straight, should know how to protect themselves.

Babies have gotten AIDS because HIV may be transmitted from an infected mother to her child before or during birth, or in breast milk after birth. Therefore, women with positive HIV antibody tests should protect against pregnancy; if they do have babies, they should not breast feed them.

How Is AIDS Transmitted?

AIDS is not an easy disease to get. HIV is a very fragile virus. There is no evidence that HIV can be transmitted by casual contact. People with AIDS, ARC, or a positive test present no danger to those with whom they go to class, share bathrooms, eat, work, or sit. Objects touched or handled by people with AIDS are not "contaminated" and need not be feared; the only exceptions are needles which might be shared. Any object or surface can be adequately disinfected with a 1:10 dilution of household bleach. There is no need for concern about the safety of swimming pools, whirlpools, saunas, or telephone booths because of AIDS. AIDS cannot be transmitted by coughing or sneezing. The virus is not transmitted in food handling. Those living with people with AIDS, ARC, or a positive blood test are at no extra risk unless they are sexual partners or they are sharing contaminated needles.

Under no circumstances can you get AIDS by donating blood or by getting hepatitis B vaccine.

AIDS is transmitted by intimate (sexual) contact and by exposure to contaminated blood. Normally, the body's protective barrier—the skin—prevents infection with agents like HIV; if the barrier is broken by injury or by needle puncture, fluid containing the virus may enter the body. HIV is easily transferred from one person to another in sexual activities that involve the exchange of body fluids, especially if minor injuries are involved.

Some sexual activities are more dangerous than others. Anal intercourse is especially risky, whether the recipient is male or female. Women may be infected through vaginal sex with a male carrier; men having vaginal sex with female carriers are also at risk. The risk of oral-genital sex on a male seems much lower, and oral sex is less risky if it stops before ejaculation. Oral sex on a female may be more risky during menstruation. Although HIV is occasionally present in the saliva of people with AIDS, there is no evidence that saliva can transmit the virus; large studies have shown no case to have been transmitted by kissing or other contact with saliva. If there is any risk of kissing, it would come from prolonged, deep or rough kissing, which may damage the tissues of the lips or mouth.

The AIDS virus is easily transmitted by shared or dirty needles, and people who share intravenous drugs and needles are exposing themselves to a serious risk of AIDS.

What If A Friend Has AIDS?

People with AIDS, ARC, or a positive test need the same kind of support and friendship you always provided before. They are likely to feel isolated, frightened, and uncertain about their relationships, their future, and their medical condition. You can help socially and psychologically by continuing to talk and share activities. At the same time, it is also important to recognize that a minor infection for you could prove to be much more serious for a person whose immune system is impaired—don't expose a friend with AIDS to what could be a dangerous illness for him or her.

Health Care Professions Students and Others in Health Care Settings

Health care workers do not have a high risk of getting AIDS as a result of their work with patients, even if they regularly care for people with full-blown AIDS in hospitals. The risk is associated with needlestick injuries. Guidelines for prevention of transmission of AIDS virus to health care workers are similar to those for transmission of hepatitis B. All health professions students should be aware of these guidelines and observe them scrupulously. Health care professionals who have positive AIDS antibody tests may continue to study or work; the Public Health Service has published specific recommendations for their activities. Your Health Service is prepared to explain all of these precautions to you.

For Further Information

Contact your health service or health care provider. Much additional information and support can be obtained from regional institutions known as "AIDS Projects" in major cities. The following national "hot line" services are also available:

Centers for Disease Control

Hotline: 1-800-342-AIDS

Public Health Service

Hotline: 1-800-447-AIDS

National Gay Task Force and AIDS Crisis

Hotline: 1-800-221-7044

A publication of the
American College Health Association
15879 Crabbs Branch Way
Rockville, Maryland 20855
(301) 963-1100

Produced by the
ACHA Task Force on AIDS.

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BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY VT 05753

INSURANCE

We have provided a plan of accident insurance for summer school students. The plan provides medical reimbursement for the expense arising from an accident. Reimbursement will be made up to a maximum of \$1,000 for each accident. The plan is broad in scope and covers all accidents, wherever the student may be, during the term of the policy.

Exclusions: The Plan does not cover eyeglasses or hearing aids; dental treatment unless treatment is necessitated by injuries to sound, natural teeth; loss caused by plastic surgery for cosmetic purposes; loss caused by war or any enemy action; loss resulting from having been in or on an aircraft unless riding as a fare-paying passenger in a passenger aircraft operated by an incorporated passenger carrier; nor an expense incurred by a student after twelve months from date of termination of the student's insurance. In the event that the insured is covered by the Automobile Medical Payments provision of a motor vehicle policy, no duplication of payments will be made for automobile claims. In such an event there will be payment of any expense up to the policy limit that might exceed the amount of medical payments applicable to the particular case.

Claims: In the event of accident, claims should be reported to Fred S. James & Company, 40 Broad Street, Boston MA 02109, within 30 days from the date of the accident. Claim forms are available from the Bread Loaf Nurse, or the Nurse at Lincoln College. Medical bills must be submitted within 90 days from date of treatment.

The insurance will be effective for the periods indicated below:

English School	27 June - 12 August, 1989
English School at Lincoln College, Oxford*	26 June - 5 August, 1989

*Under Britain's medical program, you must have medical coverage to meet the treatment of medical conditions and problems you have on arrival in Britain. National Health will, at the discretion of our doctor, meet expenses of emergencies encountered during the summer. Expenses of hospitalization are paid by National Health under normal circumstances. Be sure to bring your medical insurance forms for claiming expenses under your own medical insurance plan.

Nu-Way Linen
68 South Main Street
Port Henry, New York 12974

Telephone 518-546-7666

Dear Student:

Nu Way Linen has been selected to provide linen service for students attending Middlebury College's Breadloaf School of English for the 1989 Summer Session. A weekly linen service includes 2 sheets, 1 pillow case and 3 bath towels. The price for this six week service is \$38.50 and includes a deposit of \$10.00 which will be refunded when a complete set of linen is returned at the end of the session. An order form and return envelope is enclosed for your convenience. Please make checks payable to Nu Way Linen.

Thank you and good luck this Summer .

Sincerely yours,

William Joyce

Nu Way Linen

Port Henry, New York

BREADLOAF

Name

Last

First

Address

Street

City

State

Zip

6 week session \$38.50

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK FOR NEW YORK TIMES

Since some of you may want to keep in touch with the outside world, you can subscribe to all the news that's fit to print in THE NEW YORK TIMES. Check below the kind of subscription you want, if any; payment in full will be due when you pick up your first copy at the front desk.

CHECK ONE

<input type="checkbox"/> Daily only	\$22.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Sunday only	\$12.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Daily and Sunday	\$34.00

YOUR NAME _____
(Please print)

Please do not send payment in the mail. Bring it with you to Bread Loaf.

Please return this form, if you are subscribing, with all of the other forms, by June 15th.

A SEMI-COMPLETE GUIDE TO FOOD, FUN, FRIVOLITY, FRUGALITY, ETC IN MIDDLEBURY AND
SURROUNDING AREAS

We hope that this little publication will be helpful to new and returning Bread
Loaf students and their families. The listing is certainly not comprehensive, but
perhaps will serve as a jumping-off point.

Happy exploring!

Hugh Coyle
Elaine Hall
Jeanine Zeitvogel

FOOD

A&W - Try a cold root beer float. (Route 7 South, Middlebury)

AMIGOS MEXICAN RESTAURANT - Mild, hot, or incendiary. (4 Merchants Row, Middlebury)

BAKERY LANE - Delicious baked goods (Across the street from the Grand Union,
Middlebury)

BLUEBERRY HILL - Elegant, secluded dining, need reservation, fixed menu (Ripton)

CALVI'S - Wonderful homemade ice cream treats! Stop by for a break when exploring
Middlebury's great shops. (Main Street, Middlebury)

SILVER PALACE - Great Chinese cuisine. Reasonably priced. Fun, Oriental-American
atmosphere. (Marble Works Complex, Middlebury)

DOG TEAM TAVERN - Down home and reasonable. Wonderful sticky buns with all meals!
(Dog Team Road, 3 miles North of Middlebury)

FIRE AND ICE - Fantastic "all you can eat" salad and bread bar, children's menu,
Inexpensive-reasonable. (26 Seymour Street, Middlebury)

KITCHEN SHOP - Lunches: Very special sandwiches, including vegetarian. (Try the
Gobbler) Wonderful cookies. Gourmet goods to take home and fix yourself. (Main
Street, Middlebury)

LEMON FAIR - Middlebury's oldest traditional diner. Breakfast, what they do best,
served all day. Inexpensive. (Merchants Row, Middlebury)

LYON'S PLACE - Small shop specializing in submarine sandwiches, Ben and Jerry's ice
cream and creamies. They are also a small grocery store which sells most major East
Coast newspapers. A word to the wise - order a small creamie unless you want to be
eating it the rest of the day! Try the cheesecake, too. (6 College Street,
Middlebury)

MARY'S RESTAURANT - "Yankee Magazine's Favorite Restaurant in All of Vermont." A
very special dining experience. Wonderful country atmosphere-like eating in a
greenhouse. Great service. Wickedly delicious Sunday brunch. (11 Main Street,
Bristol)

MCDONALD'S - Sure to squelch your mid-summer Big Mac Attack. (Route 7 South, Middlebury)

MIDDLEBURY INN - Lovely Sunday Brunch (all you can eat) for about \$10 including tip. (Court Street, Middlebury)

MISTER UPS - Excellent drinks. The food varies from good to fair. If you like spicy try the Thai noodles dish under light fair. The salad and bread bars are inexpensive. Good nachos. Be sure to ask for a table on the deck overlooking Otter Creek. Great Sunday brunch. Reasonable. (Bakery Lane, Middlebury)

OTTER CREEK CAFE - Great gourmet soups, breads, salads, desserts. Lovely country-cosmopolitan atmosphere. Relatively expensive but worth it! Has received rave reviews. Good wine selection. Also has a takeout bakery for a more inexpensive dining experience. Situated on Otter Creek. (Frog Hollow, Middlebury)

PAISANO'S - Fine Italian food. (86 Main Street, Middlebury)

PIZZA CELLAR - Great pizza. (Merchants Row, Middlebury)

ROSEMARIE'S - Wonderful Italian food. Semi-expensive. Twenty minutes from Middlebury. (Routes 17 and 116, Bristol)

ROSIE'S - Good local color restaurant/diner. Great and inexpensive breakfast/brunch. Reasonable. (Route 7 South, Middlebury)

THE SALVAGE YARD - Bar/Restaurant. Great sandwiches - try the Monte Cristo. (Route 7 South, Middlebury)

SUGAR HOUSE RESTAURANT - Good family restaurant. Nice salad bar. (Route 7 North, Middlebury)

SWIFT HOUSE INN - Elegant dining. Thursday through Monday 6-9 p.m. Reservations only. (North Pleasant St. (Rt.7), Middlebury)

VERMONT COUNTRY KITCHEN - Pleasant gourmet sandwich shop. Also a store to meet all your gourmet cooking needs! (Park St., Middlebury)

WAYBURY INN - Elegant dining. A great Sunday brunch. Also has a fully equipped bar with a selection of 136 beers. New England Inn atmosphere. Reservations are smart. (Route 125, East Middlebury)

WOODY'S - Try the spring rolls and the Amaretto Cheese cake (when they have it)! Nice atmosphere. Ask to be seated on the deck which overlooks the Otter Creek. Great food. (5 Bakery Lane, Middlebury)

ZACHARY'S - Serves great pizza and hot subs. (Washington Street next to Grand Union, Middlebury)

BOOK SHOPS

ALLEY BEAT - Used books and records. (Frog Hollow, Middlebury)

BREADLOAF BOOKSHOP - Great used book shop. (Route 125, East Middlebury)

POOR RICHARD'S USED BOOK SHOPPE - Fine selection. (Main Street by the bridge, Middlebury)

THE VERMONT BOOK SHOP - Old time flavor book shop with creaky wooden floors. Records, tapes and CD's - expansive jazz collection. (38 Main Street, Middlebury)

SPECIAL EVENTS

FESTIVAL ON THE GREEN - July 3-9

- IT'S MIME, IT'S MUSIC, IT'S MAGIC, IT'S DANCE, IT'S FREE -

Sunday, July 2 - 2:00 p.m. Jon Gailmor; 3:30 p.m. The Mettawee River Theatre Company

Monday, July 3 - 12:00 noon "Brown Bag Special": Josephine; 7:00 p.m. Mary Samuels & Karen Downey; 8:30 p.m. Josephine and special surprise event to celebrate the Fourth.

Tuesday, July 4 - 6:00 p.m. Fat Tones; 7:45 p.m. Middlebury Community Players; at dusk Fireworks at Middlebury Union High School

Wednesday, July 5 - 12:00 noon "Brown Bag": Bob Baybrook (Duke of YO, Yo-yo Prince & Princess); 7:00 p.m. D'Moja (Haitian-African Band); 8:30 p.m. Opeline (Steel Band)

Thursday, July 6 - 12:00 noon "Brown Bag": Ivy Vine Players; 7:00 p.m. Vt. Gilbert & Sullivan Singers; 8:30 p.m. Banjo Dan & Nidnite Ployboys

Friday, July 7 - 12:00 noon "Brown Bag" - Frog Jumping Contest; 7:00 p.m. Stephen Procter-Martin Hanft; 8:30 p.m. Billy Novick & Guy Van Duser

Saturday, July 8 - Flea Market; 7:00 p.m. Vermont Jazz Ensemble - STREET DANCE - a must.

More details will be published in newspaper closer to date.

ADDISON COUNTY FIELD DAYS - New Haven - A Vermont Country Fair held early August. Watch for the dates.

CHAMPLAIN VALLEY FOLK ARTS FESTIVAL - Button Bay State Park, near Basin Harbor, Vermont, August 5 - August 7.

MOVIE THEATRES

Burlington Theatres - Lots of first-run movies. Check the Free Press

CAMPUS THEATRE - Bargain nights Monday and Tuesday (\$2.50 for adult, normally \$5.00) (Main Street, Middlebury) 388-4841

DANA AUDITORIUM - Foreign films listed in "This Week at Middlebury" (Middlebury College - Sunderland)

Ilsley Library Kid Series - Check the Addison Independent or the Valley Voice

FRIVOLITY

ANTIQUÉ SHOPS - Dotted across the Vermont countryside. Great places to explore.

BEN AND JERRY'S FACTORY STORE - Ice Cream factory. Tours every hour. "Udderly" incredible gift shop. (Route 100, Waterbury)

BRISTOL MINI-GOLF - Bristol Commons Inn, Jct. 17 and 116, Bristol. Sat. & Sun. Noon till 10:00 p.m., Mon. - Fri. 5-9.

BURLINGTON, VERMONT - Population 40,000. Largest city in the state. Home of the University of Vermont. Explore the Church Street walking mall and the original Ben and Jerry's multi-level ice cream shop.

CONTRA DANCING - Second and fourth Fridays - check the Valley Voice for times and locations.

FROG HOLLOW CRAFT CENTER - All Vermont crafts. Offers exhibits, demonstrations, classes. (Frog Hollow, Middlebury)

KIDSPACE - A Must for the kids. Giant wooden structure with swings, slides, etc. (Mary Hogan School, Court Street, Middlebury)

ILSLEY LIBRARY - Fine community library. Excellent children's collection. \$10 non-resident fee which is refunded when you leave. (Main Street, Middlebury)

MIDDLEBURY RECREATION DEPARTMENT - Swimming pool, tennis courts. Fitness Trail. Summer classes (ballet, tennis, etc.) Court Street, Middlebury. Call 388-4041 for information. (Register for courses at the Municipal Building, Middlebury, Vermont) Office Hours 8:30-5:00 M-F.

RUTLAND, VERMONT - Population 20,000. Second largest city in the state. A real Vermont experience. Be sure to see the dog statue by Mia Farrow's brother.

WOODWARE/HARVEST HILL/BUSY ACRES - Wood products, Vermont dried flower and herb shop, unique food, great gift ideas. (Route 7, Middlebury)

MUSEUMS

BASIN HARBOR MARITIME MUSEUM - Dedicated to the preservation and exploration of Lake Champlain heritage. Wed.-Sun. 10-5. 802-475-2317 Basin Harbor, Vermont.

VERMONT FOLKLIFE CENTER - Wonderful displays of Vermont folklife and art. Gamaliel Painter House (Court Street, Middlebury) Weekdays 9-4.

SHELBOURNE MUSEUM - Fantastic replica of early American community. Covers several acres. Plan to spend the whole day. Expensive, but well worth it - adult \$9.00, child \$6.00. (Route 7, Shelburne, Vermont - 40 minutes North of Middlebury)

SHELDON MUSEUM - Local history. Henry Sheldon House as it was in mid-1800's. Fine early Middlebury portraits, furniture, clocks and a carpenter's workshop. Early Victorian garden. Gift Shop. (Park Street, Middlebury) Mon.-Sat. 10-5. Last tour starts 4:15. Admission \$2.50 adult, .50 child.

SERVICES

BANKS

Chittenden Bank (Court Street, Middlebury) 388-6316

Lobby Hours - Mon.-Thurs. 9-3, Fri. 9-6

Drive-up - Mon.-Thurs. 8-5, Fri. 8-6

National Bank of Vermont (Main St., Middlebury) 388-4982

Lobby Hours - Mon.-Thurs. 9-3, Fri. 9-6

Drive-up - Mon.-Thurs. 9-4, Fri. 9-6 (Located next to Fire Station on Seymour Street, Middlebury)

DIETARY CENTERS

The Diet Center (Marble Works Complex, Middlebury)

Overeaters Anonymous - Meetings 7:00 Tuesday evenings (Mountain Street School, Bristol) More information (802)863-2655

Weight Watchers - Meetings Monday evenings 5:00 to 7:00 (Methodist Church, Middlebury)

GROCERY STORES - Middlebury

A&P, Middlebury Plaza (Route 7 South) (open 24 hours)

Grand Union (Washington Street) (open 24 hours)

Greg's Meat Market (Seymour Street)

IGA, Village Court (Route 7 in town)

Middlebury Natural Food Co-op (Washington Street)

Paisano's Fish Market - fresh fish (Main Street)

HAIR CUTS - ETC.

Bud's Barbershop (Merchants Row, Middlebury) Good local gossip.

Carousel Cuts (17 Court Street, Middlebury)

Heads Up Hairstyling (34 North Pleasant Street, Middlebury)

Joe's Barbershop (Grand Union Plaza, Middlebury) More good local gossip.

Lady Fair (34 Main Street, Middlebury)

Le Salon de Vie (Court Street, Middlebury)

Pauline's (Merchants Row, Middlebury)

Under Cuts, Inc. (Washington Street, opposite Grand Union, Middlebury)

COPY SERVICES - MIDDLEBURY

Main Street Stationery

Middlebury Print and Copy (9 College Street)

Middlebury College Library

DRY CLEANERS AND LAUNDRY FACILITIES -MIDDLEBURY

Desabrais Laundry (Village Court, Court Street)

Mountain Fresh Cleaning (Washington Street, near Grand Union)

THERAPEUTIC MASSAGE

Pat Schmitter - Swedish/Esalen Massage 388-6113
(42 Court Street, Middlebury)

Jo Anne Davies - Integrative-Rosen Bodywork &
Swedish/Esalen Massage. 758-2287
, Have table, will travel.

POST OFFICE - Middlebury, Vermont

8-5 Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri.; 8-12 Wed. (no afternoon hours); 10-12 Sat.

FRUGALITY

Ben Franklin 5 & 10 (Main Street, Middlebury)

Bass Shoe Factory Outlet (3 locations: two in Burlington, one in Rutland)

Danform Shoe Factory Outlet (Burlington)

Dexter Shoe Factory Outlet (Burlington and Rutland)

Dunham Shoe Factory Outlet (Burlington and Rutland)

Timberland Shoe Factory Outlet (Burlington and Rutland)

Little Red Shoe House (Marble Works Complex, Middlebury)

Charleston Mill Store - Great buys on sweaters. (Route 7 South, Middlebury)

Cheese Factory Outlet (2 locations: Pine Street, Burlington, Route 116, Hinesburg)

Peg's Thrift Shop (Merchants Row, Middlebury)

Round Robin - Beautifully run second hand clothing shop. (Bakery Lane, Middlebury)



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

Summer 1989

Dear Bread Loaf Parents,

Attending classes at the Bread Loaf School of English is hard enough. Attending classes while at the same time attempting to provide for the needs of a young child can be more trying than it need be.

For the past several years, a child-care program called "Croutons" has lessened the burden on students. Each year we have tried to make Croutons better. Starting out as a five or six child play group run by twelve-year-olds and furnished with a few paintbrushes, Croutons has grown to such proportions that the School now provides facilities complete with a playground at Dragon's Den, a mile from the School.

This program will be directed by Sarah Campbell. Some of the activities to involve the Croutons are creative writing, dramatics, cooking, music, reading, swimming, art, games, a field trip (possibly), and lots and lots of fun.

Hours are set for 8:15 to 4:45. The rates below are for the first child in each family. The cost for each additional child from the same family will be one-half the stated rates.

Full day bringing own bag lunch (supervision provided) . . \$ 6.50
(available Mondays & Wednesdays only)

Full day without lunch (lunch supervision not provided). . 5.50
(Tuesdays, Thursdays, & Fridays)

Full morning with bag lunch. 4.50
(available Mondays & Wednesdays only)

Morning only (8:15 - 12:45). 3.50

Afternoon only (1:45 - 4:45) 2.50

There will be no restrictions on age. The very young children will be accepted if their parents can provide a playpen or other suitable place in which the baby can be safely tended.

Children frequently like to bring special things to share with their friends at Croutons, and also take home special things they have made. Please provide him/her with a fairly sturdy plastic bag with handles that can also be used to hold a change of clothing, an old shirt or smock for painting days, swim suits, towels, diapers, bottles, blankets, toys, etc.

It would be helpful to have an idea of how many children may be in attendance this summer. If you are planning on having a child cared for on a regular basis, please send the attached registration form by June 15 to the Bread Loaf office.

Sincerely,

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/eh

CROUTONS

Please mail this form to: The Bread Loaf School of English
Tilden House
Middlebury College
Middlebury VT 05753

Children's names and ages

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____

Parent's name and home address

MIDDLEBURY PARKS & RECREATION DEPARTMENT

1989 SUMMER PROGRAM BROCHURE



TOWN OF MIDDLEBURY

388-4041

GENERAL INFORMATION

Pool Location: Middlebury Recreation Park
Court St, Middlebury
Phone # (802) 388-4020

Pool Director: Becky Day-Saward
Assistant Director: Cathy Eckels
Curriculum Director: Jake Perkins

Pool Opening: Weather permitting the pool will open Sat., June 17th with the following schedule in effect.

Date next to program is the effective date. The last 20 minutes of each hour is for Adult Lap swim. Space permitting, swim team members are encouraged to do laps during the last 20 minutes of each hour. Swim Team members will also have two lanes from 4:30-5:00 p.m., Monday - Friday.

PROGRAM	DATE BEGIN	DAY	TIME
ADULT LAP SWIM	(6/26)	Mon.-Fri.	7:00-7:45
	(6/17)	Mon.-Sun.	Noon-1:00
	(6/19)	Mon.-Fri.	5:00-6:00
SWIM TEAM	(6/19)	Mon.-Fri.	7:45-9:30
-Two Lanes	(6/19)	Mon.-Fri.	4:30-5:00
ADULT LESSONS	(7/12)	Wed.	5:00-6:00
YOUTH LESSONS	(6/26)	Mon.-Fri.	9:30-Noon
OPEN SWIM	(6/19)	Mon.-Fri.	1:00-5:00
	(6/19)	Mon.-Fri.	6:00-8:00
	(6/17)	Sat. & Sun.	1:00-6:00

POOL FEES: Pool passes may be purchased throughout the summer in the Recreation Office during regular hours or at the pool.

SEASON PASS FEES	RES.	NON-RES
Child Season (15 & under)	\$18.00	\$23.00
Adult Season	\$25.00	\$30.00
Family Season (3 +)	\$50.00	\$65.00
DAILY ADMISSION FEES	RES.	NON-RES
Child Daily	\$1.00	\$1.50
Adult Daily	\$1.75	\$2.25

INSTRUCTIONAL PROGRAM FEES

PROGRAM	RES.	NON-RES.
Pre-School Lessons	\$8.00	\$13.00
Youth Red Cross Lessons		
Beginner	\$10.00	\$15.00
Adv. Beginner	\$10.00	\$15.00
Intermediate	\$14.00	\$19.00
Swimmer	\$14.00	\$19.00
Adult Lessons	\$10.00	\$15.00
Advanced Lifesaving	\$20.00	\$25.00
Swim Team (Lab Fee:\$6.00)	\$20.00	\$25.00

Pool programs will periodically be cancelled due to swim meets. On Tuesday, July 4th all lessons and afternoon programs will be cancelled.

PRIVATE LESSONS

Should you feel a need to receive private lessons, feel free to contact our Pool Director.

ADULT LESSONS

Join us in this introductory special mini-course to basic water strokes and safety. This course is designed for the adult who seeks to become more comfortable & skilled in the water.

Wednesdays	5:00 - 6:00	Rec. Park Pool
July 12	4 Sessions	\$10.00

LIFEGUARD TRAINING

For information regarding certification for Lifeguarding or other courses you would like to see offered, check with Jake Perkins or at the pool desk for dates of course offering.

PRE-SCHOOL LESSONS (AGES 6 MOS.- 5 YRS.)

Waterbabies: Children 6 mos. to 3 yrs. Doctor authorization required if child is under one. Parent participation is required in the water. The instructor works with the parent and the parent works with the child. Instructor help facilitate and implement parent/child interaction in the aquatic environment.

Aquatots: Children ages 3 - 5 years. Parent participation is required in the water. The instructor works with the child assisted by the parent. Child will begin to take instruction from the instructor and not the parent. Children will be involved in confidence building activities, group activities, and skills development.

Pre-School I: Children 3 - 5 years. This is an instructor-lead program not requiring parental assistance. Children have limited water experience and exposure. The child coming into this course is a non-swimmer. Instruction will focus on water adjustment, basic pool safety, and basic swimming skills.

Pre-School II: Children 3 - 5 years. The child entering this program should be comfortable in water and may even swim short distances unassisted. Children will receive instruction in pool safety, group activities and continuation of swimming skills.

ICS

PRE-SCHOOL SCHEDULE

Pre-School lessons are held four days a week Monday - Thursday. On Fridays when Red Cross lessons are not held, 11:00 - 12:00 will be time for a parent/child pre-school swim. Due to early season cold water, we will be starting this program a little later in the season than in the past. Do not be alarmed. The way we have scheduled classes, the same number of children can still be accommodated. We believe this will make for a more positive experience.

SESSION I JULY 10 - JULY 20

Section A.	AQUATOTS	10:30 - 11:00
Section B.	WATERBABIES	10:30 - 11:00
Section C.	PRE-SCHOOL I	11:00 - 11:30
Section D.	PRE-SCHOOL II	11:00 - 11:30
Section E.	PRE-SCHOOL I	11:30 - 12:00
Section F.	PRE-SCHOOL II	11:30 - 12:00

SESSION II JULY 24 - AUGUST 3

Section A.	PRE-SCHOOL I	10:30 - 11:00
Section B.	PRE-SCHOOL II	10:30 - 11:00
Section C.	PRE-SCHOOL I	11:00 - 11:30
Section D.	PRE-SCHOOL II	11:00 - 11:30
Section E.	PRE-SCHOOL I	11:30 - 12:00
Section F.	AQUATOTS	11:30 - 12:00
Section G.	WATERBABIES	11:30 - 12:00

SESSION III AUGUST 7 - AUGUST 17

Section A.	AQUATOTS	11:00 - 11:30
Section B.	PRE-SCHOOL I	11:00 - 11:30
Section C.	PRE-SCHOOL I	11:30 - 12:00
Section D.	PRE-SCHOOL II	11:30 - 12:00

RED CROSS LESSONS (6 - 18 YEARS)

Instruction in this standardized, national swim program will place emphasis on the learning of progressive skills with testing for Red Cross certification. Levels include beginner, advanced beginner, intermediate, and swimmer. Each class meets Mon. thru Fri. for two weeks. First class meeting, children will be tested and put into appropriate skill level group within sections. Classes will not be held on July 4th.

SESSION I JUNE 26 - JULY 7

Section A.	BEGINNER	9:30 - 10:00
Section B.	BEGINNER	10:00 - 10:30
Section C.	BEGINNER	10:30 - 11:00
Section D.	BEGINNER	11:00 - 11:30
Section E.	BEGINNER	11:30 - 12:00
Section F.	ADV. BEGINNER	9:30 - 10:00
Section G.	ADV. BEGINNER	10:45 - 11:15
Section H.	INTERMEDIATE	10:00 - 10:45
Section I.	SWIMMER	11:15 - 12:00

SESSION II JULY 10 - JULY 21

Section A.	BEGINNER	9:30 - 10:00
Section B.	BEGINNER	10:00 - 10:30
Section C.	ADV. BEGINNER	9:30 - 10:00
Section D.	INTERMEDIATE	10:00 - 10:45

SESSION III JULY 24 - AUGUST 4

Section A.	BEGINNER	9:30 - 10:00
Section B.	BEGINNER	10:00 - 10:30
Section C.	ADV. BEGINNER	9:30 - 10:00
Section D.	ADV. BEGINNER	10:00 - 10:30

SESSION IV AUGUST 7 - AUGUST 18

Section A.	BEGINNER	9:30 - 10:00
Section B.	BEGINNER	10:00 - 10:30
Section C.	BEGINNER	10:30 - 11:00
Section D.	ADV. BEGINNER	10:15 - 10:45
Section E.	SWIMMER	9:30 - 10:15



MIDDLEBURY SWIM TEAM

COACH - BRAD HAJOST

This program is for swimmers of all abilities who want to participate in a competitive team experience/effort. All who practice regularly will participate in regularly scheduled meets. Meets take place on Tuesday and Thursday evenings beginning the last week in June and continuing through early August. Some meets are held in Middlebury; for others we travel within central Vermont. The league championships, in which all swimmers from the nine teams in the league compete, is an all-day event which takes place the last Saturday in July. The state meet, for which swimmers must qualify, is held on the Saturday and Sunday of the first weekend in August. The swim team experience is intended to foster both individual excellence and a strong team spirit. Parent volunteers, who are needed to ensure the success of the program, also become a part of the team experience. Lab fee covers the cost of team shirt. Swim team suits will also be available by order.

JUNE 19 - AUGUST 6

Section A.	Ages 5 - 10	8:45 - 9:30
Section B.	Ages 11 - 18	7:45 - 8:45

PRE-SCHOOL & YOUTH

ADVENTURE DAY CAMP

JOSH COLE, DIRECTOR

If you are between 7 and 12 years old, and want your summer filled with games, sports, hikes, exploring nature, creating things by using your imagination, swimming, lots of fun and would like to do these neat activities with friends or make new friends, then join us at Adventure Day Camp. You are sure to have a great time! This year's program will be full-day. Due to all the great things happening, half days will not be available. Don't forget to bring a lunch and snack to get you through the day. When the weather is great we will be at the Recreation Park; and when the weather is not so great (rainy), we will be at the Municipal Gym. Parents, if you are concerned about whether or not to sign your child up for swim lessons or day camp, you can do both. We will make sure your child gets to swim class. Due to trips, your child may miss a lesson or two. This allows you to sign up for both day camp and swim lessons, even though they may be happening at the same time.

ADVENTURE DAY CAMP DATES

SESSION I	JUNE 26 - JULY 7
SESSION II	JULY 10 - JULY 21
SESSION III	JULY 24 - AUGUST 4
SESSION IV	AUGUST 7-AUGUST 18

SCHEDULE AND FEES

FULL DAY (9:00 - 4:00 P.M.)	
SECTION A. Tues. & Thurs.	\$42.00
SECTION B. Mon., Wed., Fri.	\$63.00
SECTION C. Mon. - Fri.	\$90.00

ADVENTURE TOTS (3 & 4 Year olds)

NEW TO THE SCENE THIS YEAR. Specially designed for the 3 or 4 year old in your life. We are very excited to be offering "Adventure Tots" to you and your child. The children will be involved in many active and not so active activities that will assist in preparing your child for school, and being with groups of children without Mom or Dad present. Activities will include songs, games, story telling, arts & crafts, show & tell, and fun on the playground. This program will be supervised by qualified staff.

Adventure Tots will be held in the Warming Hut at the Recreation Park, and will be on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 9:00-12:00 noon. Space is limited to 16 children. This program will not meet on July 4th. Fee for the first session will be \$17.25.

ADVENTURE TOT DATES

SESSION I	JUNE 27 - JULY 6
SESSION II	JULY 11 - JULY 20
SESSION III	JULY 25 - AUGUST 3
SESSION IV	AUGUST 8-AUGUST 17

Tues. & Thurs.	9:00a.m.-12:00	Rec. Park Hut
Four Meetings Per Session		\$23.00

EARLY ADVENTURES (5 & 6 Year olds)

Back again with a few changes that we feel will make the program even better. Your child will be in a fun filled and enriched environment. Early Adventures will offer a full morning of activities that will include songs, games, story telling, art & crafts, show & tell and playing in the Park. This program will be supervised by qualified staff. Snacks will be provided. This program will be held on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays only from 9:00 a.m. - 12:00 noon in the Warming Hut.

EARLY ADVENTURE DATES

SESSION I	JUNE 26 - JULY 7
SESSION II	JULY 10 - JULY 21
SESSION III	JULY 24 - AUGUST 4
SESSION IV	AUGUST 7-AUGUST 18

Mon., Wed., Fri.	9:00a.m.-12:00	Rec. Park Hut
Six Meetings Per Session		\$32.00

BASEBALL- INTEREST

BOB KESNER

If you are 9 - 12 years old and would like to play in a Summer youth baseball league program, we want to hear from you! Send us or drop off your name, address and phone number no later than June 23. If enough kids are interested, we will try to organize a program. Games would probably be played on Saturdays or Sundays, starting in early July.

BASEBALL SATURDAYS (9 - 12 YR OLDS)

BOB KESNER

Don't put away your glove just yet! This summer, Saturday mornings at the Rec. Park you will be able to play baseball with other baseball nuts. Don't miss out on this great opportunity to play ball.

Saturdays	10:00 - 12:00 noon	Rec. Park
Starts 6/24	8 Sessions	No Fee

FOAM & FUN

MIDDLEBURY FIRE DEPT.

Guaranteed to be the BIGGEST Bubble Bath you have ever had. Join us at the Rec. Park as the Middlebury Fire Dept. fire fighters spread an ocean of foam for all to enjoy. Our past experience says you will have a blast!

Monday	2:00 P.M.	Rec. Park
July 24		No Fee

GYMNASTICS-BEGINNING (5-8 YR OLDS) TERRI PHEL

This class is designed to increase body awareness. You will learn basic skills and safety on the following pieces of equipment: floor exercise, uneven parallel bars, parallel bars, balance beam, vault, and mini-trampoline. You will participate in large and small group activities.

Mon. - Fri.	9:00 - 10:30	Mncpl. Gym
Starts June 19	5 Sessions	\$25.00

GYMNASTICS-INTERMEDIATE (9 & UP) TERRI PHEL

This class is designed for the student already familiar with basic gymnastic skills. You will continue to develop these skills as well as begin working on skill combinations. The following apparatus will be used: floor exercises, uneven parallel bars, parallel bars, balance beam, vault, and mini-trampoline.

Section A.		
Mon. - Fri.	10:30 - 12:30	Mncpl. Gym
Starts June 19	5 Sessions	\$33.00

Section B.		
Mon. - Fri.	1:00 - 3:00	Mncpl. Gym
Starts June 19	5 Sessions	\$33.00

GYMNASTICS-ADVANCED (10 & UP) TERRI PHEL

This program is designed for the more advanced student who wishes to build his/her gymnastic knowledge and develop routines on various pieces of equipment. Apparatus will include floor exercises, uneven parallel bars, parallel bars, balance beam, vault, mini-trampoline. Intermediate gymnastics background required.

Saturdays	9:30 - 11:30	Mncpl. Gym
July 8 - Aug. 12	5 Sessions	\$33.00

MIDDLEBURY THEATER DAY CAMP

ANN DEPPM

This summer a new opportunity has been created for young people. Theater is a medium in which young people are especially effective. You rarely have an opportunity to actually participate in it. This summer they have an opportunity to participate! The camp will be divided by grade into four two-week sessions. Each session will examine several different aspects of theater in varying degrees. Participants will study theater at the rudiments of performance and develop the skills of interaction with an audience. We will work on the dramatic skills of the individual in order to enhance understanding about the nature of drama. Time will be spent developing observational skills necessary for performance. This will be done by taking nature hikes and encouraging children to new ways of looking at things around them indoors and outdoors. This knowledge will be used as a beginning place for improvisational skills. We will encourage different areas of creativity by devoting time to arts and crafts, and set construction. Each day the children will have time for reflection or rest. Each group will select a theme for their session's final production. The children will create a play as unique as themselves! Children are to bring their lunch and snack with beverage each day. Class will not meet on July 4th. Fee for first session will be \$90.00.

SESSION I	GRADES K - 2	JUNE 26 - JULY 7
SESSION II	GRADES 3 & 4	JULY 10 - JULY 21
SESSION III	GRADES 5 & 6	JULY 24 - AUGUST 4
SESSION IV	GRADES K - 6	AUGUST 7-AUGUST 18

Mon. - Fri.	9:00 - 4:00	Mary Hogg
See Dates	10 classes	\$100.00

SAFETY TOWN (4 & 5 YR OLDS)

We hope you will consider this safety program for your child. Children will learn positive safety behaviors through classroom and hands-on involvement. Role-playing in simulated actual life situations, under the guidance of teacher and other professionals, are the major components of the program. Safety songs, poems, art projects, stories, movies and field trips make this program a FUN LEARNING experience that children eagerly look forward to attending. This program will not be held on July 4th.

SESSION I		
Mon. - Fri.	2:00 - 4:00	Mary Hogg
Starts June 26	9 Sessions	\$18.00

SESSION II		
Mon. - Fri.	2:00 - 4:00	Mary Hogg
Starts July 10	10 Sessions	\$20.00

TOT DROP-IN (AGES 4 & 5)

Play equipment will be made available for you and your tot. This is an unsupervised program. A parent or parent substitute must be present. Each week you need to see the staff in the Warming Hut to get toys and equipment.

Wed. & Thurs.	10:00 - 11:30	Rec. Park
Starts June 28	16 Sessions	Yearly Fee \$10.00

VERMONT DAYS AT GREAT ESCAPE

Take advantage of this great opportunity to enjoy Great Escapes with fellow Vermonters during the weeks of July 15 - 30th. Each \$13.00 ticket takes you on a fun-filled journey with all rides, shows, and attractions open to you for exploration. Stop by the Parks & Recreation Dept. and pick up your tickets to a full day of adventure.



TENNIS PROGRAMS

YOUTH TENNIS

REC. PARK LESSONS

PRANAY RAMDEV

You will definitely enjoy and benefit from this year's tennis program. We are very fortunate to have Pranay back one more time to assist in your tennis development. Again lessons will be an intense two week instructional period. Emphasis will be placed on stroke development and technique work. For ages 9 - 15. Class will not be held on July 4th.

BEGINNING, ADVANCED BEGIN./INTERMEDIATE DATES

SESSION I	JUNE 26 - JULY 7
SESSION II	JULY 10 - JULY 21
SESSION III	JULY 24-AUGUST 4
SESSION IV	AUGUST 7-AUGUST 18

SECTION A. - BEGINNING

Mon. - Fri.	8:30 - 10:00	Rec. Park
See Dates	10 Classes	\$35.00

SECTION B. - ADVANCED BEGINNING/INTERMEDIATE

Mon. - Fri.	10:00 - 11:30	Rec. Park
See Dates	10 Classes	\$35.00

NANNIE BIDDLE TENNIS CLINIC

All participants shall meet at 9:00 a.m. on Wednesday, July 5th at the East Middlebury Tennis Courts. Players will be assigned to lesson groups. Each group will meet for a one hour session, twice a week for six weeks. Enrollment is limited. Be sure to register at the Parks & Recreation Office.

Mon. & Wed.	9:00 - 12:00 noon	E. Midd Crts.
Starts July 5th	12 Classes	\$4.00

CHAMPLAIN VALLEY JUNIOR TENNIS LEAGUE

COACH - ELIZABETH LEEDS

Last year's program went so well, we are going to do it again! This league is for youth 10-18 years old. Match play will be held at courts of all competing teams including Middlebury. Being a member of the team does not commit you to compete in every match. Support by parents is needed for transportation, organization and coaching.

Match play will be on Fridays from 1:00 - 4:00 p.m., with practice on Mondays & Wednesdays from 4:00 - 5:30 p.m..

Mon., Wed., Fri.	4:00 - 5:30	Rec. Park
Starts June 12	9 weeks	\$50.00

ADULT TENNIS INSTRUCTION

PRANAY RAMDEV

Learn to enjoy "the sport of a lifetime" or fine tune your skills as you receive instruction from Middlebury's College's #1 seeded male tennis player.

BEGINNING & ADVANCED BEGIN./INTERMEDIATE DATES

SESSION I	JUNE 27 - JULY 6
SESSION II	JULY 11 - JULY 20
SESSION III	JULY 25 - AUGUST 3
SESSION IV	AUGUST 8-AUGUST 17

SECTION A. - BEGINNING (EARLY BIRD)

Tues. & Thurs	7:00 - 8:00 a.m.	Rec. Park
See Dates	4 Sessions	\$14.00

SECTION B. - BEGINNING

Tues. & Thurs.	5:30 - 7:00 p.m.	Rec. Park
See Dates	4 Sessions	\$20.00

SECTION C. - ADVANCED BEGINNING/INTERMEDIATE

Tues. & Thurs.	7:00 - 8:30 p.m.	Rec. Park
See Dates	4 Sessions	\$20.00

RECREATION PARK TENNIS TOURNAMENTS

For information and registration forms on Tennis Tournaments in Middlebury sponsored by the Middlebury Area Tennis Association (M.A.T.A.), contact the Recreation Dept. The following is a list of the tournaments sponsored by M.A.T.A..

MIDDLEBURY RECREATION PARK OPEN JUNIOR

Singles	Director - John Zecher
Sat. & Sun.	9:00 a.m.
July 8 & 9	All Day
	Rec. Park
	\$3.00

MIDDLEBURY RECREATION PARK WOMEN'S

Singles/Doubles	Director - Kirsten McEdward
Fri. - Sun.	Time TBA
July 14 - 16	All Day
	Rec. Park
	Fee TBA

MIDDLEBURY RECREATION PARK MEN'S

Singles/Doubles	Director - Bob Kesner
Fri. - Sun.	Time TBA
July 21 -23	All Day
	Rec. Park
	Fee TBA

MIDDLEBURY JUNIOR NOVICE/NELTA SANCTIONED

Singles	Director - "T" Tall
Thursdays	8:30 a.m.
August 17	All Day
	Rec. Park
	\$3.00

M.A.T.A. TENNIS CARNIVAL

Join us at the Middlebury Recreation Park for this very special event. What a great way to begin the tennis season! Contests will include; serve, court, back board, ball juggling, court games, relays, left-handed doubles, Beat the Pros and more. In addition, summer tennis information will be available. Come find out what M.A.T.A. is doing and learn about the great sport of tennis. Hundreds of on-court prizes will be given as well as raffle prizes awarded at 4:00 p.m.. Raffle tickets are entry to event and can be purchased in advance or at the carnival. Refreshments will be available.

Sunday	1:00 - 4:00	Rec. Park
June 4th (rain date 6/18)		\$1.00

TRACK & FIELD (AGES 7 - 14)

JAN FRAGA

Spend this summer staying in shape and learning how to be a track & field athlete. Practices will include instruction in sprinting, long distance running, and much more. This is an excellent opportunity to prepare for the Hershey and State Track Meets. Come and be part of the team! First practice will be held on June 22, 1989.

Mon. & Wed.	6:30-8:00 P.M.	Midd. Coll. Track
Starts 6/22	16 Sessions	\$12.00

WATER SKI SCHOOL

BLANEY BLODGETT

The thrill of water skiing can be yours this summer as you receive instruction from true water skiing professionals. If you have never been water skiing or if you seek to improve your technique, this program is for you. This program is open to youth ages 10 and up, and to adults. The emphasis will be on recreational skiing (not competitive) with personal attention provided on land and in the water. This is a two-phase program with dry and wet instruction. You will be met at the Red Store at Lake Dunmore near Kampersville. Be at the location at least 15 minutes early.

SECTION A.		
Monday	9:30 -12:00	Lake Dunmore
June 26th	One Session	\$12.00

SECTION B.		
Monday	1:30 - 4:00	Lake Dunmore
June 26th	One Session	\$12.00

SECTION C.		
Tuesday	9:30 - 12:00	Lake Dunmore
June 27th	One Session	\$12.00

SECTION D.		
Tuesday	1:30 - 4:00	Lake Dunmore
June 27th	One Session	\$12.00

ADULT PROGRAM

DANCE FREE

CHIP MAYER

Back again to provide you the opportunity to be completely self-expressive, is Dance Free. What is Dance Free? The first 20 minutes features calm, meditative music to warm up by, and to release tensions of the day. After that, it is time to cut loose and enjoy rock, jazz, Broadway, folk, classical and space music. Major goals of Dance Free are to have fun, celebrate individual and community spirit, encourage self-expression and communication, and can be an excellent form of aerobic exercise. This is not an instructional class, and there will be no instructor. Initial facilitation will be provided. You are encouraged to dance barefoot or in dance slippers. Soft sneakers are OK. Please, gym shoes only, no leather soles. Drop-in and give it a try, then decide. Class may periodically be cancelled due to other events. Fee is \$1.50/ session for residents, and \$2.00/ session for non-residents.

Fridays	8:30 - 10:00 p.m.	Mncpl. Gym
Starts June 23	10 Sessions	

SPECIAL EVENTS

11TH ANNUAL FESTIVAL ON THE GREEN

SUNDAY, JULY 2ND	
2:00 p.m.	Jon Gailmor
3:30 p.m.	The Mettawee River Theatre Co

MONDAY, JULY 3RD	
12:00 noon	"Brown Bag Special": Josephine
7:00 p.m.	Mary Samuels & Karen Downey
8:30 p.m.	Josephine

TUESDAY, JULY 4TH	
6:00 p.m.	Fat Tones
7:45 p.m.	Middlebury Community Players
At Dusk	Fire Works at M.U.H.S.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5TH	
12:00 noon	"Brown Bag": Bob Baybrook
	(Duke of YO, Yo-Yo Prince & Princess)
7:00 p.m.	D'Moja (Haitian-African Band)
8:30 p.m.	Opeline (Steel Band)

THURSDAY, JULY 6TH	
12:00 noon	"Brown Bag": Ivy Vine Players
7:00 p.m.	Vt. Gilbert & Sullivan Singers
8:30 p.m.	Banjo Dan & Nidnite Plowboys

FRIDAY, JULY 7TH	
12:00 noon	"Brown Bag": Frog Jumping
7:00 p.m.	Stephen Procter-Martin Hanft
8:30 p.m.	Billy Novick & Guy Van Duser

SATURDAY, JULY 8TH	
7:00 p.m.	Vermont Jazz Ensemble-St Dance



GENERAL INFORMATION

A. MIDDLEBURY PARKS & RECREATION DEPARTMENT

1. Location: Municipal Building
Middlebury, Vt 05753
2. Office Phone: (802) 388-4041
Pool Phone: (802) 388-4020
3. Office Hours: 8:30 - 5:00, Mon. - Fri.
4. Staff: Leif Erik Dahlin, Director
Carolyn Nixon, Secretary
5. Advisory Board Members: Eric Covey,
Jan Fraga, William LaBerge, Kathy Newton
Terry Ryan, John Vojtisek.

B. PROGRAM REGISTRATION INFORMATION

1. Middlebury Residents Only:
Registration for programs will begin on
Wednesday, June 14, 1989 from 6:30 - 9:00
p.m., in the Municipal Building
Gymnasium.
2. Registration forms are available in the
Rec. Office. Bring completed forms to
registration on June 14th. Registrations
will NOT be accepted before June 14th.
3. Registration after June 14th will be
taken in the Recreation Office between
8:30 - 5:00 p.m., Monday-Friday.
4. Registration will be accepted until
programs begin or are filled.
5. Registration is conducted on a first-
come, first-served basis, until maximum
number of persons per program is reached.
Early registration is recommended as many
programs fill up fast.
6. There will be NO registrations taken over
the telephone.
7. MAIL-IN REGISTRATION: You can now
register by mail if unable to stop by the
Recreation Office. Please, only register
one program per registration form. Be
sure to fill out form completely.
8. Upon Middlebury Recreation Department's
receipt of the registration form and fee,
the individual is automatically enrolled
(space permitting).
9. Complete payment must accompany each
registration.
10. Be prepared to demonstrate proof of
Middlebury/East Middlebury residency.

C. NON-RESIDENT REGISTRATION/FEE

1. Non-residents may register at the
Recreation Office beginning Friday,
June 16th.
2. An additional fee must be added to
individuals not living within the Town of
Middlebury/East Middlebury.
3. Unless otherwise indicated in specific
program listing, the non-resident fee
shall be \$5.00 for each activity or
class. Certain special events are
excluded from this policy.

D. POSTPONEMENTS & CANCELLATIONS

1. All youth programs will be cancelled on
July 4th.
2. Inclement Weather:
In instances where bad weather occurs
late in the day or on weekends,
announcements regarding program
cancellations will be made on local radio
stations WFAD/WCVM.
3. Other Cancellations:
The Middlebury Recreation Dept. reserves
the right to cancel any program due to
insufficient registrations or for other
reasons preventing the acceptable
presentation of the activity.

E. REFUNDS

1. Refunds will be made if programs are
cancelled, filled, or if Dept. changes in
offering prohibit your attendance.
2. Refunds will also be made if your request
is made in writing at least one week in
advance of the activity starting date.
No other refunds will be made.

F. INSURANCE/LIABILITY

The Middlebury Parks & Recreation Dept. does
not provide accident or hospitalization
insurance for program participants.
Therefore, all participants are strongly
advised to have adequate personal coverage.
Participation in all Department programs
shall be at the registrant's own risk.

G. FEE REDUCTION/WAIVER POLICY

The Middlebury Parks & Recreation Dept. and
Advisory Board recognize that the charging
of fees for programs may place such an
economic hardship on some individuals that
they are unable to participate. For that
reason, a fee reduction/waiver system is
available for eligible residents of
Middlebury. Contact the Recreation Office
for further information or to apply for the
reduction.

**PARKS & RECREATION
Town of Middlebury
Municipal Bldg.
Middlebury, VT
05753**

**Nonprofit Org.
U.S. Postage
PAID
Permit No. 25
Middlebury
CAR-RT SORT**

POSTAL CUSTOMER

INFORMATION FOR WAITERS

THE GOLDEN RULE

Attendance. A former Bread Loaf head waiter is fond of quoting Woody Allen's observation that "90% of life is showing up." The School assumes that in accepting a waiting contract you plan to wait at every meal. If for any special reason you must have a meal off, see the head waiter. Every week each waiter normally receives one full day free from his or her waiting duties in addition to receiving the breakfast of the following day off. Last year each waiter was also able to have one complete weekend off during the summer. Hopefully, the schedule will allow for this to happen again this year. Near the end of each week waiters should sign up for time off for the next week. The head waiter will post a days off sheet. Occasionally a waiter may need to hire someone to work in his or her place. Each waiter must assume responsibility for hiring and paying his or her substitute. A list of substitutes will be available.

Being courteous is just as important as "showing up." Try to remember these suggestions.

- Waiters should lend each other a hand whenever possible, particularly toward the end of the meal. Everyone occasionally falls behind schedule; waiter cooperation will help everyone finish more quickly.

- When you have your station completely set up, you may need to help someone else set his or her station.

- The head waiter will be glad to help in any way she can with problems pertaining to the job. But do not expect the head waiter (or any other waiter) to overlook the unsatisfactory performance of a waiter. A waiter who fails to do his or her job jeopardizes not only his or her position but also the morale and cooperative spirit of a traditionally close-knit and mutually supportive group.

- Treat the kitchen staff courteously and cooperate with them completely. Make an attempt to learn their names and get to know them.

- Remember: Do not seek efficiency at the expense of dining hall etiquette, regardless of the conduct and etiquette of the people you serve. If you have a problem with a customer, discuss it with the head waiter and she will do her best to alleviate the problem.

- In the past, waiters have adopted different styles of waiting. Courtesy is most important. Trying too hard to be efficient can produce unwanted results ranging from the mildly embarrassing plight of having extra drinks on your hands to the uncomfortable awareness that you have been rude to a fellow Bread Loaf student.

THE LOGISTICAL INFORMATION ABOUT THE DINING HALL AT BREAD LOAF

- The door of the dining hall is kept open for fifteen minutes after the start of each meal (thirty minutes at breakfast) during which time guests are permitted. After the door closes, no guests are normally admitted.
- Each waiter will serve two tables of six or three tables of four each.
- Stations will be changed periodically so that no one will have easier posts than others for any length of time. Similarly, busing, salad bar and faculty table positions will be rotated.
- Those waiting at the faculty table and the children's table should go to the head of the serving line in the kitchen.
- Any visitors eating in the dining hall must buy a meal ticket at the Inn desk, and give it to the head waiter at the door.
- The dining hall is to be run as an inn: it is not a college cafeteria. There is no guest menu, but meals are individually served and should be served properly. The customer is always right. If you do not think so, tell the head waiter, not the diner.
- While you are eating, the head waiter will announce the stations for the meal. She will post the assignment sheet so that you may check it in case you miss the announcement.

A QUICK GUIDE TO WAITING ON TABLES, FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NEVER DONE IT BEFORE

- Serve food from the left; beverages from the right. Remove plates from the left. Some tables are very close together and hard to squeeze between, but try not to lean across guests to reach for plates.
- Wait until all guests at a given table are finished with a course before bringing the next one unless some of those at the table were very late arrivals or a guest requests to be served before the others.
- Do not remove silverware or side dishes from a guest's place until he or she is finished with that course. Wait a moment before taking the plate, rather than snatching it away the minute the fork is set down.
- Be sure to ask whether anyone would like seconds. (After checking with servers in the kitchen.) At the end of the main course clear bread, butter, jam, etc. Guests may have seconds on beverages. Hot coffee seconds are normally served by pitcher.
- At the end of the meal you may clear the place of the individual as soon as he or she is finished eating completely. If the person wishes to linger over a beverage, that is fine, but you may continue to clear the rest if he or she is finished. Never clear while people are still eating unless they are very nearly finished, for others at the table may well feel rushed.

- If there is a question in your mind about what someone wants, ask the guest.
- Do not allow dishes and garbage to stack up on trays. Remove them quickly to the kitchen so that dishwashers can finish their work more quickly.
- Scrape and stack dishes according to size. Separate silverware on the tray to save time.
- Do not put untouched food, clean plates or silverware on the same tray with dirty dishes.

WAITING DUTIES SPECIFIC TO BREAD LOAF, FOR THOSE WHO HAVE WAITED BEFORE,
BUT NOT AT BREAD LOAF

- Try to keep your waiting jacket clean. You will change jackets twice each week (Wednesday and Sunday). Do not take someone else's jacket if you misplace yours or if someone accidentally takes yours.
- It is a good idea to keep in your jacket a small pad and pen for taking breakfast and beverage orders.
- After you have eaten and returned your dishes to the kitchen, you should put on your waiter's jacket and check the menu posted in the kitchen to see that you have put out the correct settings for the meal. (Waiters occasionally enjoy a broader bill of fare than regular diners. Also, last minute changes may be made in the menu.)
- Be sure to put out butter, catsup, relish, jelly, crackers, etc. when they are offered. You may need to put out serving spoons. Make sure there are tray stands near your table.
- The waiters serving as busers for the meal are responsible for pouring drinks in the kitchen while other waiters are setting stations. They should also pour coffee toward the end of the meal.
- A few minutes before bell time the head waiter will let you know that you should have your station set up. When she announces that it is bell time you should be at your station. Light candles for dinner a few minutes before bell time.
- Make sure windows are propped open and fans are on during warm weather.
- At breakfast, serve beverages right away. A buser will help serve refills of coffee.
- Occasionally, diners will bring in their own beverages, alcoholic or non-alcoholic. This practice is permitted.

- All food and beverages should be brought from the kitchen on a tray. If you have a small order (one cup of coffee), you may want to use one of the small trays. Return small trays to the kitchen so that others may use them. Do not accumulate trays at your station. You will usually have two tray stands. You should have no more than two trays.

- Be sure to empty liquids into the sink before putting dirty glasses and cups on the rack.

- You will need to wipe off your tray with a sponge or cloth after returning dirty dishes to the kitchen. Keep your tray clean. Blobs of jelly, lumps of gravy, and streams of milk not only mar the aesthetic appeal of your shiny tray, but also make for an unreliable grip on a trayful of fragile dishes.

- Be sure to put silverware in the appropriately labeled soaking basins. Do not throw silverware at the water. Splashing the dishwasher is forbidden. Occasionally waiters may have to fill in for dishwashers.

- Busers will assist waiters in returning dirty dishes, but each waiter is primarily responsible for busing his or her own station.

- Containers for unused butter, catsup, crackers, pickles, etc. will be on a counter in the kitchen. Please do not throw out unused condiments.

- Following each meal, waiters should set places for the next meal. Tables should be thoroughly wiped with damp sponges or cloths. Place a fresh paper place mat at the center of each table. Each table should have reasonably full salt and pepper shakers, a bowl of sugar, a sugar spoon, napkins, and silverware. Put out dinner napkins at dinnertime only.

- After a meal has been served, tables cleared and reset, check to make sure there is nothing further to do before you leave. Make sure no trays have been left on stands in the dining hall. Trays are to be cleaned and stacked in the kitchen. Check to see whether you can help someone set his or her station. No waiters are to leave the dining hall until all stations are in order. If you have a class immediately following a meal, you may leave in time to get to class. It is not always necessary to leave the dining hall early in order to make it to class on time.

- Be sure to hang your jacket in the proper room. Do not leave it draped over a chair in the dining hall.

- Do not leave extra silverware, napkins, cloths, sponges, etc. at stations between meals. Do not "hoard" silverware.

- Waiters sometimes forget that they are expected to wait for the graduation banquet which takes place the evening of the day following final exams. Waiters must spend several hours the morning of the banquet preparing the dining hall for the dinner. If you plan to leave prior to the banquet let the head waiter know and plan to hire a substitute. Waiters who leave prior to the banquet forfeit tips.

THERE ARE A FEW THINGS WAITERS SHOULD NOT DO....

- No smoking in the dining hall or kitchen except at the waiters' table and then only during waiters' mealtime.

- No drinking before serving tables.

- Do not run in the dining hall or kitchen.

- There is no tipping until the end of the session. All tips will be divided evenly among the waiters.

- Waiters and guests may not use kitchen facilities for their personal use. Do not ask to do so. (Ice, for example, is for meal time use only. You may purchase ice at the snack bar in the Barn.)

- Never leave books, food, plates, glasses, or eating utensils in the waiters' dining area. Try to keep the back tables reserved for waiters and kitchen staff clean. Do not expect someone else to do the job for you.

- Do not cluster in groups or sit down while guests are eating. Do not retire to the waiters' table to smoke or eat. Stay by your station. If there is a lull during a meal, it saves time to get your napkins and silver for the next meal.



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

May 19, 1989

Dear

The recent record-breaking temperatures in Vermont have got me thinking of summer (so what else is new) and of that joyous day when Bread Loaf students new and old make their way back to the Mountain. The old ones should know their way around the place by now, but the new ones - well, we've all been "new ones" before so we know how it is. One thing that's all-important is maintaining the tradition of the Green Ribbon Greeters, that elite corps of Bread Loaf students whose smiles and dispositions make the first steps into the Mountain Kingdom not only bearable but enjoyable for "green" students.

That's where you come in. Bread Loaf would be proud to enlist you into that special group whose smiles and dispositions earn not only notoriety, but an honorarium of \$25.00 as well. In the way of benefits, you would receive permission to return to the Mountain a day earlier than most students and also be invited to a special meeting for Greeters after the evening meal on Monday the 26th. Your job as a Greeter would occupy you from mid-morning on Tuesday up to dinner. After that, you could either take the evening off or show newcomers how to spike a volleyball out on the playing fields.

I hope we can count on you to carry on this revered Bread Loaf tradition. A quick collect call to me at the office (802-388-3711, extension 5418) or a short note would be enough to reserve your own green ribbon for the summer. When you call, be sure to remind me to get your social security number; if you write, be sure to remember to include it with your words of acceptance.

There's only a little more than a month before the summer gets underway, even though the mosquitoes have already arrived in force. That gives us a few weeks to swat away and make the Mountain more tolerable insect-wise for you. Either that or part of your job as Green Ribbon Greeter will be to provide new students with a trial size bottle of Skin-So-Soft. In any event, we look forward to seeing you soon.

Best wishes,

Hugh Coyle
Administrative Director

GREEN RIBBON GREETERS - VERMONT
BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH - 1989

Thomas Edgar

Lucinda Damon

Barbara Lynch

Susan Merrick

Michael Obel-Omia

Cheryl Potter

Stuart Robinson

Roger Smith

Jane Steiner



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

July 5, 1989

Dear New Bread Loaf Student:

Since you are spending your first summer on the Mountain, it might be helpful in allaying any anxieties to inform you, as I have the faculty, what grades are alleged to mean at the Bread Loaf School of English.

<u>Grade</u>	<u>Description</u>
A+, A	An extraordinary or even superlative achievement.
A-	A distinguished performance at the Master's level. Excellent work.
B+	Very good work.
B	Good, competent achievement.
B-	Passing work.
C	An unsatisfactory performance.
F	Fails to complete work of the course or fails to respond to the opportunity and responsibility of membership in the class.

If for whatever reason you are disappointed with the results of your first papers, please don't get discouraged. See your instructor. As a second-best choice, see me. First papers of first-year students are no indication of any final assessment. If you start off with an A+, remember there is no way for you to improve.

Just as important as the grade, is the assessment each instructor will place in your file if you elect to sign the Waiver of Confidentiality, which has been previously distributed to you. These detailed comments will become part of a Bread Loaf letter of recommendation, should you ever request one from the School. Please note that certain faculty members will withhold this written assessment if you do not waive your rights and letters of recommendation therefore cannot be as full or detailed as would otherwise be the case.

Sincerely,

James H. Maddox
Director

PLACEMENT AND READMISSION RECORDS

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

The policy of Middlebury College and the Bread Loaf School of English regarding the Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act of 1974 is as follows:

Students or former students have the right to inspect and review all Placement, Admission, and Readmission Records placed in their files after 1 January, 1975, unless they sign the Student's Waiver Statement attached. Placement Records are letters of recommendation written by the Director of the School of English. Admission letters are the letters submitted by your references at the time of your acceptance at the School. Readmission Records are comments submitted each summer by your instructors regarding your performance. These comments are used by me for determining readmission and for preparing letters of recommendation.

If the Student's Waiver Statement is not signed, your instructors will be advised that comments they may submit cannot be held confidential. The School will defer to the wishes of any instructor who does not submit an evaluation under those circumstances, and this fact will be noted in your file. Under this circumstance, the School will not be under obligation to write a detailed letter of recommendation on your behalf, and readmission will be determined only on the basis on your grades.

Please sign the blue waiver form on the appropriate line and return it to the Secretary's Office immediately. Feel free to stop by with any questions or concerns you may have as well.

James H. Maddox
Director

STUDENT'S WAIVER STATEMENT

I hereby waive my rights to inspect and review materials placed in my file after 1 January, 1975, with the understanding that:

1. Letters of recommendation containing evaluations from my instructors at Bread Loaf will be forwarded to an institution, organization, or private party only upon my request. The institution, organization or private party receiving this letter of recommendation will be instructed not to permit any other party to have access to the information without my written consent.
2. This waiver will remain in effect until I notify, in writing, the Office of the Director of the Bread Loaf School of English, at which time letters of recommendation will be removed from my file.

Date: _____

Signature: _____

DECLARATION NOT TO WAIVE MY RIGHTS

I hereby decline to waive my right to inspect and review materials placed in my file after 1 January, 1975.

Date: _____

Signature: _____

Theater at Breadloaf 1989

The Breadloaf theater staff - actors, directors, designers, teachers, and backstage crew - invite you to join us for what we think will be a wonderful summer of theater. Whether you work with us on stage, backstage, or play your role as an audience member, we hope you will share our enthusiasm for the plays ahead.

Everyone in the Breadloaf community is encouraged to audition for the plays or work backstage. Many roles in THE MERCHANT OF VENICE will be filled by the professional actors from the Acting Ensemble, but that play also has major roles open to students; there are also roles available in the student-directed projects and in COME AND GO. In addition, everyone is welcome to join the workshop "Theater Improvisation for Writers."

Auditions for all the plays will be Wednesday night, June 28, at 7:30 in the Little Theater. If you want to work backstage you may also let us know at that time. And if you just want to watch you are welcome to do that. Please consider auditioning. There are many roles for people of all ages; some are very challenging, others won't demand very much of your time. We think you will find that all will be enjoyable and educational..

Roles available this summer include:

MERCHANT: Lorenzo, Salerio, Solanio and several other small but good roles for men. (We're sorry, there are no roles for women.)

COME AND GO, a very short play by Beckett: 3 roles for women.

STILL LIFE, by Emily Mann: 2 women, 1 man.

One Acts by Pinter: several roles for women (some middle aged and older), several for men.

1989 Presentations

Here is a list of theater presentations scheduled this summer. The Acting Ensemble will present, in addition to the major production, several short works by Samuel Beckett. These unusual pieces are infrequently produced and we think you'll find them very interesting.

Advanced directing students Tom Edgar and Nancy Seid will present two plays, and the Ensemble will do a staged reading of a new play by a Breadloaf student, Jeanne Leiby.

Tuesday, July 4	ACT WITHOUT WORDS, By Beckett OHIO IMPROMPTU, Beckett
Tuesday, July 11	COME AND GO, Beckett NOT I, Beckett ROCKABYE, Beckett (Possibly)
Tuesday, July 18	HAPPY DAYS, Beckett
Tues-Fri, July 25-28	STILL LIFE, Emily Mann, directed by Nancy Seid Pinter Plays, directed by Tom Edgar
Thurs-Sun, Aug3-6	THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, Shakespeare
Tuesday, August 8	THE TOLLTAKER, by Jeanne Leiby, a reading
Wednesday, August 9	Stage Adaptations of stories and poems; Scenes from the playwriting course.

July 5, 1989

TO: Members of the Bread Loaf Community

FROM: Randy Kapelke
Assistant to the Director

Congratulations everyone! Once again, you have been elected to the esteemed and venerable position of Fire Marshall. At Bread Loaf, potential calamity lies beneath our feet upon the very boards we so happily tread upon every day. As you know, the buildings are old and they are wood. Thus in light of your appointment, please take note of the following Fire Marshall duties.

- Find the nearest exits from your room.
- Know the people on your hall. If there is an alarm, check to make sure everyone is responding to it. (Even those you do not care for.)
- Leave all personal possessions behind you. I know they're tempting, but life must come before stuff.
- In case of smoke, crawl on your hands and knees out of the building, since smoke climbs.
- Be aware of the fire extinguisher(s) on your floor.

And that is all there is to it. Thank you for helping out.

Bread Loaf Teacher-Research Awards - 1990

For several years, the Bread Loaf School of English has awarded grants of up to \$500 to teachers who study language and learning in their classrooms or communities. In 1989, seventeen teachers received awards. Their names and very brief descriptions of their studies are attached.

If you're planning to attend Bread Loaf in Vermont or at Oxford next summer, you will be eligible for an award for classroom inquiry if you follow the guidelines listed below:

---By 15 November 1989, send Elaine Hall two copies of an overview of your inquiry (no more than two typed pages). Please answer these questions: What is the setting for your study (a paragraph about your community, school, classroom)? What questions do you intend to answer and how are you trying to answer them?

We very much want to encourage teachers to find ways to allow students to serve as co-researchers: gathering information, analysing, interpreting, evaluating, and writing. Let us know how students figure into your inquiry as co-researchers and co-authors.

---By 15 April 1990, send Elaine Hall two copies of a progress report (no more than two typed pages), the chief purpose of which is to let us know that you have actually carried out your inquiry and that you plan to apply for an award in 1990.

---By 1 July 1990, give Elaine Hall two copies of your report, which should be no more than ten typed pages. We understand that these reports will be working papers, probably written in some haste, and that you will most likely revise and rewrite when you've had time to think and talk about your inquiry. If you're going to Oxford, please send Elaine your report before you board your flight for England.

These awards are intended to encourage teachers to "catch learning on the wing," but there are a few rules. You can receive only ONE teacher-research award. You must be present at Bread Loaf Vermont or Oxford to be eligible. The awards are for inquiries, not for teaching or publication projects. Check NCTE publications for announcements of substantial awards (\$500-\$5,000) funded by NCTE and other organizations.

What is teacher research? Here's a working definition from Susan Lytle and Marilyn Cochran-Smith ("Teacher Research: Toward Clarifying the Concept"):

....systematic, intentional inquiry conducted by teachers. By "systematic" we refer primarily to ways of gathering and recording information and making some kind of written record. By "intentional" we signal that teacher research is a planned rather than a spontaneous activity. By "inquiry" we suggest that teacher research stems from or generates questions and reflects teachers' desires to make sense of their experiences--to adopt a learning stance toward classroom life.

I might add that teacher research should be a pleasure rather than a burden to you and your students.

Several accounts by teacher-researchers have been published in BREAD LOAF IN THE SCHOOLS, and you'll find more accounts in future issues. If you'd like to see an award-winning report, you are welcome to look at Mark Campbell's, but you must understand that Mark is in the process of revising his report even as I write.

Many articles and regular features about teacher research are appearing in NCTE journals. You might want to read these Heinemann Boynton Cook books about teacher research: SEEING FOR OURSELVES (Glenda Bissex et al)
THROUGH TEACHERS' EYES (Perl and Wilson)
WORKSHOP 1 (Nancie Atwell)
RECLAIMING THE CLASSROOM (Goswami and Stillman).

Many Bread Loaf teachers have used Ken Macrorie's THE I-SEARCH PAPER (revised edition of SEARCHING WRITING) as a guide to conducting and writing up teacher research. Others draw on Nancy Martin's MOSTLY ABOUT WRITING and Courtney Cazden's CLASSROOM DISCOURSE. Or none of the above.

Bread Loaf teacher-researchers have brought us much recognition and honor over the years. Many have published their stories and reports. Many have made presentations locally and nationally. Most report that they're hooked on the notion that "the word for teaching is learning," award or no award. As the summer ends, you have, as always, our very best wishes for a good year ahead. We hope that come November we'll be hearing from many of you.

Dixie

Dixie Goswami, Coordinator
Program in Writing

1989 Students Who Have Attended Oxford

Sarah Albano	Barbara Lynch
Mari Sue Bethke	William MacMullen
Anne Blake	Ann Marshall
Nancy Boutilier	Dorothy McCard
Don Burgess	Melanie Menagh
Mark Campbell	Susan Merrick
Teresa Conlin	John Mullen
Lucinda Damon	Pamela Parker
Stephen Duffy	Lisa Polivick
Truman Eddy	Kathleen Potier
Victoria Fineman	Brian Potter
Ann Gilmore	Lewis Saunders
Pamela Grady	Robert Schnelle
Geraldine Gutwein	Joel Simon
John Haile	Roger Smith
Debra Johnson	David Terry
Patricia Kmiecik	Todd Van Amburgh
Brenda Koster	Jennifer Wheat
Den Latham	Raymond Williams
John Lintner	Suzanne Wilsey
	Patricia Woodward

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

August 1, 1989

Dear Bread Loaf Student:

I'd very much appreciate your assessment of Bread Loaf 1989: the program, the faculty, and life on the Mountain. Please mention what went well and what did not; perhaps most of all, give a frank assessment of the faculty and your courses.

Sincerely,

James Maddox

1. Evaluation of literature, writing, and theatre faculty and courses:
2. Do you have any observations on the different directions of the curriculum of Bread Loaf (writing, literature, theatre)? Did you find these different directions a difficulty? A blessing?
3. What are your assessments of the non-academic aspects of this summer's experience (social, domestic, etc.)?
4. Recommendations:

Name (optional) _____

Bread Loaf Students Living Off Campus

1989

Brown, Jennifer

Burchenal, Martha

Burgess, Donald

BARAW Charles

Boutilier, Nancy

Bradfield, Joseph

Cousino, Reva

Demientieff, Joyce

Dwyer, Michael

Evans, Craig

Farrell, Stephen

Favretti, Margaret

Frick, Barbara

Green, Andrew

Hage, Mark

Johnson, Jeffrey

Johnson, Deborah

Kelly-Hedrick David

Knotts, Laura

Knotts, Michael

Lane, Marie-Helene

Latham, Den

Leonard, James

Leonard, Story

Luebbers, Mark

McCard, Dorothy

McGrory, Sheila

McSweeney, Heidi

Nelson, Laura

Nicastro, Irene

Noll, Patricia

Peel, Susan

Platt, John

Polivick, Lisa

Popinchalk, Andrew

Powlison, David

Schroeppel, Julia

Luebbers, Stephanie Smith

Steggerda, Richard

Strekalovsky, Jane

Stuckey-French Ned

Toner, James

Wanner, Susan

Webbley, Edwin

Yarrow, Douglas

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

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3. What are your assessments of the non-academic aspects of this summer's experience (social, domestic, etc.)?
4. Recommendations:

Name (optional) _____

ENTERTAINMENT

The Bread Loaf School of English
Program for Summer 1989

Tuesday, July 4	Theatre - Beckett Plays: "Ohio Impromptu" and "Act Without Words II"	Little Theatre 7:15 p.m.
Monday, July 10	Gail Paster, Professor of English George Washington University	Little Theatre 7:30 p.m.
	The Elizabeth Drew Memorial Lecture	
	Purging Bottom: Experiencing the Body in <u>A Midsummer Night's Dream</u>	
Tuesday, July 11	Theatre - Beckett Plays: "Footfalls" and "Not I"	Little Theatre 7:15 p.m.
Monday, July 17	Theatre - Beckett Play: "Happy Days"	Little Theatre
Tuesday, July 18		7:15 p.m.
Monday, July 24	Faculty Reading - Carole Oles	Barn, 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday July 25, 26, 27, 28	Theatre - Student directed plays "Still Life" by Elizabeth Mann, directed by Nancy Seid "A Kind of Alaska," "The Applicant," "That's Your Trouble" by Harold Pinter, directed by Thomas Edgar	Earthworm Barn 7:30 & 9:30 p.m.
Monday, July 31	Faculty Reading - Robert Pack	Barn, 7:30 p.m.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday August 3, 4, 5, 6	Theatre - "Merchant of Venice" by William Shakespeare directed by Alan Mokler	Little Theatre 8:30 p.m.
Monday, August 7	Faculty Reading - David Huddle	Barn, 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, August 8	Theatre - Staged Reading "The Toll Taker" by Jeanne Leiby	Barn A 7:30 p.m.
Wednesday, August 9	NEH Adaptations	Little Theatre 7:30 p.m.
Saturday, August 12	Commencement Exercises	Little Theatre 8:15 p.m.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
FILMS

SUMMER 1989

Friday, June 30	The Unbearable Lightness of Being
Friday, July 7	Bliss
Saturday, July 15	The Dresser
Saturday, July 22	Mr. Hulot's Holiday
Saturday, July 29	Blade Runner

All films will be shown in the Bread Loaf barn with a starting time of 8:30 p.m. with the exception of BLADE RUNNER, which will begin at 8:00 p.m. prior to the Suppressed Desires party.

Piano music composed and performed by Alan Mokler

Electronic music by Deborah Horwitz

Recorded song performed by Michael Feinstein

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Stuart Johnson

Carl Peabody, Middlebury College Bookstore

Sunderland Audio-Visual Center

Middlebury College Music Department

Dick Forman, Wright Theater

Patrick Wor, Royall Tyler Theater

Elaine Hall and Hugh Coyle

Cindy Damon and the Madrigalists

Woody, Randy, and Eric

The Friendly Folk at the Front Desk

Lynn Johns

Gael Jacobson

Sutton Casey

Alice Lafever

Special thanks to Paul Cubeta
for his advice and support on
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Act I - 95 minutes

Act II - 55 minutes

There will be one ten-minute intermission.

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

presents

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

By

William Shakespeare

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday

August 3, 4, 5, 6, 1989

Little Theatre

8:30 P.M.

CAST

Antonio Brian McEleney*
 Salerio Joe Breakay
 Solanio Will Pritchard
 Bassanio Jonathan Fried*
 Lorenzo Todd Van Amburgh
 Gratiano Barry Press*
 Portia Jennifer Van Dyck*
 Nerissa Anne Scurria*
 Stephano Eric Shaffert
 Shylock Ted van Griethuysen*
 Prince of Morocco Michael Obel-Omia
 Launcelot Gobbo, the Clown . Stephen Berenson*
 Gobbo/Tubul Jim Lobdell
 Leonardo/Jailer/Bailiff James Reeves
 Jessica Cindy Rosenthal*
 Prince of Aragon Scott Baker
 Duke of Venice Bob Kramsky

*These actors appear courtesy Actors' Equity Association

THEATRE STAFF

Director Alan Mokler
 Scenic & Lighting Design Walter Clay Boswell
 Costume Designer Ellen McCartney
 Properties Master,
 Assistant to the Designer Drayton Foltz
 Technical Director April Mapes
 Shop Foreman,
 Sound Operator Patrick Ziselberger
 Master Electrician Susan Terrano
 Master Carpenter David Curley
 Technician Ben Danson
 Technical Assistants,
 Carpenters Elizabeth Marshall
 Martha Donovan
 Jeremy F. Gooch
 David Schallhorn
 Costume Shop Manager Alison Quam
 Draper Tanya Lee
 First Hand Jenny Fulton
 Stitchers Trish Davis
 Ann Marshall
 Dawne Anderson
 Cheryl Potter
 Volunteers Judy Schallhorn
 Louise Shoemaker
 Michele Barger
 Julia Oles Carr
 Jeff Webster
 Bette Gerberding
 Susan Wanner
 Production Stage Manager David B. Waters
 Assistant Stage Managers Cheryl Potter
 Robin Ellis
 Dramaturg Michael Cadden
 Theatre Coordinator Jim Lobdell

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1989

First Year Students (91)

Winifred Baer	Thomas Griffin
Scott Baker	Kevin Groppe
Charles Baraw	Patricia Hauschildt
Carrie Bashaw	Sutton Haywood (Casey)
Adriane Bianco	Michael Henriques
Barry Joe Breakey	Christopher Hiland
Victoria Brenna	Gael Jacobson
Lisa Brenner	Thomas Kaiser
Gerd Breuer	Suzanne Keith
Mary Ann Briody	Elizabeth Kidder-Keuffel
Birgit Bruckner	Douglas Kilmister
Ira Brukner	Marjorie Kleinneiur
Martha Burchenal	David Kline
Hope BURwell	Mignonne Knapp
James Cacos	William Knauer
Jane Cadwell	Katherine Knopp
Mary Cahill	Laura Knotts
Gerri Carlson	Michael Knotts
Margaret Cintorino	Robert Kramsky
Mary Beth Cody	Alice Lafever
Laura Cook	Rebecca Leibinger
Bradford Czepiel	Story Leonard
Patricia Davis	Robert Low
Robert Davis	Cynthia Martin
Laura Dickerman	Sheila McGrory
Margaret Favretti	Heidi McSweeney
Bette Ford	Rebecca Mobbs
Bette Gerberding	John Mohrmann
Teresa Goodwin	Richard Mullen

Andrew Mulligan
Kelly Neal
Patricia Noll
Ulrike Nussler
Heather Ott
Ellen Pearson
Susan Peel
Deanna Peters
Andrew Popinchalk
William Pritchard
ELlen Remsen
Michael Ricci
Judy Schallhorn
Klaus Schmidt
Elizabeth Schons
Julia Schroppel
Eric Shaffert
Mary Shoemaker
Joseph Shosh
Melissa Simonds
Jenifer Simonton
Nancy Jo Strain
Marlene Strueder
Ned Stuckey-French
David Suger
Patricia Travis
Michael Vachow
Victoria Velategui
Michael Walczak
Sarah Webb
Robert Weston
Judith Wylie
Douglas Yarrow

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1989

SCHOLARSHIPS BY NAME

The Wylie and Lucy Sypher Scholarship - Pamela Parker
The Pauline Decker Memorial Scholarship - James Lorentzen
The Reginald and Juanita Cook Scholarship - Caroline Eisner
The Kathleen Downey Memorial Scholarship - Mari Sue Bethke
Mark Wilson Memorial Scholarship - James Thompson
The Mina Shaughnessy Memorial Scholarship - Brenda Jo Koster
The Raymond A. Waldron Scholarship - Nancy Seid
The Laurence B. Holland Memorial Scholarship - George Johnson
The Margaret G. Fielders Scholarship - Irene Nicastro
The Norman Christensen Memorial Scholarship Martha Donovan
The John M. Kirk, Jr. Memorial Scholarship - Den Latham
The Challenger Award - Don Burgess
The Lillian Becker Scholarship - Cathy Harris
The Charlie Orr Memorial Scholarship - Stephen Duffy
The Dulcie Scott Memorial Scholarship - Dawne Anderson

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1989

WAITERS/WAITRESSES (36)

Sarah Albano	Peter Southworth (part-time)
Carol Anderson	David Terry
Andrea Baier	Patricia Travis (part-time)
Joe Breaky (part-time)	Michael Vachow
Edward Brown (Assistant Head Waiter)	Todd Van Amburgh
Ley Brown	Patricia Woodward
Victoria Brown (Assistant Head Waiter)	
Carolyn Campbell (part-time)	
Laura Cook	
Bradford Czepiel	
Lucinda Damon	
Stephen Duffy	
Eleanor Dwight (part-time)	
James Fauls	
Anna Finch	
Nancy Gray	
Katie Greenebaum (part-time)	
David Kline (part-time)	
William Knauer	
Jeanne Leiby	
Christopher Hopkins (part-time)	
Emma Lipton (part-time)	
Julie McArthur	
Peter Newton	
Deanne Peters	
Will Pritchard (part-time)	
Stuart Robinson	
Adam Rosenberg	
Lewis Saunders	
Megan Shea (Head Waitress)	

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1989

GENERAL STATISTICS

Student Attendance by States: (according to applications)

Alaska	5	Total student enrollment	247
Arkansas	1	Men students	105
Arizona	1	Women students	142
California	10	Former students	156
Colorado	5	New students	91
Connecticut	20		
Florida	4	Number of courses	34 (including 4 mini)
Georgia	3	Total number of faculty	23
Idaho	2	Teaching one course	12 (inc. 4 mini)
Indiana	2		
Iowa	4	Number of course changes	89
Kansas	3	Cancellations	69
Kentucky	1		
Maine	13	1989 M.A. degree candidates, VT	43
Maryland	1	M.A. from Oxford	18
Massachusetts	19	1989 M.Litt. degree candid., VT	2
Michigan	5	M.Litt. Oxford	1
Minnesota	2	Prospective 1990 M.A. candid.	24
Mississippi	1	Prospective 1990 M.Litt. candid.	1
Missouri	2		
Montana	3	Scholarship Students	132
Nevada	1		
New Hampshire	14	Candidates for Midd. B.A.	1
New Jersey	7	Candidates for Midd. M.A.	186
New Mexico	1	Candidates for Midd. M.Litt.	5
New York	18	Candidates for M.M.L.	0
North Carolina	2	Continuing Education	21
Oklahoma	1	Undesignated	35
Pennsylvania	10		
Rhode Island	1	Off-campus students	47
South Carolina	5		
South Dakota	4	Pre-1984 B.A. or B.S. degree	159
Tennessee	5		
Utah	1	Average age of students	33
Vermont	26	Median age of students	35
Virginia	7	Under 21	0
Washington	6	21-25	33
Washington DC	5	26-30	88
West Virginia	1	31-35	46
Wisconsin	8	36-40	26
Wyoming	2	41-50	45
		51 & over	9
Canada	1		
Federal Republic of Germany	5		
The Netherlands	1		
Italy	1		
Switzerland	1		
The United Kingdom	2		

(39 states; District of Columbia;
and 6 foreign countries)

GENERAL STATISTICS (Cont.)

Private School Teachers	83
Public School Teachers	97
College & Junior College Teachers	11
Other:	
Undergraduates	0
Graduate Students	15
Ph.D. Students	11
Unemployed	9
Other Occupations	24
Working for 9 credits	10
Working for 6 credits	227
Working for 3 credits	8
Auditors	2

APPENDIX A

Profile Comparisons of School of English at Bread Loaf and Lincoln College, Oxford - 1989

	<u>Bread Loaf</u>	<u>Oxford</u>
Enrollment	247	72
Student Average Age	33	34
States Represented	39	32
Foreign Countries Represented	6	5
Student/Faculty Ratio	11:1	6:1

<u>Occupations</u>	<u>Bread Loaf</u>		<u>Oxford</u>	
	No.	%	No.	%
Private school teachers	83	34	20	28
Public school teachers	97	39	31	43
College & Junior College	11	4	4	5
Undergraduate students	0	0	4	5
Graduate students	15	6	3	4
Ph.D. students	11	3	1	1
Unemployed	9	6	2	3
Other occupations	24	10	7	10

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

ENROLLMENT FIGURES

1920 - 51	1945 - 97	1970 - 224
1921 - 84	1946 - 135	1971 - 219
1922 - 102	1947 - 173	1972 - 215
1923 - 112	1948 - 194	1973 - 200
1924 - 100	1949 - 207	1974 - 219
1925 - 105	1950 - 188	1975 - 197
1926 - 106	1951 - 165	1976 - 184
1927 - 130	1952 - 146	1977 - 206
1928 - 115	1953 - 115	1978 - 200 (+Oxford - 59)
1929 - 116	1954 - 139	1979 - 197 (+Oxford - 53)
1930 - 129	1955 - 121	1980 - 212 (+Oxford 58)
1931 - 111	1956 - 121	1981 - 242 (Oxford - 64)
1932 - 103	1957 - 122	1982 - 254 (Oxford - 64)
1933 - 62	1958 - 130	1983 - 243 (Oxford - 83)
1934 - 74	1959 - 161	1984 - 233 (Oxford - 72)
1935 - 163	1960 - 192	1985 - 243 (Oxford - 79)
1936 - 179	1961 - 192	1986 - 258 (Oxford - 83)
1937 - 192	1962 - 195	1987 - 249 (Oxford - 80)
1938 - 175	1963 - 206	1988 - 245 (Oxford - 78)
1939 - 173	1964 - 211	1989 - 247 (Oxford - 72)
1940 - 225	1965 - 225	
1941 - 237	1966 - 222	
1942 - 137	1967 - 224	
1943 - 63	1968 - 208	
1944 - 72	1969 - 213	

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1989

FACULTY LOAD

Armstrong, Isobel	40	21 + 17 (+1 - 125) (+1 - 126)
Armstrong, Michael	11	11
Britton, James	11	11
Brodhead, Richard	36	20 + 14 (+1 - 125) (+1 - 126)
Cadden, Michael	27	7 + 19 (+1 - 126)
Cazden, Courtney	11	11
Clubb, Dare	12	11 (+1 - 125)
Donadio, Stephen	34	15 + 17 (+1 - 126)
Elder, John	31	16 + 14 (+1 - 126)
Elliott, Carol	14	13 (+1 - 125)
Fleming, John	40	21 + 16 (+2 - 126) (+1 - 125)
Freedman, Jonathan	32	14 + 17 (+1 - 126)
Goswami, Dixie	13	12 (+1 - 126)
Huddle, David	33	12 + 12 (+1 - 125)
Macrorie, Ken	27	12 + 15
Maddox, Lucy	24	22 (+2 - 126)
Martin, Nancy	6	6
Mokler, Alan	21	20 (+1 - 125)
Oles, Carole	12	12
Pack, Robert	16	16
Sundquist, Eric	37	17 + 19 (+1 - 126)
Stuckey, Elspeth	6	6
Wofford, Suzanne	30	17 + 11 (+2 - 126)

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1989

COURSE ENROLLMENTS

2. Writing and Editing Prose Non-Fiction	Macrorie	12
3. Case Study Research & Classroom Practice	Goswami	12
5. Poetry Writing	Oles	12
6. Fiction Writing	Huddle	12
11. Romantic Poetry: The Ideas of Consciousness and Power	I. Armstrong	21
18. Playwriting	Clubb	11
19. Chaucer	Fleming	21
21. Modern British Novel	L. Maddox	22
28. Shakespearean Tragedy	Brodhead	20
34. Idea and Narrative Form in the Nineteenth- Century Novel	I. Armstrong	17
39. Contemporary American Short Story	Huddle	20
50. Antebellum American Writing	Brodhead	14
61. Carnival, Theatre, and Gender in Shakespeare's Plays	Wofford	17
71. The Classical Tradition: Virgil to Petrarch	Fleming	16
74. From Victorian to Modern	Freedman	14
79. Shakespeare, Spenser, and the Age of Elizabeth	Wofford	11
93. Modern Drama: Ibsen Vs. Brecht	Cadden	7
95. Modern American Novel	Sundquist	17
99. Conrad	Donadio	15
119. Studies in European Fiction	Donadio	17
125. Independent Summer Reading Project	Faculty	7
126. Independent Winter Reading Project	Faculty	9
129. Introduction to Acting	Elliott	13
154. Contemporary Drama: Beckett and Beyond	Cadden	19
160. The Poetry of Yeats, Frost, and Stevens	Pack	16
172. The Stories Children Write	M. Armstrong	11
173. Telling the Stories of Our Lives: An Approach to Writing and Learning through Autobiography	Britton	11

174. Connections: Thought & Modes of Language	Martin	5
176. Connections: Writing and Literature	Macrorie	15
177. Forms of Thinking, Talking, and Writing	Cazden	12
184. American Nature Writing	Elder	16
185. Contemporary Southern Fiction	Sundquist	19
200. A Workshop for Nature Writers	Elder	14
208. Theory and Practice of Cultural Criticism	Freedman	17
213. The Poetry of the Theatre	Mokler	20
212. Education & Opposition: Autobiographies of the Oppressed	Stuckey	6

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1989
CONTINUING GRADUATE EDUCATION

Winifred Baer
Myron Berkman
Sutton Haywood Casey
Mary COdy
Laura Dickerman
Bette Ford
Bette Gerberding
Kevin Groppe
Kenneth Holvig
Gael Jacobson
David Kline
Robert Kramsky
Alice Lafever
Ann Marshall
Sheila McGrory
Edith Mason
Richard Mullen
Patricia Noll
Susan Peel
Melvin Riggs
Jenifer Simonton

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1989

STUDENTS TAKING THREE COURSES (10)

Jennifer Brown

Linda Churchill

Stephen Duffy

Pamela Grady

Andrew Hedman

George Johnson

Jeffrey Maas

Audrey Mochel

Robert Schnelle

Anne Winebrenner

STUDENTS TAKING ONE COURSE (8)

Eileen Bartscher

Lucinda Damon

Patricia Kmiecik

Sandra LeGault

Story Leonard

Patricia Noll

Melvin Riggs

Susan Wanner

INDEPENDENT WINTER READING PROJECTS

1989

Mary Ellen Bertolini:	Jane Austin	Lucy Maddox Isobel Armstrong
James Baldwin:	Post-Colonial Literature	Lucy Maddox Eric Sundquist
Donald Burgess	C.S. Lewis	John Elder John Fleming
Craig Evans:	The Morality of Revenge in Renaissance Drama	Michael Cadden Susanne Wofford
Stephen Farrell:	Conrad and Colonialism	Stephen Donadio Jonathan Freedman
Mary Chris Reese:	Getting Into Print	Dixie Goswami
Lynne Shea:	The Victorian Novel	Dorothy Bednarowska Valentine Cunningham
Joel Simon:	Sidney's <u>Arcadias</u> and Spenser's <u>Faerie Queen</u>	Susanne Wofford John Fleming
Dan Toomey:	"Gams" in <u>Moby Dick</u>	Stephen Donadio Richard Brodhead

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1989

CANDIDATE FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS (1)

Christopher Page Hiland

CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS (61)

Dawne Crystal Anderson
*Theresa Baker
Edward Lawrance Brown
Victoria Marie Fineman Brown
*William R. Brown
Donald W. Burgess
*Richard William Burniske
Linda Diane Churchill
Lucinda Linfield Damon
*Ronald Wayne Dodge, Jr.
Martha Andrews Donovan
Stephen Arthur Duffy
Stephen Cooney Farrell
Pamela J. Grady
Geraldine Mendoza Gutwein
John Hollingsworth Haile
*Julie Suzanne Hile
*Timothy Mark Hjelmeland
Donald Lee Hudson
Debra Jean Johnson
George Roesch Johnson
*Susan Rea Jones
Patricia Ann Kmiecik
Brenda Jo Koster
*Sharon Elizabeth Krauss
Marie-Helene Lane
Den Latham
*Charleen Sunder Letsen
James Allen Lorentzen, Jr.
Sister Barbara Mary Lynch

Jeffrey Maas
William Ramsay MacMullen
*Beverly Brown McColley
Audrey K. Mochel
Lettice Lee Morton
John H.R. Mullen
Irene Veronica Nicastro
*Deane Evelyn O'Dell
Pamela Corpron Parker
*Virginia Marie Parker
Cynthia S. Porter
*Philip S. Post
*Mary Chris Reese
Stuart Robinson
Lewis Syester Saunders, Jr.
Robert Schnelle
Nancy Eleanor Seid
Megan Patricia Shea
Joel Martin Simon
Wilbur Hudson Sowder, Jr.
Jane Elizabeth Steiner
Caroline Suzanne Stevens
*Douglas Woodcock Teague
David Charles Terry
Daniel William Toomey
*Alice Truax
H. Todd Van Amburgh
*Edward A. Walpin
*Diana Gail Westbrook
Raymond David Williams
Mark Thomas Wright

CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF LETTERS (3)

John H. Lintner

*William O. Sempereora
(awarded posthumously)
Patricia Flynn Woodward

* Graduated from the Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College, Oxford

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1989

PROGRAM IN WRITING TEACHERS

<u>Name</u>	<u>School</u>	<u>Location-City/State (Home)</u>
Sheila Alexander (OX)	Howard Bishop Middle School	Gainesville, Florida
Pamela Atchison	Alberton School	Missoula, Montana
Lee Michele Barger	Hood Canal School	Sumner, Washington
Carrie Bashaw	Sun Valley Community School	Sun Valley, Idaho
Mari Sue Bethke	Boscobel High School	Boscobel, Wisconsin
Joseph Bradfield	Sibley-Ocheyedan Community School	Sibley, Iowa
Mary Ann Briody	Red Cloud Indian School	Pine Ridge, South Dakota
William R. Brown (OX)	Hume Fogg High School	Goodlettsville, Tennessee
Donald Burgess	Two Eagle River School	St. Ignatius, Montana
Hope Burwell	North Tama County Community School	Dundee, Iowa
Mark Campbell	Osage Junior High School	Osage, Iowa
Gerri Carlson	Livingston Middle School	Livingston, Montana
Margaret Cintorino	Fair Haven Union High School	Castleton, Vermont
Laura Cook	Phelps-Clifton Springs School	Rochester, New York
Reva Cousino	Mount Abraham Union High Sch.	Bristol, Vermont
Lucinda Damon	SUNY - Buffalo (student)	Buffalo, New York
Patricia Davis	D.W. Daniel High School	Clemson, South Carolina
Robert Davis	Nulato AK School	Nulato, Alaska
Lawrence DeBlois	Monanacook Community School	Kents Hill, Maine
Ronald Dodge (OX)	Scappoose School District	Saint Helens, Oregon
Joyce Dustin-Demientieff	Port Alexander School	Port Alexander, Alaska
Michael Dwyer	Otter Valley Union High Sch.	Rutland, Vermont
Robin Ellis	Fairview High School	Camden, Arkansas
Cara Elmore (OX)	Shelby City School	Lawndale, North Carolina
Rock Emmert	Forest Park High School	Ferdinand, Indiana
Barbara Frick	Presque Isle High School	Presque Isle, Maine
Juliana Gabica (OX)	Lowry High School	Winnemucca, Nevada
Michael Goldfine	Pennsylvania State College Alternative Program	Port Mitilda, Pennsylvania

Teresa Goodwin	Houlton High School	Houlton, Maine
Andrew Green	Canaan Memorial High School	Vergennes, Vermont
Gary Griffith	Page Unified School	Page, Arizona
Geraldine Gutwein	Silver Valley Univied School	Barstow, California
Mark Hage	Northfield High School	Montpelier, Vermont
Catherine Harris	St. Francis Indian School	St. Francis, South Dakota
Patricia Hauschildt	Ellsworth Jr/Sr High School	Ellsworth, Wisconsin
Andrew Hedman	Shasta High School	Redding, California
Julie Hile (OX)	Garrison Forrest School	Silver Spring, Maryland
Timothy Hjelmeland (OX)	Bertha-Hewitt School	Bertha, Minnesota
Kenneth Holvig	Clarkstown South High School	New City, New York
Donald Hudson	New Glarus High School	Verona, Wisconsin
Debra Johnson	Hinsdale High School	Brattleboro, Vermont
George Johnson	Waukesha North High School	Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Jeffrey Johnson	Mount St. Joseph's Academy	Middlebury, Vermont
Mark Kelly (OX)	Madawaska High School	Fort Kent, Maine
Mignonne Knapp	Orcas Island High School	Eastsound, Washington
Laura Knotts	Baptist College at Charleston	Summerville, South Carolina
Michael Knotts	Summerville High School	Summerville, South Carolina
Brenda Jo Koster	St. Francis Community High School	St. Francis, Kansas
Den Latham	Governor's School	Hartsville, South Carolina
Rebecca Leibinger	Big Horn High School	Sheridan, Wyoming
Dennis Lenssen (OX)	Lower Yukon School District	Sumas, Washington
Charleen Letsen (OX)	North Brunswick High School	Leland, North Carolina
Ardith Maddox (OX)	Chinle Unified School District	Chinle, Arizona
Edith Mason	Brunswick Senior High School	Lawrenceville, Virginia
Pamela May (OX)	Sevier County High School	Sevierville, Tennessee
Dorothy McCard	Soldotna Junior High School	Soldotna, Alaska
James McCullough (OX)	Petoskey High School	Petoskey, Michigan
Rebecca Mobbs	Copper Basin High School	Ocoee, Tennessee
Kelly Neal	Thomas Jefferson Junior High	Pflugerville, Texas
Donna Niday (OX)	Belmond High School	Belmond, Iowa
Deane O'Dell (OX)	Iditarod Area School District	McGrath, Alaska
Benjamin Orr	Lower Kuskokurm School Dist.	Tununak, Alaska
Kathryn Overbeck (OX)	---	Waitsfield, Vermont

Pamela Parker	Ph.D. University Oregon	Eugene, Oregon
Ellen Pearson	Roosevelt Junior High School	Roosevelt, Utah
Deanna Peters	Ten Sleep School	Ten Sleep, Wyoming
Andrew Popinchalk	Aspen High School	Aspen, Colorado
Cynthia Porter	Southwestern Intermediate School	Chesapeake, Virginia
Brian Potter	Malad Junior High School	Malad, Idaho
David Powlison	Essex Junction Educational Center	Underhill, Vermont
Mary Chris Reese (OX)	Morse High School	Brunswick, Maine
Richard Robbins (OX)	Sequim High School	Sequim, Washington
Bruce Rowe	Hartford Central School	Granville, New York
Robert Schnelle	---	Putney, Vermont
Daniel Sharkovitz (OX)	Martha's Vineyard Regional High School	Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts
Mary Shoemaker	Dora High School	Portales, New Mexico
Ann Siegle (OX)	----	North Truro, Massachusetts
Richard Steggerda	Mount Abraham Union High School	Bristol, Vermont
Jane Steiner	Fort Atkinson Senior High School	Jefferson, Wisconsin
Kimberly Stover (OX)	Columbus North High School	Columbus, Indiana
Nancy Strain	Pine Ridge High School	Pine Ridge, South Dakota
Ned Stuckey-French	Benton Central High School	West Lafayette, Indiana
Victoria Velategui	Omak High School	Omak, Washington
Magdalena Villarreal (OX)	Limestone High School	Limestone, Maine
Susan Wanner	Mount Abraham Union High Sch.	Bristol, Vermont
Karen Wessel	Homer Junior High School	Homer, Alaska
Diana Westbrook (OX)	Henrico County School	Richmond, Virginia
Raymond Williams	Franklin County High School	Rocky Mount, Virginia
Douglas Yarrow	Liberty High School	Beckley, West Virginia

PROGRAM IN WRITING STUDENTS BY YEARS

SUMMER 1989

First Year (24)

Carrie Bashaw	Sun Valley, Idaho
Mary Anne Briody	Pine Ridge, South Dakota
Hope Burwell	Dundee, Iowa
Gerri Carlson	Livingston, Montana
Margaret Cintorino	Castleton, Vermont
Laura Cook	Rochester, New York
Patricia Davis	Clemson, South Carolina
Robert Davis	Nulato, Alaska
Teresa Goodwin	Houlton, Maine
Patricia Hauschildt	Ellsworth, Wisconsin
Mignonne Knapp	Eastsound, Washington
Laura Knotts	Summerville, South Carolina
Michael Knotts	Summerville, South Carolina
Rebecca Leibiner	Sheridan, Wyoming
Rebecca Mobbs	Ocoee, Tennessee
Kelly Neal	Pflugerville, Texas
Ellen Pearson	Roosevelt, Utah
Deanna Peters	Ten Sleep, Wyoming
Andrew Popinchalk	Aspen, Colorado
Mary Shoemaker	Portales, New Mexico
Nancy Jo Strain	Pine Ridge, South Dakota
Ned Stuckey-French	West Lafayette, Indiana
Victoria Velategui	Omak, Washington
Douglas Yarrow	Beckley, West Virginia

Second Year (11)

Pamela Atchison	Missoula, Montana
Michael Dwyer	Rutland, Vermont
Robin Ellis	Camden, Arkansas
Rock Emmert	Ferdinand, Indiana
Gary Griffith	Page, Arizona
Mark Hage	Montpelier, Vermont

Catherine Harris
Andrew Hedman
Dennis Lenssen (OX)
Edith Mason
Bruce Rowe

St. Francis, South Dakota
Redding, California
Sumas, Washington
Lawrenceville, Virginia
Granville, New York

Third Year (19)

Sheila Alexander (OX)
Michele Barger
Mari Sue Bethke
Joseph Bradfield
Mark Campbell
Reva Cousino
Joyce Dustin-Demientieff
Michael Goldfine
Andrew Green
Jeffrey Johnson
Mark Kelly (OX)
Ardith Maddox (OX)
James McCullough (OX)
Benjamin Orr
Kathryn Overbeck (OX)
David Powlison
Richard Robbins (OX)
Daniel Sharkovitz (OX)
Richard Steggerda

Gainesville, Florida
Sumner, Washington
Boscobel, Wisconsin
Sibley, Iowa
Osage, Iowa
Bristol, Vermont
Port Alexander, Alaska
Port Mitilda, Pennsylvania
Vergennes, Vermont
Middlebury, Vermont
Fort Kent, Maine
Chinle, Arizona
Petoskey, Michigan
Tununak, Alaska
Waitsfield, Vermont
Underhill, Vermont
Sequim, Washington
Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts
Bristol, Vermont

Fourth Year (27)

Donald Burgess
Lawrence DeBlois
Ronald Dodge (OX)
Barbara Frick
Juliana Gabica (OX)
Cara Elmore (OX)
Julie Hile (OX)
Timothy Hjelmeland (OX)

St. Ignatius, Montana
Kents Hill, Maine
Saint Helens, Oregon
Presque Isle, Maine
Winnemucca, Nevada
Lawndale, North Carolina
Silver Spring, Maryland
Bertha, Minnesota

Debra Johnson
 George Johnson
 Den Latham
 Charleen Letsen (OX)
 Pamela May (OX)
 Dorothy McCard
 Donna Niday (OX)
 Pamela Parker
 Cynthia Porter
 Brian Potter
 Mary Chris Reese
 Robert Schnelle
 Ann Siegle (OX)
 Jane Steiner
 Kimberly Stover (OX)
 Magdalena Villarreal (OX)
 Susan Wanner
 Karen Wessel
 Diana Westbrook (OX)

Fifth Year (7)

Lucinda Damon
 Geraldine Gutwein
 Kenneth Holvig
 Donald Hudson
 Brenda Jo Koster
 Deane O'Dell
 Raymond Williams

Sixth Year (1)

William R. Brown (OX)

Brattleboro, Vermont
 Milwaukee, Wisconsin
 Hartsville, South Carolina
 Leland, North Carolina
 Sevierville, Tennessee
 Soldotna, Alaska
 Belmond, Iowa
 Eugene, Oregon
 Chesapeake, Virginia
 Malad, Idaho
 Brunswick, Maine
 Putney, Vermont
 North Truro, Massachusetts
 Jefferson, Wisconsin
 Columbus, Indiana
 Limestone, Maine
 Bristol, Vermont
 Homer, Alaska
 Richmond, Virginia

Buffalo, New York
 Barstow, California
 New City, New York
 Verona, Wisconsin
 St. Francis, Kansas
 McGrath, Alaska
 Rocky Mount, Virginia

Goodlettsville, Tennessee

First Year	24
Second Year	11
Third Year	19
Fourth Year	27
Fifth Year	7
Sixth Year	1
	<hr/>
	89

MARY REYNOLDS BABCOCK FOUNDATION
1989

Sarah Albano	Southern Pines, North Carolina
Sheila Alexander	Gainesville, Florida
Patricia Davis	Clemson, South Carolina
Stephen Duffy	Gainesville, Florida
Cara Elmore	Lawndale, North Carolina
Laura Knotts	Summerville, South Carolina
Michael Knotts	Summerville, South Carolina
Den Latham	Hartsville, South Carolina
Edith Mason	Lawrenceville, Virginia
Rebecca Mobbs	Ococee, Tennessee
Lisa Polivick	Murray, Kentucky
James Reeves	Franklin, Tennessee
Mary Rosmus	Temple Hills, Maryland
Lewis Saunders	Rome, Georgia
Julia Schroepel	Memphis, Tennessee
Patricia Woodward	Coral Gables, Florida
Douglas Yarrow	Beckley, West Virginia

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Daniel Sharkovitz (OX)

Somerville, Massachusetts

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EXAMS

1989

Students who have declined to waive their rights

BREUER Gerd
BURWELL Hope
CACOS James
CORSIGLIA Sharon Workman
DEBLOIS Lawrence
HAGE Mark
KAISER Thomas
MARSHALL Elizabeth
NUESSLER Ulrike
PARKER Pamela
PETERS Deanna
SCHMIDT Klaus
SHAFFERT Eric
SHOSH Joseph
WALCZAK Michael
YARROW Douglas



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

July 19, 1989

Dear Colleague:

With rare exceptions, final examinations should be administered to students only at the regularly scheduled time:

8:30 classes - Thursday, August 10 from 9 a.m. - 12 p.m.

9:30 classes - Thursday, August 10 from 2 - 5 p.m.

10:30 classes - Friday, August 11 from 9 a.m. - 12 p.m.

11:30 classes - Friday, August 11 from 2 - 5 p.m.

Permission to take an examination outside the regularly scheduled time must be secured from the Director or from Elaine in advance. There are bookkeeping problems involved here, so we would be grateful for your cooperation.

If any courses other than 2, 3, 5, 6, 18, 172, 173, 174, 176, 177, 200, and 212 are not scheduling a final exam, please let Elaine Hall know. If you teach an afternoon seminar and would like to schedule an exam, Elaine can also help you with this.

Best wishes,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Jim".

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1989

NO EXAM GIVEN

2. Writing and Editing Prose	Macrorie
3. Case Study Research	Goswami
5. Poetry Writing	Oles
6. Fiction Writing	Huddle
11. Romantic Poetry	Armstrong
18. Playwriting	Clubb
28. Shakespeare: Tragedy	Brodhead
34. 19th Century Novel	Armstrong
39. Contemporary American Short Story	Huddle
99. Conrad	Donadio
125. Independent Summer Project	
126. Independent Winter Project	
129. Introduction to Acting	Elliott
160. Yeats, Frost and Stevens	Pack
172. Stories Children Write	Armstrong
173. Telling the Stories of Our Lives	Britton
174. Modes of Language	Martin
176. Writing and Literature	Macrorie
177. Forms of Thinking	Cazden
200. Nature Workshop	Elder
213. Poetry of Theatre	Mokler
212. Education and Opposition	Stuckey

EXAM SCHEDULE - 1989

8:30 classes -- Thursday, August 10 from 9 a.m. - 12 p.m.

50. Antebellum American Writing	R. Brodhead	Room 5 <i>no exam sec'd</i>
71. The Classical Tradition	J. Fleming	Room 1
93. Modern Drama: Ibsen Vs. Brecht	M. Cadden	Room 4
208. Theory & Practice of Cultural Crit.	J. Freedman	Room 3 <i>no exam sec'd</i>
184. American Nature Writers	J. Elder	Room 2

9:30 classes -- Thursday, August 10 from 2 - 5 p.m.

21. Modern British Novel	L. Maddox	Room 2
61. Carnival, Theatre,..Shakespeare	S. Wofford	Room A
95. Modern American Novel	E. Sundquist	Room 1

10:30 classes - Friday, August 11 from 9 a.m. - 12 p.m.

19. Chaucer	J. Fleming	Room 5
28. Shakespearean Tragedy	R. Brodhead	Room 4 <i>no exam sec'd</i>
74. From Victorian to Modern	J. Freedman	Room 6 <i>no exam sec'd</i>
79. Shakespeare...Age of Elizabeth	S. Wofford	Room 3

11:30 classes - Friday, August 11 from 2 - 5 p.m.

119. Studies in European Fiction	S. Donadio	Room 2
154. Contemporary Drama: Beckett/Beyond	M. Cadden	Room A
185. Contemporary Southern Fiction	E. Sundquist	Room 5

129. Introduction to Acting	C. Elliott	Room A
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1989, 7:30 - 10:30 p.m.		
THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1989, 7:30 - 10:30 p.m.		

Bread Loaf School of English - Summer, 1989

71. THE CLASSICAL TRADITION: The Final Examination *Mr. Fleming*

Instructions. Please answer one or two of the following questions in the time available (three hours). Please do not repeat materials treated in your course papers. Please take the time to plan and organize your answer(s), and please support your arguments with specific textual citations when appropriate.

1. Write an essay on ONE of the following themes as you find it in THREE OR MORE of the works we have read: the journey, exile, change, the power of books
2. With reference to several medieval works read in the course, show how Ovid poetry provided models both of poetic sensuality and of philosophical analysis.
3. Write an essay on Dante's Virgil.
4. Write an essay on the first-person voice in Ovid's "Erotic Poems," in the Romance of the Rose, and in Petrarch's poems.
5. Write on dialogue in Augustine, Boethius, and the Inferno.
6. Ask any question of your own devising and answer it. (You will be judge on the quality of the question as well as the quality of the answer.

Thank you. Have a safe journey home and an enjoyable end to your summer.

93. IBSEN VS. BRECHT EXAM
SUMMER 1989

Mr. Cadden

Write an essay on two of the following topics, using two plays by Ibsen and two plays by Brecht. In your opening paragraph, be certain to indicate your "take" on the subject. Spend 90 minutes on each essay.

1. Epic vs. dramatic
2. The world of Ibsen vs. the world of Brecht
3. Mothers
4. Love and economics
5. Institutional religion
6. The power/role of the artist
7. The Road to Mecca as an Ibsenite play; Cloud Nine as a Brechtian play

August 10, 1989

184. American Nature Writers
Final Examination

Mr. Elder

Please write essays on two of the topics below, trying between them to touch on most of the books we have studied.

Good luck!

1. Mary Austin writes, "For all the toll the desert takes of a man it gives compensations . . ." Three of our authors have set out to convey the desert's "compensations"--those gifts presented through a process of subtraction. Compare their visions in this regard, and bring in any of the other writers you find pertinent.

2. Is there a spectrum along which you might order the books we have read this summer? Indicate and discuss the principle behind this arrangement. While there's no need to consider all of the works in this essay, you might specify which ones would be at the two extremes, which would define significant stages along the way, and which, if any, would not belong on this line at all.

3. "Perhaps the most serious obstacle impeding the evolution of a land ethic is the fact that our educational and economic system is headed away from, rather than toward, an intense consciousness of land." With Leopold's sentence as a starting point, pursue one of the following angles:

a) Discuss the attempts of several writers to foster "intense consciousness of land" within a particular vision of cultural evolution.

or

b) Describe a course you might teach related to the concept of a land ethic. Which of our readings would you use? Which other works might you bring in? What sequence of assignments and activities would integrate the class?

4. Compose a comparative topic of your own and write an essay about it.

21. Modern British Novel
(a.k.a. Eels in the Attic)

Final Exam
August 1989
Professor Lucy Maddox

Answer any one of the following questions. You should spend no more than three hours writing your answer.

1. Tom Crick says that the history of the "wide world" impinges on the history of a place like Gildsey only occasionally--when Gildsey men go off to war, or a Coronation is celebrated, etc. Yet he determines to teach his class of children about history by telling them stories about his family's life in Gildsey. His narrative therefore raises clear questions about the relationship between the small history and the large one. Is that relationship metaphoric or metonymic? Can it be both? The same questions are raised by several of the other novels in the course that deal with small histories--a marriage, a family, a group of schoolgirls, etc. Choose at least three of these books and discuss the ways in which the writer uses the small history to illuminate the larger history.

2. Sarah Atkinson spent fifty-four years confined in an upper room, apparently witless, after being struck by her jealous husband. The townspeople, according to Tom Crick, turned Sarah into a series of symbolic figures--Guardian Angel, Holy Mother, patron saint, even Britannia. Compare Graham Swift's "madwoman in the attic" to two or three of the other similar figures we have encountered this summer. Do these female figures serve similar or different purposes for the writers? Are they similar enough for us to generalize about the pervasive metaphor of the madwoman in the attic (or the madwoman otherwise confined)?

3. Swift's novel is highly self-conscious, constantly calling into question its own authoritativeness, its ability to tell reliable truths: the narrator, Tom Crick, doesn't seem to know where to begin his story, whether to proceed in chronological order or not, or where to end the story--since the demand for an explanation at the end only sends us back to the beginning. Choose three other novels and discuss the ways in which the writers deliberately violate the traditional conventions of the novel form. What does each writer gain by this violation?

4. Waterland contains several fathers who either fail their children or believe that they have failed them. Discuss the relationship between fathers and children in Waterland and two other novels. To what extent do these representations of fathers (in the small world) reflect the workings of patriarchy (in the "wide world")?

5. Tom Crick thinks of his students in changing ways: sometimes they are anarchists and revolutionaries, sometimes they are frightened children. Either way, he struggles to understand his own relationship to them and to understand the nature of his authority as a teacher. Most of the other novels we have read have also raised questions about the nature and sources of authority. How do these questions about authority apply to your own experiences in the classroom, either as a teacher or as a student? To put it another way: what relevance do the novels you have read in this classroom, Barn 1, have to do with your general experience of being part of the structure of a classroom, either as a student or as a teacher?

6. Tom Crick says that "what history teaches us is to avoid illusion and make-believe, to lay aside dreams, moonshine, cure-alls, wonder-workings, pie-in-the-sky--to be realistic" (p. 81).

But realism, Salman Rushdie's narrator says, can break a novelist's heart.

"Hugh was one of the Flowers of the Forest, lying in his grave," says Miss Jean Brodie. "We are having a history lesson. . . . Hold up your books" (pp. 19, 21).

How might this conversation continue? (Other characters and/or authors may join in, if they insist. You may also join in. You may even dominate the conversation, if you insist.)

7. Compose your own fascinating question and then answer it, using at least three novels as examples.

61. Carnival, Gender and Theatre in Shakespeare's Plays
Final Exam

Here is a copy of your final exam. A brief reminder of the rules for this test:

- 1) Aim for each essay to be one hour long. You will have 2 1/2 hours total.
- 2) This is an open book exam. You may bring books, notes and outlines, but not essays which have been previously written out.
- 3) Do not reduplicate the argument of either of your essays for this class.
- 4) You may answer one question that treats a single play, but the other question must be broader, touching on at least two.
- 5) Please keep in mind that some range is important--don't write both your essays on the same set of two or three plays.
- 6) Give me a stamped, addressed envelop if you want your exam returned.

**Please note (for those questions I have formulated, and for many of yours): for any given question, you need not answer all the questions raised. Rather you should pick your own focus for your essay, using some but perhaps not all of the approaches suggested in the question as phrased here.

PICK TWO OF THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS: (ONE HOUR FOR EACH ESSAY)

1. Several of the plays we have read include omens or portents, or figures who engage in curses, prophecies or fortunetelling. Discuss the role of these signs or figures in two or three plays (perhaps from different genres, including our one romance), and relate the function of prophecy to the genres in question. Is the importance of prophecy in a comedy different from its significance in a tragedy or a romance? How so? Does prophecy present a constraint on the outcome of the plot, or does it serve to expand the world of the play? You may wish to consider, for example, how these often "supernatural" portents and prophecies affect the dramatization of both fate and nature, in relation to human thoughts, actions and institutions.

2.(a) "Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight, or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which I now draw." (Macbeth)

(b) "....Read on this book...." (Polonius to Ophelia)

(c) "I spake unto this crown..." (Prince Hal in 1H4)

(d) "By my life, this is my lady's hand..." (Malvolio in TN)

(e) "He sent me hither...
To tell this story...and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind." (Oliver to Rosalind in AYLI)

(f) "Swear to keep this ring." (Antonio to Bassanio in Merchant)

(g) "This lanthorn doth the horned moon present...." (Robin Starveling/Moonshine in MND)

In each of the above quotations, a character refers to a prop. Select three examples from those above or of your own choice for an examination of how props become much more than functional objects in the plays we have read. Without summarizing plot, discuss what the function of a prop is, and then discuss its complexity, its resonance, its economy, and its symbolic value as a theatrical sign, singularly appropriate to the play in which it appears.

3. Pick either one of Shakespeare's Henry IV or one of the comedies we have read, and describe how you would make it into a typical Shakespearean tragedy. Consider where you would want your new tragedy to begin and end. Who would be the tragic hero of your play, and why? Would you have a character in the role of antagonist, or of fool, or of the friend/ally who remains loyal to the hero even when he may not fully understand him (or her)? About what would you have your hero soliloquize? Where would these soliloquies be placed in the course of the plot? In working out your play, please consider the following questions: What are the limitations of comedy or of a history play that might push Shakespeare into a new genre? What do you think he learned from the comedies or histories that he then used in the tragedies? At what point do the comedies or histories merge with the tragedies? Where do they diverge? You should consider matters of structure as well as thematic, linguistic and dramatic issues. In your conclusion, please speculate briefly on one or some of these questions, using the example you have chosen.

4. Many of the plays we have read this semester include some form of "trial scene." Particularly good examples include Merchant, Winter's Tale and Henry IV. In some cases these are literal scenes that take place in a court of law; in other cases, there is a "mock-trial"; in yet others, the trial takes place inside a character (or in the imagery of a scene). Why is the issue of judgment (or the problem of justice) so important to Shakespeare's drama? What really is on trial in the scenes you have chosen? Does the audience play a role in judging the hero (or villains)?

One way to approach this question is to take one or two of these trial scenes, and consider the difficulties and challenges you would face were you directing the scene. Without detailing all the work you would have to do as director (too much for a short essay), sketch the interpretation that you would have to make visible on stage, identify three or four specific points at which you would strive to make that interpretation visible, and perhaps discuss one or two places in which you would expect to encounter particular difficulty.

5. In many of the plays we have read, the characters invoke various versions of a larger "natural" order to justify either their place in society or their actions. Think about the appeal made to natural order by three characters from different plays. How do they read themselves into "nature"? How is their interpretation of their place in the natural order supported or contradicted by the actions or assertions of other characters in the play? Are male and female sexual roles defined as "natural" or "cultural"? Can the plays support a reading in which nature and society are diametrically opposed? Can you, based on the figures you chose to discuss, hazard a larger surmise about claims to "natural order"?

6. While many of the plays we've read concentrate on issues of kingship (or rulership), the "commoners" of the realm or cities are present in varying degrees of political and dramatic power in these plays. Discuss the role of the lower class in two or three plays (you might think about comparing plays from different genres). How does the inclusion or exclusion of their point of view augment or revise our perception of the ruling class? What kinds of power--political,

theatrical, linguistic, visionary for example--do the lower classes possess in the plays? How do the interchanges between these groups suggest that power is perpetuated?

7. If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo.
Macbeth V,iii

Moral, physical and mental disease occur in some form in most of the plays we have read this semester. Pick two or three of these plays and discuss the relation between individual and political health which they posit. What possibilities for health (or a cure) are suggested in these plays? Do the cures suggested, or their degree of success, vary with the genre? You may wish to relate this to the broader question of whether theatre itself offers a cure of a sort to its audience, and if so, of what kind.

8. What role or roles do women play in the plays we've read? Pick two or three plays, preferably from different genres, and discuss this question. Are there differences between the dramatic role that women play (that is, what they actually do on stage, how they contribute to the plot) and their symbolic role? If there are discontinuities in these two kinds of roles, are the female characters made aware of or uncomfortable by them? Are the women characters given insights or understandings different from those given the male characters? What kind of language do they speak? In the plays you have chosen, does the tension or conflict between male and female determine the action to any significant extent? Are the women characters you have chosen made marginal by the play, and if so, do you see a relation between them and other marginal characters (male or female)? Answer some or all of these questions, but please write an organized essay with a clear focus.

9. Many of the plays we have read this semester include scenes of testing where one character tests the reactions of others without their necessarily knowing what is going on. Examples include Rosalind, Portia, Sir Toby and company, Hal and Poin, Hamlet, Leontes and Paulina. Pick two or three examples, and discuss what precisely is being tested and why. How does the outcome contribute to the resolution of the drama? You may approach this question by considering how you would direct two of these scenes.

10. Compare the representations of the mother in Gertrude, Lady Macbeth, and Hermione. (Is Lady Macbeth a mother? You may interpret the notion metaphorically if you wish.) What problems of representation and plot seem to come onstage with the mother, and why?

11. Shakespearean tempests, storms and adventures at sea: Twelfth Night, Winter's Tale, Hamlet. How does the storm at sea or sea-voyage function in these three different plays (and different genres)? What particular conditions of the drama does it help to establish or to break? Does each play provide us also with some sort of "sea change" (the phrase is from The Tempest)?

12. Pick two or three of the "lords of misrule" we have encountered this semester and compare their reigns. Who or what gains power under them, and what authorities are challenged? Are they reincorporated into the ruling authority at the end of the play, or not? If you wish, you may discuss not only the Shakespeare plays that we read, but the historical incidents that made up the Tallboys Dymocke episode

narrated by C.L.Barber in Shakespeare's Festive Comedy.

13. Pick two of the plays we have read (but not Macbeth or Winter's Tale) and discuss in what ways they might be particularly Elizabethan plays. Does this cultural and political context conflict with or help to deepen and highlight a more modern interpretation of the play. Are there particular (and otherwise less visible) problems or concerns that become highlighted by looking at the way the plays participate in and indeed help to shape their own cultural moment?

14. In what ways did and does theatre offer a liminal experience--of thresholds, and of the crossing of boundaries? Pick two plays that represent such liminal moments in their plots (rites of passage, for instance, or going beyond human boundaries) and discuss the ways in which they may or may not link these features of plot of the larger theatrical experience offered the audience. If you wish, consider the historical setting of the late 16th/early 17th century stage and consider how what we know about the "place of the stage" might intensify or contrast with such marginal or liminal experience as represented in the plays.

15. Do Shakespeare's plays represent "the cultural construction of the self" or is there an essential self that the characters or plays rely on or attest to? Or do they represent "the cultural construction of gender"? Pick two plays and discuss one of these two versions of the question.

16. Write your own question and answer it.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wished for come....
Henry IV Part I, I,ii,208-10

Choose two of the following questions. You must write on four different authors altogether.

1. "In America violence is idiomatic." Discuss this proposition by Nathanael West as a means interpreting two of the following works: Miss Lonelyhearts; The Day of the Locust; Red Harvest; Sanctuary; or The Street. (Choose only one novel by West, or consider both of his novels as one of your two works.)
2. First-person narrative often reveals the narrator's psychological state as well as his experience. By analyzing the language, style, and role of memory (or what is told, what concealed), discuss two of the following as "autobiographical" works: Autobiography of an Ex-Coloured Man; Red Harvest; My Antonia.
3. The role of women in society is central to a number of the novels. Choose two of the following and discuss the ways in which the authors reveal or critique the limits placed on women. Summer; My Antonia; Tender is the Night; Sanctuary; Red Harvest; The Street.
4. Choose two of the following symbols and discuss them as miniature representations of the larger themes or significance of their respective novels: ragtime music (Johnson); home (Wharton); the street (Petty); movies (West); the newspaper (Miss Lonelyhearts); "Daddy's Girl" (Fitzgerald).

Bread Loaf School of English - Summer, 1989

19. CHAUCER: The Final Examination

Ms. Fleming

Instructions. Please answer one or two of the following questions in the time available (three hours). Please do not repeat materials treated in your course papers. Please take the time to plan and organize your answer(s). and please support your arguments with specific textual citations when appropriate.

1. Write on Chaucer's use of the Consolation of Philosophy in the "Knight's Tale" and in Troilus and Criseyde.
2. Write an essay on the range of Chaucer's comedy OR on his vision of tragedy.
3. Write on ONE of the following: women characters in Chaucer, earnest and game, Chaucerian narrators, courtly and vulgar language in Chaucer.
4. Write on ONE of the following topics with regard to Troilus and Criseyde: the linguistic theme, the minor characters, the lyric elements, the role of the proemiums, the antique setting, the five-book structure.
5. Ask any question of your own devising and answer it. (You will be judge on the quality of the question as well as the quality of the answer.

Thank you. Have a safe journey home and an enjoyable end to your summer.

79. Shakespeare, Spenser and the Age of Elizabeth
Final Exam

Here is a copy of your final exam. A brief reminder of the rules for this test:

- 1) Aim for each essay to be one hour long. You will have 2 1/2 hours total.
- 2) This is an open book exam. You may bring books, notes and outlines, but not essays which have been previously written out.
- 3) Do not reduplicate the argument of either of your essays for this class.
- 4) You may answer one question that treats a single play or a section of text, but the other question must be broader or more comparative. I'd like you to touch on both Shakespeare and Spenser at some point in the exam.
- 5) Please keep in mind that some range is important--don't write both your essays on the same set of two or three plays or sections of The Faerie Queene.
- 6) Give me a stamped, addressed envelop if you want your exam returned.

****Please note** (for those questions I have formulated, and for many of yours): for any given question, you need not answer all the questions raised. Rather you should pick your own focus for your essay, using some but perhaps not all of the approaches suggested in the question as phrased here.

PICK TWO OF THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS: (ONE HOUR FOR EACH ESSAY)

- 1.(a)"I spake unto this crown..." (Prince Hal in 1H4)
(b)"By my life, this is my lady's hand..." (Malvolio in TN)
(c)"He sent me hither...
To tell this story...and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind." (Oliver to Rosalind in AYLI)
(d)"Swear to keep this ring." (Antonio to Bassanio in Merchant)
(e)"This lanthorn doth the horned moon present...." (Robin Starveling/Moonshine in MND)
(f)"That handkerchief/Did an Egyptian to my mother give." (Othello to Desdemona)

In each of the above quotations, a character refers to a prop. Select three examples from those above or of your own choice for an examination of how props become much more than functional objects in the plays we have read. Without summarizing plot, discuss what the function of a prop is, and then discuss its complexity, its resonance, its economy, and its symbolic value as a theatrical sign, singularly appropriate to the play in which it appears.

Or pick one Shakespearean prop and compare the kind of symbolic quality it is given to Spenser's use of symbolic objects--for instance, the armor and spear of Britomart, Britomart's father's mirror, the girdle of Florimell.

2. To what degree do the physical settings of works studied this semester reflect psychological landscapes appropriate to that action? Discuss with reference to two or three works. (Thanks to Scott for this question.)

3. Pick either one of Shakespeare's Henry IV or one of the comedies we have read, and describe how you would make it into a Shakespearean tragedy. Consider where you would want your new tragedy to begin and end. Who would be the tragic hero of your play, and why? Would you have a character in the role of antagonist, or of fool, or of the friend/ally who remains loyal to the hero even when he may not fully understand him (or her)? About what would you have your hero soliloquize? Where would these soliloquies be placed in the course of the plot? In working out your play, please consider the following questions: What are the limitations of comedy or of a history play that might push Shakespeare into a new genre? What do you think he learned from the comedies or histories that he then used in the tragedies? At what point do the comedies or histories merge with the tragedies? Where do they diverge? You should consider matters of structure as well as thematic, linguistic and dramatic issues. In your conclusion, please speculate briefly on one or some of these questions, using the example you have chosen.

OR, pick an episode or a section of The Faerie Queene and discuss the kind of play Shakespeare would have made of it--for example, the story of Britomart. What changes would Shakespeare have to make for this story to be represented on stage? Where would this new play begin and end, and what would be its title? Is there a difference of vision that would require a significant transformation of Spenser's story?

4. In many of the plays we have read, the characters invoke various versions of a larger "natural" order to justify either their place in society or their actions. Think about the appeal made to natural order by three characters from different plays. How do they read themselves into "nature"? How is their interpretation of their place in the natural order supported or contradicted by the actions or assertions of other characters in the play? Are male and female sexual roles defined as "natural" or "cultural"? Can you, based on the figures you chose to discuss, hazard a larger surmise about claims to "natural order"?

5. While many of the plays we've read concentrate on issues of kingship (or rulership), the "commoners" of the realm or cities are present in varying degrees of political and dramatic power in these plays. Discuss the role of the lower class in two or three plays (you might think about comparing plays from different genres). How does the inclusion or exclusion of their point of view augment or revise our perception of the ruling class? What kinds of power--political, theatrical, linguistic, visionary for example--do the lower classes possess in the plays? How do the interchanges between these groups suggest that power is perpetuated?

6. What role or roles do women play in the plays we've read? Pick two or three plays, preferably from different genres, and discuss this question. Are there differences between the dramatic role that women play (that is, what they actually do on stage, how they contribute to the plot) and their symbolic role? If there are discontinuities in these two kinds of roles, are the female characters made aware of or uncomfortable by them? Are the women characters given insights or understandings different from those given the male characters? What kind of language do they speak? In the plays you have chosen, does the tension or conflict between male and female determine the action to any significant extent? Are the women characters you have chosen made marginal by the play, and if so, do you see a relation between them and other marginal characters (male or female)? Answer some or all of these questions, but please write an organized essay with a clear focus.

7. Pick two or three of the "lords of misrule" we have encountered this semester and compare their reigns. Who or what gains power under them, and what authorities are challenged? Are they reincorporated into the ruling authority at the end of the play, or not? If you wish, you may discuss not only the Shakespeare plays that we read, but the historical incidents that made up the Tallboys Dymocke episode narrated by C.L.Barber in Shakespeare's Festive Comedy. (Thanks again to Scott for this question.)

8. Pick two of the plays we have read and discuss in what ways they might be particularly Elizabethan plays. Does this cultural and political context conflict with or help to deepen and highlight a more modern interpretation of the play. Are there particular (and otherwise less visible) problems or concerns that become highlighted by looking at the way the plays participate in and indeed help to shape their own cultural moment? Do they also challenge Elizabeth's myth-making? What about Spenser? You may approach this question by comparing the ways in which one of Shakespeare's plays and The Faerie Queene are Elizabethan works.

9. Do Shakespeare's plays represent "the cultural construction of the self" or is there an essential self that the characters or plays rely on or attest to? Or do they represent "the cultural construction of gender"? Pick two plays and discuss one of these two versions of the question. Would your answer to this question vary by genre (i.e. a different answer for tragedy?)

10. Shakespeare and Spenser: the use of landscape and setting.

(a) the woods in MND and Book III of The Faerie Queene

(b) seacoasts and the sea in Twelfth Night, Othello and Book III

Pick either (a) or (b) and consider what the landscape or setting evokes in each case and how its symbolic value is used in each work.

11. What is the relation of mortal and immortal (that is, those immortals represented, such as mythological figures, Titania, Oberon, Hymen, etc) in Shakespeare and Spenser? What issues or human concerns is that relation, or lack of it, used to symbolize by each poet? Pick one example from each and discuss.

12. Book III of The Faerie Queene and As You Like It both suggest that to find the right man, a woman must disguise herself as a man and enter (in some fashion) the man's world. Compare and contrast Spenser's and Shakespeare's use of this idea with regard both to the kind of female character each offers as ideal, the value attached to androgyny (or the hermaphrodite), and the kind of resolution offered by each poet.

13. Compare Spenser's and Shakespeare's treatments of love or friendship between women. Examples: Rosalind and Celia in AYLI, Hermia and Helena in MND, Viola and Olivia in TN, Emilia and Desdemona in Othello, Britomart and Malecasta in III,i, Britomart and Amoret. Pick one example of each and consider what sorts of issues are raised by the treatment of female love and friendship.

14. Spenser explores the threat of the unchaste woman through his treatment of Snowy Florimell (among others), while Hellenore specifically cuckolds her husband. He never, however, suggests that this could ever be a danger with Britomart, in part perhaps because she also is an allegorical character who stands in some sense for a realized ideal of "chastity" (often understood as faithful love). Is he able to include the saturnalia of Hellenore's night with the satyrs in part because he has protected his heroine from what is there represented? Compare Spenser's treatment of the threats to chastity with Shakespeare's treatment of cuckoldry in

AYLI or Othello. What does chastity come to stand for in each case?

15. Compare the differing figurations of Elizabeth in the The Faerie Queene. What end does this diversity serve. What is the position of the narrator vis-a-vis this woman on top?

16. Consider the endings of Twelfth Night, Henry IV, and Merchant of Venice. What characters and qualities are excluded to make closure possible? and what are the costs of that exclusion as the plays detail them? And/or compare to the endings of the Bower of Bliss episode in FQ Book II,xii (Thanks to Don Burgess for this one.) For best results, pick only two of the examples listed above.

17. Write an essay exploring the questions of gender and sexuality raised in the following passage from Othello. Be careful not merely to summarize the plot. You may use this passage as a jumping off point for an essay on Othello more generally, or you may focus just on the handkerchief and what this passage tells us about it, but in either case try to come to a conclusion about why the handkerchief becomes so important and what questions, powers or dangers of sexuality it comes to stand for.

Othello, III,iv, 55-74:

Othello: That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give.
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it
'Twould make her amiable and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me,
And bid me, when my fate would have me wived,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye.
To lose't or give't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.

Desdemona: Is't possible?

Othello: 'Tis true. There's magic in the web of it.
A sibyl that had numbered in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sewed the work;
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk,
And it was dyed in mummy which the skillful
Conserved of maidens' hearts.

18. Pick a section of either the Garden of Adonis or the House of Busyrane and try to describe through a close analysis of the passage what Spenser's argument about the powers and dangers of sexuality may be.

19. Witchcraft in MND and Othello.

20. Write your own question and answer it.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wished for come....

(5)

Shylock and Othello are tragic figures in Shakespearean drama. Their actions however, are limited to Shakespeare's conception of the types of response to disaster possible to human beings. Without being unfaithful to their characters, what are some possible responses these figures might have chosen to deal with their situations? How would they affect the nature of the tragedies?

Stephen Greenblatt, in his articles on Spenser's Bower of Bliss and Henry IV discusses the formation in art of a demonic Other. To bind the individual to his society and to preserve the social formation, the Other must be contained and controlled, he says. Montrose, on the other hand, stresses the power of these Others to transform the self and the society that produced them. Discuss these viewpoints in relation to one or two of the plays we have read or an episode from The Faerie Queene.

Question:

Both in Spenser and in Shakespeare, the ocean or the sea is a strange and dangerous place. In brief essay, explore how both or their seas are the same and how they are different.

EXAM QUESTIONS

- 1) We found elements of drama in Spenser. Is there any allegory in Shakespeare? Are challenges or temptations offered by other characters ever representative of a character's internal state?
- 2) Why is Spenser so hard to remember?
- 3) Is it necessary to emphasize the "dark side" of Shakespeare's comedies? Is there any worth in a Twelfth Night, Midsummer Night's Dream, or Merchant of Venice played just for laughs?

-- The new historicism obviously enriches our experiences with Elizabethan literature. What does feminism do for our experiences with the same? What does the new historicism do for feminism? What does Elizabethan literature do for feminism? For new historicism? In short, how would you sort out and sum up the value(s) of a course such as this?

-- What do we seem to be saying about ourselves when we say we can be drawn to or sympathetic with an obviously & nasty character like Iago? Or Iago? If we find him "endearing", or "charming", or if we say that we desire his kind of world, or power, what exactly do we mean? How far can we take our identification with Iago? Or Iago? For example, would such a man be a second for the whole world? What kind of person would you drive? In your response, as much as your honesty, sketch some token someone has given you, some testimony that you would tent with at your peril. Be honest. Be honest. Be honest. The handshake. The handshake. The handshake.

-- Do you think that older audiences would be more inclined or less inclined than younger audiences to applaud Henry's denigration of Falstaff? Why? Why not?

If you think older audiences more inclined to applaud it, what would you think of a producer/director who, in anticipation of playing for an elderly audience, emphasizes Falstaff's wit and vitality, and calls for a scornful, naughty hat? If you think younger audiences more inclined to applaud it, what then would you think of a producer/director shaping the play the same way for a younger audience? We're talking motives. Why would the producer/director make such a decision, in either case? (You only need to examine one case or the other.)

(7)

There have been many Lords of Misrule in both Shakespeare and Spenser, but they have not all assumed the same significance in the text. What are the differences between one of Spenser's Lords, say Radigund, and one of Shakespeare's Lords, Desdemona? Does the example of a gender-reversed Lord function in the text the same way as an authority-reversed Lord? In short, what allows certain Lords to survive their misrule?

Discuss Othello as a play about coitus interruptus.

Britomart, Desdemona and Emilia meet in literary heaven. The subject of their discourse is your choice - what might they have to say to each other? - what might be the tone of that conversation: philosophical?; gossip?; worshipful?; pornographic?; iconoclastic? Write the dialogue of that encounter, adding such details of setting and stage direction as you feel important. You may add additional characters at will.

Compare the use of woods and the use of theatre as places for exploration and discovery of natures. What natures do Spenser and Shakespeare focus on? What is learned of them?

Does Sir Toby function as a sort of "lesser Falstaff" figure in Twelfth Night? How do Toby and Falstaff influence and interact with other members of the tavern world? Are they parasites or masters of mirth? As representatives of a higher social class, do they exhibit a sort of natural immunity to moral culpability? Does their language expose a similar preoccupation with appetite and its satisfaction?

Name _____

Bread Loaf School of English
Summer 1989

Final Examination
Course No. 119

Three Hours
Mr. Donadio

Studies in European Fiction

PLEASE NOTE: The questions on this examination have been designed to be completed in approximately two hours, but you are free to take an additional hour for reflection and organization. Please read through the entire examination before you begin to write. Pay careful attention to the directions for each of the three parts, and please remember to: (1) write on one side of the page only in bluebooks; (2) write your name in the upper right-hand corner of the examination sheet, and return that sheet along with your completed bluebooks at the end of the examination.

PART I (30 minutes; 30 points) Briefly identify and explain the significance of ten (10) of the following items, indicating in each case the author and title of the work in which the item figures. Where a quotation is involved, please specify -- as appropriate -- the speaker, the person being addressed, and the point of what is being said; where a description is given, indicate what is being described, and the symbolic importance of the detail. You may select these items in any order, but please be sure to make it clear in every instance which item you are identifying (by citing the first two or three words of the quotation, for example).

a woman, planning remarriage, seeks conversion to Roman Catholicism

he "rushed out, seized her, and kissed her first on the lips, then all over the face, like some thirsty animal lapping greedily at a spring of long-sought fresh water. Finally he kissed her on the neck, right on the throat, and kept his lips there for a long time...."

"Ah, that's really charming....It's an impulse of genuine shyness! It must be twenty-five years since such an adventure happened to me."

Stinking Lizaveta

"If I were to paint all the Judges in a row on one canvas and you were to plead your case before it, you would have more hope of success than before the actual Court."

Giletti

Dolokhov

Father Ferapont

conversations carried on with flashing lights

three "insignificant anemic young men...subordinate employees of the Bank."

a portion of one man's thighbone extracted, while the leg of another is amputated

Fausta

Leni

"We've hated each other for many things..., but I swear, I swear I loved you even while I hated you, and you didn't love me!"

Bald Hills

"Like a dog!"

Captain Snegiryov

Sandrino

"No one but you could gain entrance through this door, since this door was intended for you. I am now going to shut it."

Ilyusha

"It's not God that I don't accept...only I most respectfully return Him the ticket."

Princess Mary

"a Russian gentleman of a particular kind, no longer young, qui frisait la cinquantaine [approaching fifty], as the French say, with rather long, still thick, dark hair...and a small pointed beard"

a conversation at a ferry crossing

PART II (30 minutes; 30 points) Discuss in detail any one (1) of the following passages, indicating as precisely as you can how it exemplifies the author's characteristic intentions, judgments, and preoccupations in the work in which it figures.

(a) It was very generous of Fabrizio to give the simple name of notes to the endless scribblings with which he had covered the margins of a folio volume of the works of Saint Jerome. In the hope that he might be able to return this book to the worthy chaplain and exchange it for another, he had written day by day on its margins a very exact diary of everything that had happened to him in prison. The great events were nothing less than ecstasies of divine love (this word divine took the place of another which he dared not write). At one moment this 'divine love' drove the prisoner into the depths of despair, at others a voice carried across the air restored some hope to him, and gave rise to transports of joy. All this, fortunately, was written in prison ink, made up of wine, chocolate, and soot, and Don Cesare had done no more than cast an eye over it when putting the volume of Saint Jerome back on his shelves. If he had studied the margins he would have seen that one day the prisoner, believing himself to have been poisoned, was congratulating himself on dying at a distance of less than forty paces from what he had loved best in the world. But other eyes than the good chaplain's had read this page since Fabrizio's escape. That fine idea: To die near what one loves! expressed in a hundred different ways, was followed by a sonnet which portrayed this soul, parted, after atrocious torments, from the frail body it had inhabited for three-and-twenty years, and impelled by that instinctive desire for happiness natural to everything that has once had life, refusing to mount to heaven to mingle

with the choirs of angels as soon as it should be free, and provided the dread Judge should grant its sins; but that, more fortunate after death than it had been in life, it would go a short distance away from the prison, where for so long it had groaned, to be united with all that it had loved in this world. 'And so,' said the last line of this sonnet, 'I shall have found my paradise on earth.'

...And as it is true to say that amidst the sordid pecuniary interests and the cold and colourless vulgarity of the thoughts that fill our lives, the actions inspired by a genuine passion rarely fail to produce their effect, so, as though a propitious deity were taking the trouble to lead her by the hand, Clelia, guided by this instinct, and by the thought of one thing only in the world, asked her uncle if she might compare the old copy of Saint Jerome with the one he had just received. How can I describe her rapture in the midst of the dark grief in which Fabrizio's absence had plunged her, when she found on the margins of that old copy of Saint Jerome the sonnet we have mentioned, and the record, day by day, of the love that he had felt for her.

(b) ...the latest episode in Poland still fresh in the captain's memory, and which he narrated with rapid gestures and glowing face, was of how he had saved the life of a Pole (in general, the saving of life continually occurred in the captain's stories) and the Pole had entrusted to him his enchanting wife (parisienne de coeur [with the heart of a woman of Paris]) while himself entering the French service. The captain was happy, the enchanting Polish lady wished to elope with him, but, prompted by magnanimity, the captain restored the wife to the husband, saying as he did so: "I have saved your life, and I save your honor!" Having repeated these words the captain wiped his eyes and gave himself a shake, as if driving away the weakness which assailed him at this touching recollection.

Listening to the captain's tales, Pierre -- as often happens late in the evening and under the influence of wine -- followed all that was told him, understood it all, and at the same time followed a train of personal memories which, he knew not why, suddenly arose in his mind. While listening to these love stories his own love for Natasha unexpectedly rose to his mind, and going over the pictures of that love in his imagination he mentally compared them with Ramballe's tales. Listening to the story of the struggle between love and duty, Pierre saw before his eyes every minutest detail of his last meeting with the object of his love at the Sukharev water tower. At the time of that meeting it had not produced an effect upon him -- he had not even once recalled it. But now it seemed to him that that meeting had had in it something very important and poetic.

"Peter Kirilovich, come here! We have recognized you," he now seemed to hear the words she had uttered and to see before him her eyes, her smile, her traveling hood, and a stray lock of her hair...and there seemed to him something pathetic and touching in all this.

Having finished his tale about the enchanting Polish lady, the captain asked Pierre if he had ever experienced a similar impulse to sacrifice himself for love and a feeling of envy of the legitimate husband.

Challenged by this question Pierre raised his head and felt a need to express the thoughts that filled his mind. He began to explain that he understood love for a woman somewhat differently. He said that in all his life he had loved and still only loved one woman, and that she could never be his.

"Tiens!" said the captain.

Pierre then explained that he had loved this woman from his earliest years, but that he had not dared to think of her because she was too young, and because he had been an illegitimate son without a name. Afterwards when he had received a name and wealth he dared not think of her because he loved her too well, placing her far above everything in the world, and especially therefore above himself.

When he had reached this point, Pierre asked the captain whether he under-

stood that.

The captain made a gesture signifying that even if he did not understand it he begged Pierre to continue.

"Platonic love, clouds..." he muttered.

Whether it was the wine he had drunk, or an impulse of frankness, or the thought that this man did not, and never would, know any of those who played a part in his story, or whether it was all these things together, something loosened Pierre's tongue. Speaking thickly and with a faraway look in his shining eyes, he told the whole story of his life: his marriage, Natasha's love for his best friend, her betrayal of him, and all his own simple relations with her. Urged on by Ramballe's questions he also told what he had at first concealed -- his own position and even his name.

More than anything else in Pierre's story the captain was impressed by the fact that Pierre was very rich, had two mansions in Moscow, and that he had abandoned everything and not left the city, but remained there concealing his name and station.

(c) "...Don't love her.... Don't love her any more. If you love her, I shall strangle her....I'll put out both her eyes with a needle...."

"I love you. I love only you. I'll love you in Siberia...."

"Why Siberia? Never mind, Siberia if you like. I don't care...we'll work ...there's snow in Siberia....I love driving in the snow...and must have bellsDo you hear, there's a bell ringing? Where is that bell ringing? There are people coming....Now it's stopped."

She closed her eyes, exhausted, and suddenly fell asleep for an instant. There had certainly been the sound of a bell in the distance, but the ringing had ceased. Mitya let his head sink on her breast. He did not notice that the bell had ceased ringing, nor did his notice that the songs had ceased, and that instead of singing and drunken clamor there was deathly silence in the house. Grushenka opened her eyes.

"What's the matter? Was I asleep? Yes...a bell...I've been asleep and dreamed I was driving over the snow with bells, and I dozed. I was with someone I loved, with you. And far, far away, I was holding you and kissing you, nestling close to you. I was cold, and the snow glistened.... You know how the snow glistens at night when the moon shines. It was as though I was not on earth. I woke up, and my dear one is close to me. How sweet that is...."

"Close to you," murmured Mitya, kissing her dress, her bosom, her hands. And suddenly he had a strange fancy: it seemed to him that she was looking straight before her, not at him, not into his face, but over his head, with an intent, almost uncanny fixity. An expression of wonder, almost of alarm, came suddenly into her face.

"Mitya, who is that looking at us?" she whispered suddenly. Mitya turned, and saw that someone had, in fact, parted the curtains and seemed to be watching them. And not one person alone, it seemed....

(d) "...It's so horrible here," she said after a pause, taking K.'s hand. "Do you think you'll manage to improve things?" K. smiled and caressed her soft hands. "Actually," he said, "it isn't my place to improve things here, as you put it.... As a matter of fact, I should never have dreamed of interfering of my own free will, and shouldn't have lost an hour's sleep over the need for reforming the machinery of justice here. But the fact that I am supposed to be under arrest forces me to intervene -- I am under arrest, you know -- to protect my own interests. But if I can help you in any way at the same time, I shall be very glad, of course. And not out of pure altruism, either, for you in your turn might be able to help me." "How could I do that?" asked the woman. "By letting me look at the books on the table there, for instance." "But of course!" cried the woman, dragging him hastily

after her. They were old dog-eared volumes, the cover of one was almost completely split down the middle, the two halves were held together by mere threads. "How dirty everything is here!" said K., shaking his head, and the woman had to wipe away the worst of the dust with her apron before K. would put out his hand to touch the books. He opened the first of them and found an indecent picture. A man and a woman were sitting naked on a sofa, the obscene intention of the draftsman was evident enough, yet his skill was so small that nothing emerged from the picture save the all-too-solid figures of a man and a woman sitting rigidly upright, and because of the bad perspective, apparently finding the utmost difficulty even in turning toward each other. K. did not look at any of the other pages, but merely glanced at the title page of the second book, it was a novel entitled: How Grete Was Plagued by Her Husband Hans. "These are the law books that are studied here," said K. "These are the men who are supposed to sit in judgment on me." "I'll help you," said the woman. "Would you like me to?" "Could you really do that without getting yourself into trouble? You told me a moment ago that your husband is quite at the mercy of the higher officials." "I want to help you all the same," said the woman. "Come, let us talk it over. Don't worry about the danger to me. I only fear danger when I want to fear it. Come." She settled herself on the edge of the platform and made room for him beside her. "You have lovely dark eyes," she said, after they had sat down, looking up into K.'s face. "I've been told that I have lovely eyes too, but yours are far lovelier. I was greatly struck by you as soon as I saw you, the first time you came here. And it was because of you that I slipped later into the courtroom, a thing I never do otherwise and which, in a manner of speaking, I am actually forbidden to do." So this is all it amounts to, thought K., she's offering herself to me, she's corrupt like the rest of them, she's tired of the officials here, which is understandable enough, and accosts any stranger who takes her fancy with compliments about his eyes. And K. rose to his feet as if he had uttered his thoughts aloud and sufficiently explained his position....

PART III (One Hour; 40 points) Write a concise, sharply-focused, and closely-reasoned essay on any one (1) of the following topics, making specific references to the texts in question whenever necessary to support your assertions. Please try to develop your thoughts as fully as you can, but strive less for length in your essay than for precision, clarity, and force. (Please note: In selecting the three works required for discussion in this essay, you may not choose to include the work you considered previously in Part II.)

- (1) All of the works we have read this summer contain instances of imprisonment (or, as in the case of Kafka, for example, house arrest). Discuss the precise nature of imprisonment, its causes and consequences, and its larger implications, in any three (3) works on the reading list.
- (2) Discuss the nature, function, and significance of violence in any three works on the reading list.
- (3) Explore the notion of religious faith and describe the effects of that faith (and/or of its absence) in any three works on the reading list.
- (4) Consider the relationship between free will and determinism in any three of the works we have read. Is what happens to the characters in these works a consequence of choices they have made, actions for which they are responsible, or is it related to circumstances over which they have no control?
- (5) Compare in some detail the family relationships depicted in any three works on the reading list, indicating in each case the larger implications of the depiction.
- (6) Discuss the relationship between personal and national experience, between the individual life and the larger historical situation, in any three works on our list.

Using at least one play by at least three playwrights you have read for the course, write an essay on two of the following topics. Be sure to indicate your "take" on the subject in your opening paragraph. This is a three hour exam.

1. The how and why of theatricality
2. The use and abuse of domestic realism
3. Music
4. Selfhood (what it is to have an "I")
5. The representation of gender (masculinity, femininity, other)
6. Familial relationships
7. What do we talk about when we talk about love?
8. The representation of race
9. Audiences and/or Listeners

Choose two of the following questions. You must write on four different authors altogether.

1. Discuss two of the works from the 1930s (only one by Faulkner) as a means to show contrasting perspectives on both the history and the contemporary state of race relations, including the place of blacks in the social world described.
2. Discuss the representation of black rebellion in two of the following: Bontemps; Styron; and Williams. How does each author conceive of black heroism, and how does his/her style or narrative form serve to enforce that conception?
3. Language in various ways lies at the center of power relations defined by race. Choose two of the following and discuss language as it is used as a tool or means of control, of liberation, of historical self-definition, etc. Pay particular attention to the differences or interplay between oral and written language: Absalom, Absalom!; Black Thunder; The Long Dream; Confessions of Nat Turner; Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman; Dessa Rose.
4. The concept of "the black image in the white mind" is a useful way to indicate the limitations on a white author's (or his era's) perception of blacks. Discuss the creation of such a black "image," its causes and the novelistic form it takes, in two of the following novels: Light in August; To Kill a Mockingbird; Confessions of Nat Turner; Gone With the Wind.

M. Litt. exam, for John Lintner

Isobel Armstrong
Jonathan Freedman

1. Is the "omniscient author" narrator in Victorian fiction as authoritative or omniscient as he or she might seem?
2. There are artists or characters figuring the artist in many Victorian novels, as you point out in your reading plan. What is the importance of art or performance in the Victorian novel? Think, for example, of the significance of Jane Eyre's pictures, Lucy Snow's play-acting, the charades in Vanity Fair, pictures, sculptures, and portraits in Middlemarch, Wuthering Heights, and Bleak House?
3. What is the point of social criticism in a novel when it could be argued that social criticism might be more effective as polemic outside the novel?
4. In your prospectus, you stress define the Victorianness of the Victorian novel in terms of absence--in the absence of experimental techniques found in the "modern novel." Yet it could also be argued that Victorian fiction is deeply "modern" in just your sense of the word--that forms of narrative experimentation we associate with the fiction of high modernism (Conrad, Joyce, James, etc.) are also powerfully present in Victorian fiction. How, for example, do you deal with the multiplicity of narrative voices (Lockwood, Nelly Dean, etc.) in Wuthering Heights, or the interplay between Esther's narrative and the omniscient one in Bleak House? Can you compare the break-down of narrative authority we witness in these books with that accomplished in the modern novel?
5. Discuss the endings of two of your novels, with as much attention to resistances or disruptions of satisfying closure in these texts as to the achievement of such closure. (What, for example, are the last words of Bleak House? How do they affect our sense of resolution in that novel?)
6. Discuss the function of the irrational as manifested in dreams, violent or inexplicable forms of behavior, or any other form of experience you care to mention in two or three of your novels. How does the persistence of such forms of thought or behavior complicate our sense of character or identity in the "Victorian" novel?

COMMENCEMENT

Senior to Senior Breadloaf Letter to Oxford

July 28, 1989

Our Dear Fellow Classmates:

Pip, pip, cheerio! Greetings from the bucolic mountains of Vermont. The mosquitoes, black flies, and the rest of us here send our congratulations to you on the occasion of your graduation from Lincoln College at Oxford. As you sit in the majestic hall of the chapel of Lincoln College, we take this moment to toast (with a Deeper pint, of course) your completion of Maddox papers, Roy Park tutorials (yes, we've heard about him), Moekler productions, and at least one summer with Edward Brown (yes, he still lives!). While there have been some changes here this summer, be assured that people still continue to expressed suppressed desires and the bell still fails to ring on time. And since life goes on, we would like to close with this toast to you:

As you celebrate the end of your Middlebury/Oxford career, we hope that when the applause and the hugs die away that the memories (and what memories they are) of what we have will always allow you to distinguish yourself in the marvelous world of education. Good luck, God Bless, and have one for us. Cheers!

Dancing Without Collisions

President Robison, Jim Maddox, Distinguished Guests and Faculty, Parents, Spouses, Children, Friends, Students, Staff, Mosquitoes, Black Flies, Deer Flies, Diesel, Black Bear, Riptonites, Requited and Unrequited Lovers, Vermont Cyclists, Canadian travellers, late night porch revelers, early morning walkers, Ellen and the whispering pines, those with suppressed and expressed desires, and of course my fellow classmates- the Breadloaf Class of 1989- Welcome. If you do not fall into any of the categories above, don't worry- "be happy"- because you have just landed on Fantasy Loaf. I have to admit that the honor- and I do believe that somewhere at some point in time I will come to recognize this as such- leaves me with a number of feelings- one is that I am addressing one of the most intelligent, perceptive, and potentially nit picky audiences in the country to the extent that I have had my grammar checked by the Warriners family. I stand here with visions of Jim Maddox sitting out there writing the same comments that he did on a paper I wrote for him: "An interesting point of little relevance to the intricacies of the text in question." Also, I am listening to an inner voice saying, "Never let them see you sweat." And an alternative voice saying- "too late." Yet, perhaps the most interesting aspect of being asked to represent your class at such an occasion is the automatic respect that one receives, all of a sudden people treat you as some sort of white haired sage who knows all. While I have been called many things, "white haired" has not been one of them.

When I began the task of thinking about what to say this evening, I consulted the Breadloaf writing guru for his opinion. I ran into David Huddle on his way back from the tennis court- or was it the volleyball court-

in any event, and asked his advice, "Well, Stu-it, you don't have to write anything, really, but if it were my speech, I guess I would just ask Bess to do it." Not having any daughters, at least that I know of, I was left to my own devices. After a few evenings of sitting on the famous and sometimes infamous porch of Cherry and observing this interesting spot in Vermont, I decided that I would like to share with you some of my findings about the community known as "Breadloaf."

When talking about this community, many people from the outside often ask- "If you take only two (or sometimes three) courses- what do you do with all of your free time. This looks like a great little camp." Just for the record, let me say that students here read novels like War and Peace, Gone With the Wind, and Middlemarch, to name a few. We also exercise-by playing tennis, soccer, volleyball, or softball- or hiking and running. In other words, let me assure you that life at Breadloaf is second only to the armed services when it comes to a set regimen. That regimen revolves around the meal schedule- three times a day, the masses parade through the door behind me past a bleary eyed Megan to a carnival of activity ranging from having the menu sung to you by the waiters to John "Trucker" Fleming telling you how one wait date changed his physical and mental being so much so that he has till been unable to admit the thrashing that the faculty took at the hands of the seniors in volleyball. All as you try to find a seat so as to be served by a waiter who is trying to remember what the difference are between Irish pie, chicken stir fry and tofu special surprise stir fry. Meanwhile the masses minds are concerned with how long is the salad bar line, is there still Apple Jacks, and most importantly, where is the coffee. I have watched perfectly wonderful people resort to their baser animal instincts when they have been denied coffee. The same gentle sweet soul who

has loaned you their computer, proofread your paper, travelled with you to Lake Placid, or danced with you in the barn is now ready to tear you apart if they don't get their coffee within ten seconds. It is only after four, five, sometimes six cups of coffee one begins to understand why these people are so gentle-- they're operating on a different frequency- they're buzzed.

Having left the dining hall, one proceeds to class where one can listen to the laugh of a Michael Cadden, the almost Woody Allenesque delivery of a Jonathan Freedman, the "That is to say" of a Stephen Donadio, or head for an Adirondack chair to commune with and be at peace with Nature..

However, there is one feature of Breadloaf that does take up a great chunk of time and makes Breadloaf what it is. Yes, I am talking about the nap! If there is one thing that I have become extremely fascinated by- it is the concept of the Breadlovian nap. I was stunned, how could people just stop during the middle of the day and nap? Was this not the place of constant mental activity? Well, it didn't take me long to learn the importance of taking a nap. The Art of Nap taking- Did you know that there are different types of naps? First there is the "I'm just going to close my eyes while I'm in the library" nap- This is considered to be one of the lighter forms of naps because the napper is usually sitting upright in an uncomfortable position for most of it. When one's pen or book has fallen to the floor or there is a sudden twitch, then the nap is over. Secondly, there is the casual nap, which is the more embarrassing type of nap in that one usually falls asleep on top of the Breadloaf bed spread. It is usually the type of nap where the napper tries desperately to hide the fact that he has napped, but is incriminated almost immediately by the marks on the side of the face, the golf ball eyes., and of course- the drool Then, there is the "power nap." This is the no nonsense

version. This is when you get undressed, pull the shades, and leave the garbage outside the door for the cleaning staff to empty.

Yet, when I think of Breadloaf and what makes it the type of place that has lured me back year after year, I have to say more than the interesting almost Midsummer Night's Dream approach to relationships that exists here, which rather than talk about here this evening, I will say that you can read it in my soon to released tell all book about Breadloaf, called, Jimmy Dearest. This community clicks because of the people. The people who are no longer here teachers like Uli Knoflemacher and his discussions about da Moon and de Monster, friends like Danny Paul who made every would be runner or person in general feel world class. Firkins Reed and Bobby "Jungle Ball" Hill whose energy and laughter (may that golf cart live forever Bobby) allowed you relax even when things seemed most intense. People here like Jeff Maas, Don Burgess, Don Hudson, Den Lathem, and Jane Steiner have shared with us the physical and mental beauty of the midwest and the south. People like Cindy Damon, Skip Saunders, whose singing I won't miss, and John Mullen who while they could make you feel small with their physical presence have always made you feel taller with their even greater inner size. The waiters, the women of Larch, the men of Cherry and Gilmore, the list goes on. However, since this is my time upon the stage, there are two other examples of the power of this community that I would like to acknowledge at this time. The first person- I met (despite the warnings) because I heard his southern accent resonating from the Cherry porch. He was holding court presenting his opinions about everything from the art of beer drinking and getting drunk to Shakespeare's importance in any study of literature. In five years, I watched his energy, outspokenness, and dedication (albeit sometimes hidden behind a scraggily beard and moustache) to academics that continue to

impress those who get to know him. For me, he gave this place a personality that I know I shall miss- Yes, I am talking about Edward Brown. The second person is not really a person but a duo. They jointly taught a course on Faulkner- he with his impeccable recall for detail and references from the text and neatly tailored sentences and she with her low key yet perceptive sense of humor. In fact she is the first person to outstare the men of Cherry. Thus, it seems fitting that given we are their first class as the first family of the Mountain that we take a moment to share our spotlight with the two who have made this indeed a special summer, Jim and Lucy Maddox.

While all seems too perfect, I wish it was. As I was listening to David Huddle's reading last Monday evening, the muse of creativity descended upon me and gave me my vision. For those of you who were not able to be there, David's story talked about an aspect at Breadloaf that is distinctive and interesting-- the concept of dancing. Only at Breadloaf can one find individuals with absolutely no sense or conception of rhythm thrash about on the dance floor to the sounds of the Talking Heads, Madonna, or the Maddox favorite- the Rolling Stones. From the purely athletic, elbowing style of some to the graceful, seductive style of others, the barn has seen its share dance steps that make the David Letterman Show. In fact, I have been moved to think that if I really wanted to make money, I could sell videotapes of people dancing, just so I could threaten to release the pictures to those of you known as non-dancing wall flowers. But common sense and five Supressed Desire parties remind me that there are things that I do not want my friends and family to know about me.

As I thought about Breadloaf dances, I was reminded of a scene from Athol Fugard's "Master Harold and the Boys." In this play about two black South African men and their relationship with a white South African boy,

there is a scene where Sam, one of the black characters, talks to the white boy, Hally about ballroom dancing:

There's no collisions out there, Hally. Nobody trips or stumbles or bumps into anybody else. That's what that moment is all about. To be one of those finalists on that dance floor is like...like being in a dream about a world in which accidents don't happen...And it's beautiful because that is what we want life to be...People get hurt in all that bumping, and we're sick and tired of it now. It's been going on for too long. Are we never going to get it right?...Learn to dance life like champions instead of always being just a bunch of beginners at it?

This coupled with Alan Mokler's talk about his decision to do the play, "The Merchant of Venice," I recalled a conversation that I had had about minority representation and life in general at Breadloaf. I was told that Breadloaf had made a commitment to the rural teacher and that Breadloaf could not do both- could not maintain this commitment as well as develop a minority recruitment program that would lead to the creation of a Breadloaf community that is more reflective of this nation at large. As I sat on the porch of Cherry thinking about what I had been told, I asked myself- if Breadloaf could not do two things at once, how could it pat itself on the back for watching the growth and the respect of a program in writing that celebrates its tenth year on the mountain? How could it point to a theater program that has revolutionized the way that so many teachers think about teaching and sharing literature with their students? All of this while maintaining a literature program that has never lost a step. In fact, the literature courses have begun to be more inclusive of literature by women and minorities. It seemed to me that Breadloaf could do more than one thing at a time, and had been doing it rather well. Frankly, I felt that I had not only

been bumped on the dance floor, I had just been asked to sit down. In a way, I felt like that all too painful picture of Shylock in the play when he has been reduced to an animal before his fellow man. While it might strike some as dramatic, when you are one of five blacks in a community of three hundred and you are competing with the academic and social tensions that exist here, it is unfortunately too possible for one to feel reduced. Intentional, no. But such bumps do happen! Throughout the laughter and the uncomfortable moments, the play showed a community made up of people who are both likeable and dislikeable, who bump into one another time after time. This is Breadloaf. Each one of us could be and has been one of those likeable and dislikeable people.

Yes, when I think about what I would like to see at Breadloaf, I would like to see Breadloaf embark with the same sense of daring that it did when it started its outreach to the rural teachers, the program in writing, and the theater, to do the same in the recruitment of minority students. Not because it would be aesthetically pleasing, but because they can and will add to this at times complacent community. Such a change within the community can help us to rethink and to reexamine some of approaches and attitudes to our areas of interest. The time has come for Breadloaf and Middlebury to forge a path of recruitment that goes beyond waiting for people to hear about that little school in Ripton Vermont. For a place that boasts minds like Dick Brodhead, John Fleming, John Elder, Carol Oles, and Dixie Goswami, to name a few, who challenge us to think differently about timeless issues, it is a crime for Breadloaf not to do more. I am pleased and excited that Jim Maddox has committed himself to this issue by promising to visit inner city areas, to work on developing more of a relationship with the Breadloaf/Andover project, to write to and entertain the development of programs that will

expose Breadloaf to more blacks, hispanics, asians, and native american teachers and faculty members. But a word of caution, Jim is not Atlas. He needs our help. We have spent a part of lives enjoying this mountain school, and just imagine if each student in this room right now spoke to just one friend, who was a minority, and that person chose to come to Breadloaf, then this community would be more representative of what larger society is about- a large dance floor with a variety of dancers doing their thing. As educators, we constantly talk about expanding the minds and outlooks of the students we work with- we must practice what we theoretically preach. We all must work to expand this community so that our ideas and perspectives are broadened so that we can best serve our students. We are the dance instructors, and the students will follow our lead. If we bump, then they bump. Let's dance without collisions. I want to see Breadloaf become more of a responsive community to the issues of education because here is where the great, energetic, sensitive minds gather for six weeks every summer. Hard work? Yes! But oh so important..

Finally, let me just say, that while the issue of minority life has been important to me during my time at Breadloaf, equally as important is that sense of community that I started this speech with. I have always been impressed with the backgrounds and perspectives that I have encountered here over the last five years. While we have not always agreed with each other's interpretation or attitudes about what has gone on in and out of the classroom, for the most part we have listened to and learned from one another. But we still can be even more attentive listeners- we need to listen to and try to understand and respect those issues that we tend to flippantly write off as feminist crap, racist bull, and sexual abnormality. It is a large dance floor. I am not saying that one has to undergo a metamorphosis, but also we

can always be a little more tolerant and respectful of those around us. While it is a rather spacious dance floor, we still bump into one another one too many times. As we prepare to head off in the realm most call reality, I would ask us all to dream and work for a Breadloaf not only for ourselves during our time on the mountain (because our connection does not end tonight), but for generations to come- Dream of and work for a Breadloaf where character and ability matter and not color or gender. Dream of and work for a Breadloaf that constantly seeks to expand itself and its attitudes. Dream of that place, and work to make it that way. Change it for the better- because despite what anyone says, I've watched you for five years, and I know you can dance. And we're not beginners. Thank you and God Bless!

BREAD LOAF COMMENCEMENT - 1989

1. At 6:15 the graduates meet in the Blue Parlor, where they are joined by the faculty and School guests and are escorted into the dining room.
2. Immediately after the banquet, the President robes in the Director's Office; faculty in Treman or the Theatre Office if it is raining; graduates in the Blue Parlor or in Costume Shop if it is raining.
3. The procession forms on the porch outside the Blue Parlor; Eric Sanborne and Randy Kapelke will assist in establishing the line of march. Faculty form behind President Robison and Mr. Maddox. Graduates form in alphabetical order behind the marshals, with the B.A. candidate first, the M.A. candidates following in pairs, and the M.Litt candidates bringing up the rear.

Marshal

B.A. Hiland
M.A. Anderson through
Lynch

Marshal

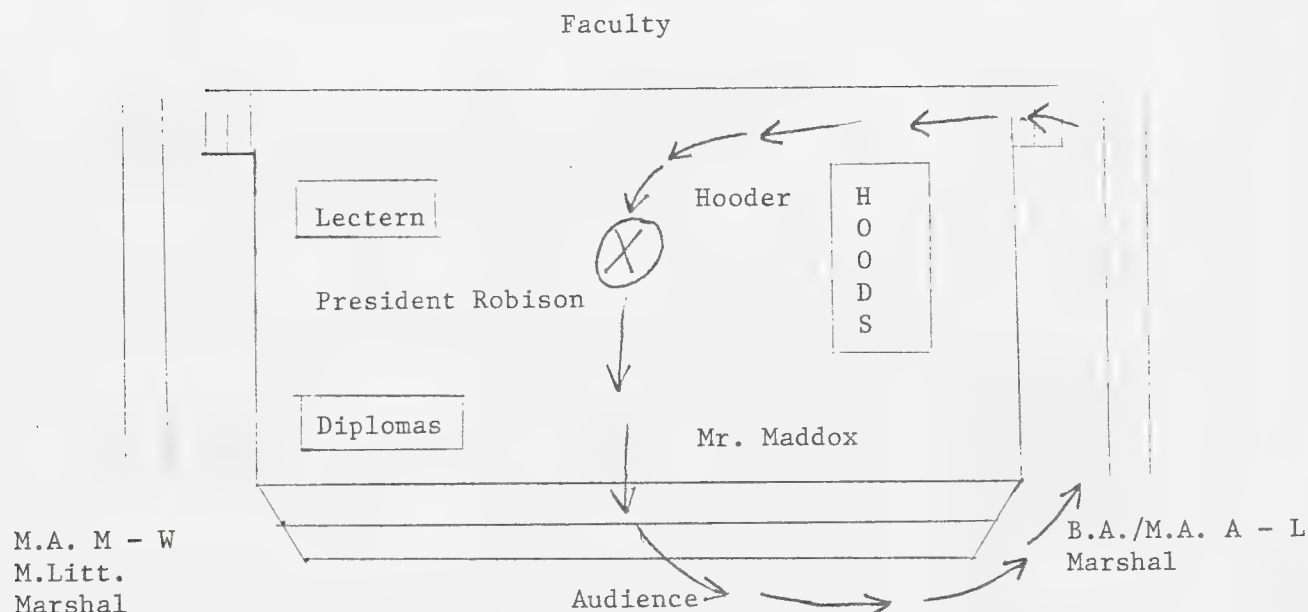
M.A. Maas through
Wright
M.Litt. - Lintner
Woodward

4. As the graduates approach the seats, the marshals will stand by each row of chairs until it is filled, except for one seat at the end for the marshal. Both faculty and students remain standing until everyone has reached his seat. At Mr. Maddox' signal, everyone uncaps and is seated.
5. After the ceremony, graduates should return their regalia unboxed to the Blue Parlor and indicate to Dan Robb that they have done so. Faculty should return their regalia to Treman.

THE PROGRAM

1. Introduction of the Commencement Speaker.
2. The Commencement Address.
3. Introduction of the person who will hood the graduates; introduction of the President.
4. Presentation of the B.A. candidate to President Robison. The candidate for the B.A. degree will rise at the request of Mr. Maddox. The candidate caps.
5. President Robison bestows the degree of Bachelor of Arts upon the candidate. The candidate uncaps and mounts the stage by the stairs at the back.

6. The candidate faces President Robison, who presents the diploma and congratulates him or her. During this time, the candidate is hooded. (It is important to stand still until the hood is properly in place.) Next the candidate turns toward the person who has hooded him or her and then to Mr. Maddox for their congratulations. The candidate leaves the thrust stage by the down-center stairs, and returns to his or her seat.



7. The procedure is then repeated for the conferral of the M.A. degrees.
8. The procedure is repeated a third time for conferral of the M.Litt. degrees.
9. Mr. Maddox and Hooder return to their seats.
10. The President's remarks.
11. After President Robison has returned to his seat, Cindy Damon will come forward to the thrust stage and invite the Madrigalists to join her.
12. With the playing of the recessional, all members of the academic procession rise and cap. President Robison and Mr. Maddox lead the faculty and graduates out of the Little Theatre onto the West Lawn, where the ceremonies conclude with congratulations.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

The Bread Loaf School of English

SEVENTIETH SUMMER

Commencement Ceremony



THE LITTLE THEATRE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1989

8:15 P.M.

Processional

Introduction of the Commencement Speaker

JAMES H. MADDUX

Director, Bread Loaf School of English

Commencement Address

DAVID HUDDLE

Professor of English, University of Vermont

Conferring of the Degrees of
Bachelor of Arts
Master of Arts
and
Master of Letters

OLIN ROBISON

President, Middlebury College

Hooder

DOUGLAS WOODSUM

The Bread Loaf Madrigalists

Recessional

1989

Candidate for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts

CHRISTOPHER PAGE HILAND

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts

DAWNE CRYSTAL ANDERSON	JEFFREY MAAS
*THERESA BAKER	WILLIAM RAMSAY MACMULLEN
EDWARD LAWRENCE BROWN	*BEVERLY BROWN MCCOLLEY
VICTORIA MARIE FINEMAN BROWN	AUDREY K. MOCHEL
*WILLIAM R. BROWN	LETTICE LEE MORTON
DONALD W. BURGESS	JOHN H.R. MULLEN
*RICHARD WILLIAM BURNISKE	IRENE VERONICA NICASTRO
LINDA DIANE CHURCHILL	*DEANE EVELYN O'DELL
LUCINDA LINFIELD DAMON	PAMELA CORPRON PARKER
*RONALD WAYNE DODGE, JR.	*VIRGINIA MARIE PARKER
MARTHA ANDREWS DONOVAN	CYNTHIA S. PORTER
STEPHEN ARTHUR DUFFY	*PHILIP S. POST
STEPHEN COONEY FARRELL	*MARY CHRIS REESE
PAMELA J. GRADY	STUART ROBINSON
GERALDINE MENDOZA GUTWEIN	LEWIS SYESTER SAUNDERS, JR.
JOHN HOLLINGSWORTH HAILE	ROBERT SCHNELLE
*JULIE SUZANNE HILE	NANCY ELEANOR SEID
*TIMOTHY MARK HJELMELAND	MEGAN PATRICIA SHEA
DONALD LEE HUDSON	JOEL MARTIN SIMON
DEBRA JEAN JOHNSON	WILBUR HUDSON SOWDER, JR.
GEORGE ROESCH JOHNSON	JANE ELIZABETH STEINER
*SUSAN REA JONES	CAROLINE SUZANNE STEVENS
PATRICIA ANN KMIECIAK	*DOUGLAS WOODCOCK TEAGUE
BRENDA JO KOSTER	DAVID CHARLES TERRY
*SHARON ELIZABETH KRAUSS	DANIEL WILLIAM TOOMEY
MARIE-HELENE LANE	*ALICE TRUAX
DEN LATHAM	H. TODD VAN AMBURGH
*CHARLEEN SUNDER LETSEN	*EDWARD A. WALPIN
JAMES ALLEN LORENTZEN, JR.	*DIANA GAIL WESTBROOK
SISTER BARBARA MARY LYNCH	RAYMOND DAVID WILLIAMS
MARK THOMAS WRIGHT	

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Letters

JOHN H. LINTNER	*WILLIAM O. SEMPREGORA (<i>awarded posthumously</i>)
PATRICIA FLYNN WOODWARD	

**Graduated from the Bread Loaf School of English
at Lincoln College, Oxford, August 5, 1989*

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

AUGUST 12, 1989

David Huddle

Honored graduates of the class of 1989, President Robison, Director Maddox, esteemed colleagues, parents, guests, and friends of the School: among the many traditions of the Bread Loaf School of English is one by which I am uncomfortably bound tonight: this is the custom that requires the commencement speaker to reveal his or her first thoughts upon receiving the invitation to speak. I feel I have to remind you of this tradition because without it, I wouldn't be confessing my first thought to you. I might tell you my third thought or maybe my second. My first I'd keep to myself because it was truly ignoble.

But the Bread Loaf School of English is the one place in the world, aside from my mother's Sunday dinner table, where I recognize tradition as an absolute. So when class-of-89 president Stuart Robinson stopped me on my way to the tennis court and with a few words transformed me from a harmless old duffer into the monster you see before you right at this moment, here is the first thing I thought: I've already written that essay on dancing, and with a few little changes, it'll do perfectly well for a commencement address.

To my credit, I immediately set myself on the road to redemption: my second thought was of course I can't do that at Bread Loaf. My concern was the practical one that would have occurred to any good pick-pocket or safe-cracker: I knew I couldn't get by with it. Members of this community, eating all summer in the dining hall across the way, develop a special sensitivity to canned goods. I didn't want to be the first speaker in the history of Bread Loaf to be permanently disinvented from the faculty for plagiarizing his own commencement address.

Only by my third thought did I enter ethically acceptable

mental territory: I knew I had to honor the spirit of Bread Loaf with an authentic response to the assignment. This is also the one place in the world where, without anybody having to tell you, you know that you put your whole self into what you're asked to do.

So my choice of a topic this evening is intended to honor both the spirit of this community and the most important teacher in my life Mrs. Arraga M. Young, a 1946 graduate of the Bread Loaf School of English. From 1955 through 1960 Mrs. Young endured my presence in her classroom and gave me the tools I have needed to write seriously for the past twenty-one years. She was very much an old-fashioned English teacher, drilling us in spelling, vocabulary, parts of speech, and sentence-diagramming. When Mrs. Young was finished with me, she dispatched me to the University of Virginia with an understanding of diction and syntax that enabled me to pass most of my courses even though writing was just about my only academic skill. In my undergraduate and graduate education, I studied under eleven accomplished poets and fiction-writers, but the one teacher who actually made me a writer, was Mrs. Young.

As early as 1955, through Mrs. Young's teaching, my life began to be influenced by Bread Loaf. Old-fashioned as she was in her sentence-diagramming-parts-of-speech approach to teaching English, Mrs. Young was modern in her classroom spirit: she managed to convey to us Southwestern Virginia farm and small-town boys and girls that the grand traditions of British and American language and literature belonged to us and that we simply had to set our minds to taking possession of that rightful heritage. ("Had to" in the sense of "that was all we had to do," and "had to" in the sense of "she was damn well going to make us do it.") From my first minutes of acquaintance with her, Mrs. Young gave me to understand that she knew I had it in me to read Shakespeare, to recognize a gerund, and to compose a clear and appealing paragraph of prose. She believed in me as a person with literary ability, and so I had no choice but to believe the same thing about myself.

Tonight I know Mrs. Young would be proud of me. My topic is a part of speech, the word with, the humble preposition that is the root of democracy and in which at Bread Loaf I have discovered a curriculum that I hope to be enrolled in for the rest of my teaching life.

If you think with is pretty simple stuff, try that oldest of all research tricks, looking it up in the dictionary. Webster gives it 23 different meanings, but the ones I'm most interested in here are the second, which is divided into three parts: "(a) being together; in the company of, as, he remained with me during the day; (b) alongside of; close to; near to; (c) into; among, as, mix blue with yellow"; and the third, which is "as an associate in action, purpose, thought, feeling, or the like."

In terms of teaching, the notion of with means the teacher's carrying out the task "alongside of, close to, or near to" the students, "as an associate in action [and] purpose," if not necessarily in "thought [or] feeling." It means mixing student-blue and teacher-yellow in equal parts.

Such democracy of the classroom is easy up here, because most Bread Loaf students are teachers themselves--most of them the outstanding teachers of their communities.

--So if I say--just casually--in my class in the Contemporary American Short Story that I don't really know whether or not John Cheever had a brother, it's likely that the next day while we're taking our seats in the classroom, someone will come up to me and tell me of having been down to the library in Middlebury to look it up and yes, indeed, Cheever had a brother, one with whom he had a very close relationship in his teens and early twenties.

--If I pause a moment, silently wondering why Raymond Carver has a sleeping wife on the sofa between the blind man and the narrator of "Cathedral," it is very likely that a student on the other side of the classroom will begin speculating aloud on the same issue, as if my own thoughts were visible in the air above my little bald spot.

--If I mention the stories of Richard Yates to a fiction-writing student, that student is likely to stop me on the way out of the dining room the next morning to tell me that he or she read an entire collection of Yates's stories last night and to ask me why I'd recommend such a depressing author.

Whether I want to or not, here at Bread Loaf, I teach with my students. I can resist their efforts to participate, to help, to contribute, but I'll make the everything twice as hard for myself at the same time I'll make my teaching half as effective. I can get lazy and turn the whole thing over to my students, but I'll inspire their contempt and I won't be learning anything. Bread Loaf students have taught me to pay attention to what's going on in my classroom, to try to harness and guide the classroom's powerful intellectual energy, to speak up when the occasion calls for it and to listen up when others are talking well, as they usually are over in those barn classrooms, and to respond to what others are saying. Classroom intercourse is the ideal Bread Loaf students have taught me to strive for, the circumstance of conversing with each other.

Because we live together up here on the mountain, we learn ways to help each other accomplish the work that must be done. Even though Ed Brown and I like to give the impression that we're up here

mostly for the recreational facilities, we all understand that work is the first order of business for everyone. But we also play volleyball, soccer, and tennis, we sing madrigals, we dance and walk and hike together, and oh Lord do we talk with each other. We enjoy each other, and our pleasure is a shield against loneliness and discouragement. We've left our families and friends at home; we've taken on assignments that test us severely. Up here we have to go on constructing with each other such comforts as we need to get through the summer's difficulties.

I'm reminded of Eudora Welty's great short story "Powerhouse," in which a group of black jazz musicians improvises a wild story among themselves as a comfort against being far from home on a rainy night at a white dance in Alligator, Mississippi. The ongoing story of the Bread Loaf School of English is the one we improvise with each other on a daily basis. The class of 1989 has been kind enough to tell me about some of it:

--One afternoon Nancy Seid, having rehearsed one sixteen-line scene again and again under Alan Mokler's direction, is pushed to the breaking point, and suddenly, after giving up, does it right. Her whole approach to acting changes in this one afternoon. She understands that "It's the giving in, the giving up, that allows us to create someone new--to be real."

--Earlier that day, in response to an acting class, Mark Wright wrote a poem that ends with the line "Where fear and love meet is exultation."

--And a week or so before that, in writing an assignment for Ken Macrorie's writing class, in having it discussed in class, and in having it published in Yeast, Don Hudson discovered that "writing needs a community that nurtures and protects but also nudges the writer, no matter how strong or weak, out of the shadows."

--Meanwhile this afternoon, during a break in her Conrad seminar, Irene Nicastro executes a beautifully-timed wisecrack with Stephen Donadio and in that moment sees "what learning is about up here: a long, arduous preparation for a split second of laughter, a wise crack so delicious that it lingers in the mind with a satisfaction that makes those thousands of pages of Conrad seem a small price to pay for such a treat."

--Then after dinner, Debra Johnson is in the barn having casual conversation with friends, but it is a casual conversation in which serious questions can be asked and discussed: "Do you teach Waiting for Godot to twelfth graders?" "How can I convince my students that their little town is worth writing about?" In spite of her high regard for her professors, Debra knows she's really learned about

teaching English from her colleagues.

--And the next morning Patty Kmiecik gets her Spenser paper handed back to her by her Professor--ungraded. He tells her to think about what she wrote, tells her something is missing. So she does think about it off and on for several days, and in doing so realizes that the paper can't be done; she can't compare these two characters--one is a real person and the other is an idea. When she writes an addendum to her essay and hands it in, her professor's response is to ask her to read the paper to her class. "I never knew I could learn what couldn't be done, write about it, and come out understanding the two characters by realizing what they aren't....up here--I can even learn when I miss the boat."

This story of daily life at the Bread Loaf School of English is one in which we are always becoming our best selves, in response to each other--by being here on the mountain with each other.

I'm quick to agree with Jeff Maas's opinion that the real magic of Bread Loaf isn't in the mountain, the magic is in the people. But anyone who's worked here will tell you that the place itself does have certain powers. This campus is the ultimate vision of possibility: an open meadow atop a mountain, among other mountain-tops. How many of us, over the years, having trouble with our work at Bread Loaf, have gone out for a walk and come back refreshed, enlightened, and eager to take up the task again? Up here, the very land we walk on tells us that accomplishment is possible.

At the same time this landscape so kindly pleases our eyes, inspires our minds and nourishes our souls, it continually reminds us of our essential companionship with nature--it powerfully insists that we take notice of the natural world. Everything from the ubiquitous mosquitoes and black flies, to the high clouds of a thunderstorm ponderously sailing down the mountain range toward our meadows, to those extravagant sunsets that make us want to stop playing volleyball and cry or dance or shout or fall down on the grass and be quiet reminds us that we are here with the natural world.

I don't want to get nauseatingly anthropomorphic here, but I do think a good deal of the luck that goes with Bread Loaf is in our receiving the instruction of this landscape. The future of our species depends on our learning to live with the natural world a great deal better than we're now doing. Too much of our regular non-mountain lives persuades us to ignore that crucial issue. The ongoing story of Bread Loaf installs within us its powerful central image of the green world to carry back into our regular lives, an image that has as good a chance as anything else to save us.

If I am sounding certain familiar doom-tones, I want to tell you that I come by them honestly. In a conversation with my then fifteen-year-old daughter Bess this past year, I had my life changed; it went something like this:

Me: "Do you think human beings have enough intelligence not to destroy the planet?"

Bess: "No."

Me: "Why not?"

Bess explained that she didn't think corporations were going to stop manufacturing aerosol cans and thus the ozone layer would continue to be weakened. She told me that fast-food chains were obviously going to continue converting rain forest land into cattle-grazing land. I pointed out that the American buffalo had been saved from extinction and that fewer baby seals were clubbed to death to make seal-skin coats. She countered with the level of pollution in the ocean and the continuing destruction of whales.

Me: "So you think the old planet is not going to make it." I was trying to use as light a tone as possible, but I was disturbed by the solemnity of Bess's face.

Me: "How much longer do you think we have?"

Bess: "I don't know."

Me: "A hundred years?"

She shook her head.

Me: "Fifty years?"

Bess: "Maybe."

"So by the time you're, say, seventy, or seventy-five, the planet earth will have been destroyed?"

She nodded.

"Extinction within your lifetime?"

She nodded again.

This was a conversation that took place well before the Valdez disaster. Without ascribing undue wisdom or prophetic powers to an adolescent, I wish only to make the point that I was permanently affected by the revelation that my daughter lives with the conviction that she will see the end of human life.

What does this semi-crackpot tangent of mine have to do with my semi-crackpot topic, the preposition with? What my six summers of Bread Loaf teaching have taught me is that with is generally the correct all-purpose personal alignment for me. I need to align my relationship with my daughter so that we can go on talking to each other about the planet; I need to adjust my basic values toward a more responsible relationship with the planet; I need to adjust my attitudes to allow me

to have some sort of constructive relationship with those people who refuse to act responsibly toward the planet. I need to learn how to be with people I'm not inclined to be with.

The other night in the barn--Bread Loaf's own global center of communication--Ken Macrorie and I were gossiping about one thing and another, and Ken quoted me an observation of Jimmy Britten's: Jimmy told him, "Ken, good writers listen to their writing." That's right, isn't it? A few years ago, I concluded an essay on prose style with the observation that the greatest pleasure of writing is collaborating with the language. A hard lesson for me, as I imagine it is for most writers is that the language won't submit to authority; it will sometimes cooperate with me if I approach it politely. No matter how much I've read, no matter how much I've written, not matter how much I've published, there will never be a morning when I can sit down to my keyboard with perfect confidence that I am going to write well. If I'm lucky and if I'm able to align myself properly with the language and with what I'm writing about, I stand a good chance of writing well. If not, I won't.

With is what we have to replace that notion of authority with which so many of us grew up. What my own writing and my Bread Loaf teaching have begun teaching me about with, my daughters have continued in our daily family life. Several years ago it came as a terrible shock to me that I simply didn't have the authority over my children that my parents had over me. The command mode doesn't work with my children. I suspect that it doesn't with yours either and that those of you who teach will testify that it doesn't work in the classroom either.

I don't know of many tougher assignments than the one we give to those who teach our children: lead them without being able to command them. It's a little like dispatching unarmed marines to take out enemy machine gun nests. What is an exhilarating pleasure here at Bread Loaf--to lead a class in the discussion of a work of literature or a student manuscript--would be my worst nightmare if my students were uncooperative adolescents. All my vague notions about the power of with would most likely crumble in the face of one hostile response: "Hey, teach, take this bleep-bleep and go home!"

So I feel that the Bread Loaf students who have introduced me to the curriculum of with are the true and heroical geniuses of its use. Most of them are teachers whose work is many times more difficult than mine. They're the ones who've fine-tuned their listening ability so that they can hear every nuance of the classroom's mood and every positive and negative impulse of each individual student. They're the ones whose timing and sense of what to say or not to say has to be impeccable. Whereas I can walk into class and find my students more excited than I am about the material to be discussed, these are teachers

who, in the face of almost overwhelming resistance, have to sustain their energy five and six hours a day, every day of the week and then go home to read student papers and prepare for classes the next day. If there's one thing I want to make perfectly clear in this address, it is that I'm not interested in trading jobs with any of you graduates.

But what Bread Loaf has given me and what I know it has given you, too, is an ideal to be carried forth into the world and into our regular lives. A good many of my undergraduate students up at UVM are there for the parties, and when they drop by my classes, quite often they do so merely to get a little rest because dorm life is so chaotic that my classroom is the most restful space they can find. To align myself with such students and lead them toward some appreciation of literary art is a challenging assignment that I wouldn't accept if I'd never been to Bread Loaf. Nor would I even dream of trying to align myself with the homeless man on Church Street who calls me names when I walk past him and who is known to have said to the manager of City Market Restaurant, "I'm a surgeon, and I can fix that pretty face of yours." Or with my racist Aunt and Uncle, or with my Columbia University classmate who makes a stunning salary as a public relations writer for Exxon Corporation.

Every summer I teach John Cheever's lyrical and disturbing story "The Day the Pig Fell Into the Well," about the Nudds, a charming, well-intentioned family whose members return every summer to the same beautiful summer place. The Nudds are trapped within certain innocent and self-congratulatory delusions to which they all subscribe. Whenever the outside world threatens them, the Nudds fall to telling each other the hilarious account of the day the pig fell into the well. The special power this Cheever story holds over me is that it resembles Bread Loaf in so many ways. Certainly one way of looking at us is as an enormous deluded family, returning here summer after summer to congratulate ourselves on having survived another year down there among the barbarians and to begin reciting again the hilarious and utterly inconsequential story of daily life up here at Bread Loaf. What I have understood this summer is that the only thing that keeps us from being Nudds is our going down the mountain, taking with us the story Bread Loaf has refreshed for us, and taking up our lives with the greater world and with all those people who are going to ask us, "Bread Loaf? What's Bread Loaf?"

In my essay that I was tempted to read to you tonight but didn't, I have called ours the age of Personal Betrayal. We're not exactly strangers to that theme here at Bread Loaf. I composed that essay in a bleak time this past spring, with some of Bread Loaf's difficulties on my mind, and I wrote that the age we live in tells us more and more persuasively that nothing we do means anything or makes any difference. Had I not been thinking of some pretty horrible

specifics of personal betrayal, I don't think I'd have been able to set forth such a harsh sentence.

But I've been with you here on the mountain again this summer, been in the company of some of you who have survived such betrayals and who have kept your spirits and your ideals alive. I salute you survivors, who have reaffirmed for me Bread Loaf's basic wisdom, which is that we do mean something to each other. Because we mean something to each other, we can go on making Bread Loaf's story and taking it down the mountain and carrying it on--with our brothers and sisters down in the valley, the ones not likely ever to set a foot on this sacred ground.

Thanks to Mrs. Arraga Young, I began to be touched by Bread Loaf's story when I was a gangling, cow-licked, zit-faced, twang-tongued eighth grade hick from Ivanhoe, Virginia. No one but a Bread Loaf trained teacher would have ever figured I'd have had a chance of standing up before you and speaking to you tonight. I thank the class of 1989 for allowing me this privilege. If Bread Loaf is where the story begins, then graduation night is where, as I'd have said in 1955, "it starts getting good." The crucial events are just about to occur. We're about to face what truly matters. We've lived here long enough to understand why it's essential for us to "get with" the larger world down there and to carry on the story, however difficult and discouraging that task might be. I wish us all such courage and strength, such compassion and patience, such intelligence and luck as we will need to live through what we have coming to us. And I know that in our separate and varied worlds you and I will be holding onto (even as we give it away) the hard, true thing that Bread Loaf has given us, that we are, as we must be, with each other in spirit. Thank you.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

18 October 1989

President Olin Robison
Old Chapel
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

Dear President Robison:

I am pleased to submit the annual report of the Director of the Bread Loaf School of English for the seventieth summer (27 June-12 August) at the Bread Loaf School of English in Vermont and the twelfth summer (26 June-5 August) at Lincoln College, Oxford.

The major change at the Bread Loaf School was, undoubtedly, the change of director on 1 January 1989, after Paul Cubeta's 24 years of service. Administratively, the transition was smooth, thanks to the excellence of the Bread Loaf School's personnel--most notably Hugh Coyle and Elaine Hall--and to the attention paid to the School's needs by Provosts Peterson, Clifford, and McCardell. For a similar smoothness of transition at Oxford, I am grateful to Joy Makin (steward of Lincoln College), Dennis Kay, and John Wilders.

The Vermont School

The Bread Loaf School in Vermont this year operated at virtually full capacity, with 247 students; of these, 1 was a Middlebury undergraduate. In what was probably the most successful year in Bread Loaf's relationship with the University of Mainz, we enrolled five of their students; academically, they were very good to excellent students, and they were fully and happily a part of the Bread Loaf community. Continuing a recent trend, an especially large number of students returned from previous years, to continue as candidates for the School's masters degrees, with the result that the number of new students was lower than the historical norm; of the 247, only 91 were new students. The return of this large number of students makes for two encouraging tendencies at Bread Loaf. First, competition remains quite keen for acceptance to Bread Loaf, so that we continue to accept only approximately one of every three applicants. Second, since a larger percentage of students are

continuing in the School's programs, the number of graduates was again this year a record: 45 students received their M. A. or M. Litt. at Bread Loaf in Vermont.

A highlight of the summer at the Bread Loaf campus was the presence there of an NEH Institute in The Poetry of Theatre. Bread Loaf and Middlebury thus had the prestige of being among only 11 institutions offering NEH Institutes in 1989. Twenty high school teachers attended the Institute and were enrolled both in classes (along with other Bread Loaf students) and in a special seminar taught by long-time Bread Loaf teacher and theatre director Alan Mokler. As a follow-up to the Institute, those Bread Loaf faculty members participating in the Institute as well as the members of Bread Loaf's Acting Ensemble will be making on-site visits to the schools of most of the participants, during the fall and winter of 1989-90. NEH itself already considers the Institute a notable success and has invited Bread Loaf to reapply for an Institute in the future.

Besides the publicity and prestige afforded by such an Institute, there were other gains for Bread Loaf: all the participants who were accepted into the Institute were simultaneously accepted into the Bread Loaf M. A. program, and many of them have indicated that they will return as students in future years. In addition, the Institute brought to Middlebury over \$30,000 in indirect costs.

One reason for the awarding of this Institute to Bread Loaf was the continuing existence of the Acting Ensemble, which has in recent years brought the theatre program to the very center of Bread Loaf's activities and has put the School at the cutting edge of the practice of bringing dramatic skills into the classroom for pedagogy. The effect of the Acting Ensemble upon Bread Loaf life and Bread Loaf classrooms has been little short of revolutionary. Moreover, the Acting Ensemble mounted this summer a series of three evenings of plays by Samuel Beckett, which absolutely galvanized the community. The major dramatic production, involving both the Ensemble and a number of student actors, was The Merchant of Venice. Were I to give a lengthy description of the quality of this production--or other productions of the Acting Ensemble and director Alan Mokler--I would no doubt strain credulity. I will simply quote one of our faculty members, a Shakespearean from Yale, who remarked that the best Shakespeare productions in America right now are being mounted at the Bread Loaf School of English. Let anyone who doubts such seemingly hyperbolic praise attend next year's performance.

Even though it does not fall into the fiscal year covered by this report, I wish to note here that Professor Annabel Patterson

of Duke University, twice a member of the Bread Loaf faculty in the past, has been awarded an NEH Seminar for college teachers for the summer of 1990, which she will offer on-site at Bread Loaf. (The indirect costs for this seminar will flow to Middlebury rather than to Duke.) I mention this Seminar here because it and this past summer's Institute together reflect the different tendencies within the program of Bread Loaf: the School is committed both to the further education of career high-school teachers such as those in this summer's Institute, and to the kind of Ph.D.-oriented work such as that represented in Professor Patterson's Seminar. Bread Loaf serves both as an energizing agent for the teachers in America's secondary schools and as a preparatory ground for a few students who will go on to seek a Ph.D.

The relationship between Bread Loaf and the Shumei Gakuen schools in Japan was quiescent during this year; that relationship, however, will take on new life during the coming year because of President Robison's appointment of a committee of four, consisting of Professors Hiroshi Miyaji, John Elder, and Edward Martin, along with myself, to forward relations between Shumei Gakuen and Middlebury. There will be a two-week workshop at Bread Loaf, led by John Elder, in the summer of 1990, to train both the Middlebury/Bread Loaf teachers going to Japan and the Japanese teachers visiting Bread Loaf from Japan. (Because of the scheduling of the Japanese academic year, this workshop will be more convenient and more valuable for the teachers from Shumei Gakuen than would the plan for their auditing Bread Loaf courses, reported by Director Cubeta in last year's annual report.) I will be visiting the Shumei schools this fall to make arrangements for next summer's workshop. Plans are also underway to link the Shumei schools to Middlebury and to Bread Loaf through BreadNet.

Because of the retirement of Paul Cubeta, it was necessary to appoint a new director for the projects being carried out under the grant from Mr. Bingham's Trust for Charity. On 1 July 1989, Dixie Goswami became that new director. Professor Goswami was from the very beginning Paul Cubeta's closest associate in directing the Bingham projects, and the choice of her as successor was not only natural, but inevitable. Already, in the few months that have elapsed since Professor Goswami's appointment, it is possible to say that relations with the Bingham trustees have improved. I foresee a happy relationship between Bread Loaf and the Bingham Trust from now through the expiration of the grant in June, 1991.

One of the programs which began under the auspices of the Bingham grant but which has since expanded so that the Bread Loaf budget picks up a part of the expense is BreadNet, a telecommuni-

cations network which allows for conferencing via computer between widely separated classrooms or other entities. During the summer of 1989, I raised with Provost Peterson the question of whether Middlebury wishes to investigate taking over BreadNet at the time of the expiration of the Bingham grant. Talks with Provost Peterson were inconclusive; Bill Wright, director of telecommunications at Bread Loaf, recently resumed them with Provost McCardell. I raise the matter of BreadNet again here, simply to call to the administration's attention the fact that Middlebury is already developing a de facto sponsorship of BreadNet, through the use of the system in the DeWitt Clinton partnership and in the relationship with the Shumei Gakuen schools. Whether or not to take over BreadNet is a matter that should be seriously considered by the administration in the months ahead.

In my opening-night address to the School this year, I announced my intention to increase minority enrollments at Bread Loaf. I see my efforts as being in line with Middlebury College's commitment to a similar goal for its undergraduate population. Indeed, I have already received from Middlebury support for this initiative, in the form of a commitment of \$12,000, to be used to recruit minority faculty for the summer of 1990. One resource that I will be able to call upon immediately to further minority recruitment is the program run jointly by the Bread Loaf School and the Philips Andover Academy: a program for inner-city secondary teachers who take an intensive four-week summer workshop at Andover, for which they receive three graduate credit hours from the Bread Loaf School. The participants enrolled in this program have already been urged to apply and assured that, in the case of their acceptance, Bread Loaf will do everything possible to insure adequate financial aid.

I am still in the early stages of seeking grant support for minority students. For recruiting, I have received cooperation from Rick Dalton and James Thompson of the Middlebury Admissions Office; they will publicize the Bread Loaf School to the English teachers in schools where they are visiting to recruit students for Middlebury College. We hope to target especially the cities of Boston, New York, and Washington.

While speaking of the push for minority recruitment, it is worth mentioning the memorable speech of senior class president Stuart Robinson, who electrified those present at the dinner at Bread Loaf on commencement night. Mr. Robinson's speech reminded the assembled auditors of the relative ineffectiveness of Bread Loaf in recruiting minority students in the past and brought forth from the audience a response suggesting the enthusiasm of the Bread Loaf community itself in assisting such an effort.

The Oxford School

The Oxford School enrolled 72 students this summer, including 4 Middlebury undergraduates; the total number of students is down slightly from last year. The School got off to a slightly unsettling start, when one of the teachers refused to honor her contract because of disappointing enrollment figures, but the students were reassigned to other courses with a minimum of fuss, and the Oxford program turned out to be the great success it has been for all 12 years of its existence. 19 students received their Master of Arts or Master of Letters degrees at Oxford (including one posthumously), the largest number ever.

The School was directed on the spot by Professor Lawrence Danson of Princeton--himself an Oxford graduate--who had already once been a very capable Oxford director. As I have mentioned earlier in this report, Oxford's success is also owing to the commitment and efforts of Dennis Kay (my major consultant at Lincoln College), John Wilders (who needs no introduction here), and, perhaps most of all, Joy Makin, steward of Lincoln, whose affection for and devotion to the Bread Loaf students, individually and collectively, is a major reason for the Oxford school's success. I am also happy to report that relations between Bread Loaf and Sir Maurice Shock, rector of Lincoln, have warmed a bit after what I understand was a slightly chilly beginning in 1988. The rector's garden was again opened up to Bread Loaf students at commencement, and Sir Maurice and Lady Shock were gracious in their hospitality to Bread Loaf students, faculty, and administrators.

One fact about the Bread Loaf/Oxford program needs stressing, in case anyone has lost sight of it over the years: the Oxford faculty members themselves are unanimous in voicing their opinion that of all American programs run at Oxford in the summers (and there are very many), the Bread Loaf program is everywhere recognized as having the most integrity and being the most academically demanding. When, this past summer, I was seeking a new faculty member and found that one Oxford teacher (Kate Flint) was unanimously named as the first choice, I feared that a teacher of such high reputation might be difficult to recruit. Instead, I found that the reputation of the Bread Loaf School had preceded my telephone call, and I was therefore easily able to engage her for two courses for the summer of 1990. Because of Bread Loaf's reputation, I immediately acquired a quite undeserved reputation as a master recruiter.

One disturbing problem at Oxford this summer involved financial aid procedures; news of financial aid awards was very late in coming, leaving a number of students with a panicky sense

of being stranded in a foreign country without funds. Elaine Hall and I have worked with the Financial Aid Office to overcome these difficulties. I foresee further problems down the road, however, and I would urge Middlebury to change and expedite financial award procedures for both the Bread Loaf School and the Language Schools.

Financial Statistics

Bread Loaf this year received grants from the following public and private foundations: Mary Reynolds Babcock (now in its final year), International Paper Company (ninth year), the Hunt Foundation (second year), New York Times (sixth year), the Spunk Foundation (second year), the Polaroid Foundation (second year), and Mr. Bingham's Trust for Charity. (The grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities is not included in the figures below.)

Following is the tabulation of gifts and grants received by the School.

	This Year Donors	As of 6-30-89	Last Year Donors	As of 6-30-88
<u>Annual Giving</u>	151	\$9,355	116	\$6,642
<u>Expendable Grants</u> (Babcock: \$30,000; Bingham: \$141,666; Hunt: \$2000; Inter- national Paper: \$5000; New York Times: \$5000; Polaroid: \$2500; Spunk: \$37,000)	7	193,196	12	129,905

Endowments

John M. Kirk, Jr. Memorial Scholarship	1	25,000	2	5,000
Robert Frost Chair of Literature	14	752	8	2,785
Charles J. Orr Memorial Scholarship	62	2,459	71	2,845
George Anderson Book Fund	40	2,182	39	3,004

Elizabeth Drew				
Memorial Lecture	13	277	14	508
Reginald & Juanita				
Cook Scholarship	32	1,293	34	1,981
Wylie & Lucy Sypher				
Scholarship	54	3,701	221	15,119
Laurence B. Holland				
Memorial Scholarship	51	4,140	52	4,013
Kathleen Downey Memorial				
Scholarship	5	735	4	525
John M. Kirk, Jr. Chair of				
Medieval Literature	0	0	2	2,000
Frank & Eleanor Griffiths				
Chair in Literature	0	0	1	2,000
Anthony Penale Fund	1	50	2	704
Mr. Bingham's Trust for				
Charity	1	65,668	1	51,667
Margaret Fielders				
Endowed Scholarship	1	2,000	1	4,000
BLSE Endowment Fund	143	31,740	6	3,410
	417	130,997	458	99,559
TOTALS	575	\$333,548	586	\$236,106

As of 30 June 1989, the book value of the endowment of the Bread Loaf School of English stood as follows. (A major cause for celebration revealed by these statistics, incidentally, is that the Bread Loaf School of English endowment has this year crossed the \$1 million mark.)

	Principal
Frost Chair	\$ 17,657
Griffiths Chair	82,244
Kirk Chair	159,469
Anderson Book Fund	44,230
Drew Lectureship	12,109
Kirk Scholarship	102,737
Cook Scholarship	78,074
Sypher Scholarship	59,880
Holland Scholarship	78,074
Downey Scholarship	9,924
Waldron Scholarship	12,309
Shaugnessey Scholarship	5,365
Decker Scholarship	16,204
The Penale Fund	31,042
Orr Scholarship	36,043

Mr. Bingham's Trust	213,463
Fielders Scholarship	8,151
Bread Loaf Endowment Fund	<u>35,411</u>
TOTAL	\$1,002,386

The following statistics on the expenditure of money on financial aid are worth noting. (For purposes of clarity, students in the NEH Institute are not included here.)

24 new students received \$2010 full tuition scholarships through the Program in Writing.

This summer Bread Loaf met from outside sources \$42,500 or 26% of the \$159,560 expended on financial aid in Vermont, excluding scholarship endowment income.

128 students or 58% of those enrolled in Vermont received average grants of \$1,246 on fees of \$3,020. This amounted to 53% of need.

36 students or 50% of those enrolled at Oxford received average grants of \$1,444 on fees of \$2,875. This amounted to 37% of need.

I anticipate that demands upon financial aid resources will continue to be great for Bread Loaf in both Vermont and Oxford, especially as the recruitment of minority candidates proceeds.

The Bread Loaf School in the Immediate Future

I have spent most of my first nine months learning the elementals of the Directorship, and I have not been mainly concerned with changing the Bread Loaf School in major ways; indeed, I do not believe that terribly much at Bread Loaf cries out just now for major change. I will continue to encourage the pedagogical experiments of the theatre program and the Acting Ensemble, which, as I have already said, are virtually unique in America. I will aggressively recruit a faculty for the Program in Writing and thereby maintain Bread Loaf's reputation as probably the foremost center of discussion of the theory and practice of writing in America. And I will make every effort to keep the literature program in the vanguard of American graduate programs. Ironically, of the three different major components at the

Bread Loaf School--theatre, writing, literature--the program in literature, originally the very heart, if not virtually the totality, of Bread Loaf, may be said to have received recently less splashy attention than the other two programs, in which major innovations have taken place in the last decade. I will work to assure that the curriculum and the faculty of the literature program reflect the School's vital involvement in the critical and theoretical issues that currently animate the study of literature in this country. Put another way, I will guarantee that the Bread Loaf literature program will continue to be known as the premier masters degree program in literature in the country.

I do wish, however, to begin some changes at the Bread Loaf School.

Minority recruitment is one.

The regularizing of some study of nature writing and the environment is another. John Elder has already offered several Bread Loaf courses in this field; both the opportunities afforded by the splendid natural setting of Bread Loaf and the widespread concern for the environment among the Bread Loaf student body assure the success of such a course on a continuing basis. In addition, there have been and continue to be major conferences on the environment on BreadNet.

I have considered and ended by rejecting the possibility of expanding the number and kinds of degrees offered by the Bread Loaf School--an M. A. with a concentration in writing, for example, or an M. F. A. Because of the nature of Bread Loaf's summer program, moreover, I have rejected the idea of instituting a degree program even approximating a standard Ph. D. I look with interest and favor, however, upon the possibility of Bread Loaf's participation in an M. F. A. program run by Middlebury College itself, taking advantage of the very considerable resources of the College, the School of English, and the Writers' Conference; discussions of the possibility of such a program are still at an early stage.

Finally, it is my immediate aim to bring the Bread Loaf School back into closer contact with the rest of Middlebury College--in particular the Language Schools. I hope to work with Professor Knox in joint efforts between the School of English and the Language Schools--in seeking grants and perhaps in making an occasional joint faculty appointment.

* * * * *

After nine months and one complete summer session as Director of the Bread Loaf School, I am even more impressed with the School's uniqueness than I had been during my previous ten summers as a member of the School's faculty. The School's programs, combined with the extraordinary commitment of its student body to education, make the Bread Loaf School of English an inestimably precious resource both to Middlebury College and to the country as a whole. I look forward to directing this school during my second year.

Respectfully submitted,

James Maddox
Director

cc: Provost McCardell
Treasurer Ginevan
Vice-President Leeds
Ms. Susan Vaguez
Professor Dixie Goswami
Professor Alan Mokler
Professor Edward Knox

Appendix

Bread Loaf School of English

Balance Sheet for 1989 Programs and Academic Year 1989-90

INCOME

Student tuitions (Vt.)*	\$496,470
Student Comprehensive Fee (Ox)	207,000
Gifts to Endowment to 6/30/89	130,997
Gifts to Annual Giving to 6/30/89	9,355
Expendable Grants to 6/30/89	193,196
Income on Endowment	47,112
Total Income	\$1,084,130

EXPENSES

Salaries (Vt.)	\$200,930
Salaries (Ox)	51,000
Financial Aid (Vt.)*	199,760
Financial Aid (Ox)	51,970
Program (Vt.)**	262,250
Program (Ox)**	176,300
Total Expenses	\$942,210

Excess of income over expenditures: \$141,920***

*Board and room excluded from income/expenditures.

**1989-90 fiscal year approved budget.

***For reasons of simplicity in these computations, the portions of the NEH grant applied directly to salaries and other expenses have not been included. Had they been included, the excess of income over expenditures would have been greater.

TIN CUP LETTER



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711
November 1988

Bread Loaf School of English

Dear

As I walk the streets of our nation's capital this fall, I deeply regret that this annual letter of mine ever got called the Bread Loaf Tin Cup letter. On the one hand, one sees so many homeless, neglected panhandlers shunned like lepers. On the other, we have all been barraged with endless calls and letters pleading for us to save the country by giving to candidates so that our donations can fund more efforts to raise money. And we know the benefits that will befall us--or someone--if we'll just dial that 800 number Now. Money saves. I wonder what. My image of the Salvation Army Santa with kettle and bell like my tarnished metaphor reminder seems to come from another age, as old-fashioned and sentimentalized as Bread Loaf memories.

Generosity and salvation of another sort, however, still remain at the heart of Bread Loaf because of the Bread Loafers--now over 600--who each year remember the Mountain and its power. Since 1965 they and friends who share their ideas took a non-existent Endowment Fund from zero to \$850,000, gave \$200,000 to help their Bread Loaf inheritors, created an esprit and a reputation that allowed the school to raise nearly three million more from foundations--almost all spent on scholarships.

In 1964 there were funds for only three scholarships. Now amazingly Bread Loaf proudly holds the record for the most successful giving record of any M.A. granting institution. This year Bread Loaf made awards to over 333 students. Yet Bread Loafers received only about 50% of established need. The percentage remains stubbornly stuck because costs have surpassed \$3,000 a summer, and the expenses of getting out of civilization to bucolic bliss go up just as rapidly even if one doesn't come from the Yukon, Arizona, or Nevada. Bread Loafers now can't even get adequate, affordable loans, as though saddling teachers with years of debts or requiring them to take on extra jobs were solutions the country could be proud of.

Middlebury College is more generous each year in increasing the Bread Loaf financial aid budget and so, alas, the tuition must go up faster than ever. The only way even partially to slow down this spirit is to call upon you who don't need my bemoaning the obvious.

Bread Loafer's generosity--financial and spiritual--is a resource more valued and valuable because there will be no gold strikes in our green hills. But we will cultivate the resources of our garden in the cause of inspired teaching, good writing, and enduring literature--in the pledge of the old Battell deeds bestowing the mountains and meadows upon us--"for as long as grass grows and water runs." And as long as greenbacks flow upward to the source to ensure its future and those of our kids.

Cordially,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

THE CRUMB

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VT 05753

BREAD LOAF

I will arrive by bus at the Middlebury Bus Station ☐

I will arrive by private car at Bread Loaf ☐

at..... on.....
hour of day day of week and month

Name.....

In order to facilitate transportation arrangements, please return
this card before.....

JUN 15 1989

THE YEAST

Arrive at Bread Loaf naked, please. Oh, you can wear jeans, sneakers, and T shirt; but strip away all masks.

laurels, and titles. They get in the way. Sit stark naked at dinner and in class and absorb the warmth and wisdom of the naked person facing you.

Babies have no choice. They come into the world bare-assed. You don't need to go that far. But if you want a real birth experience--and that's what Bread Loaf's all about--you've got to enter that Vermont world with your ego and defenses down. Otherwise you don't communicate--you posture. You talk at someone, not with them.

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

NOT WINNING

Up through Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, and especially over into Vermont, the water flowed lavishly--not from the sky, but from my eyes. I was leaving my kids and my husband to come to Bread Loaf to study. Here was the opportunity of a lifetime and what do I do? I cry. Over and over I said to myself, "What the hell is the matter with you? You've always wanted an opportunity like this. Rusty and Melissa are almost grown. Orion can take care of himself!"

It was indeed a puzzlement. Finally, as I came out 125, I faced the ugly truth. I am a coward. Of course I fear the work at Bread Loaf. But that's just a little part of it. My cowardice is deeper--more a selfish type of cowardice--nourished for many years. I fear responsibility. "What if something happened while I was away that could have been prevented had I been there?" I fear fate and having to face up to taking a chance and not winning. I cried for myself. For my fear of being held responsible for all the accidents, the quarrels, the disorder at home.

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YOU CAN WRITE

Don't sweat it--you can write. I asked my roommate to judge one of my first papers. He thought for about one second before replying, "I think it's disconnected. I don't see how you got to the end from the rest of the story."

"Thanks. I think you have a good point. I'll work on it." He left the room and I bawled. Two days later I was able to look at the paper again, and the son of a bitch was right. I reworked the paper, let someone else read it, and they liked it. I'm only three weeks into the summer, so I'm not perfect yet.

Even if I incorporate somebody's criticism into a paper, I'm not likely to eat lunch with them for a while. But I'm getting better.

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BOARDED AT BATESVILLE

I was not afraid of Bread Loaf. I had plenty of time to decide not to come here. I boarded the train at Batesville, Mississippi on June 23rd, and on the morning of June 26th, I arrived at Essex Junction, Vermont.

Two cabs and one bus later, I arrived at the Bread Loaf Inn. I was not afraid of Bread Loaf. I wanted to be here.

There are many things that I could say about being black at Bread Loaf, but I won't. The thing that I can say about being human at Bread Loaf is that everything you feel--alienation, loneliness, homesickness--is valid and real. It will pass.

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AFTER ALL

I had spent the past two months perfecting my confidence act and really had the lines down pretty well. "I am not scared about going to Bread Loaf. I am a good student and pretty smart and I like to write and sure, I will do just fine." I practiced a lot, mumbling to myself on the airplane from Montana and perfecting the delivery during a week-long visit with my parents in Massachusetts. I even believed it, until the hill.

My father was driving and we had chatted all the way almost like two grown-ups, no small feat for father and daughter when the daughter is a mother with a grown-up son of her own. Dad couldn't completely restrain his tour guide tendencies, though as we wavered through the backroads of his boyhood, and I learned once again that this man has an amazing store of information and I learned among other things, why so many houses in Chester, Vermont, are made of stone.

But now we were on the hill. The steeper it got the more my insides quivered and the faster my rehearsed self-assurance dribbled away. I found my script was changing quickly as we drew closer to the Inn. "I am very scared and not so very smart and everyone will write better than I do and I definitely don't belong in a place like this."

*

Suddenly I was seventeen again and my father was driving me not to Bread Loaf but to Maine for my first year of college at Bates. Then, as now, I hoped he wouldn't stick around too long because it would be absolutely not cool to face this strange new world with a father in tow.

*

But now, unlike then, having chauffeured three others to college since me, he knew what I was feeling. "Well, I guess I'll be going," he said, and though I felt guilty about him turning right around, three hours up and three hours back, I didn't ask him to stay. We hugged goodbye just as we had those many years ago--the same yet somehow different, too. He was still the father, I the daughter, but I wasn't seventeen. Maybe I could belong in this place after all.

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FLY

Relax. Ease up. Singles hitters are welcome here. Any way, you might be Pete Rose. Don't think about Robert Frost and THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH. Ordinary people come here. You can wear sandals, T-shirts, and cut-offs if you like (You didn't have to bring your whole wardrobe--teaching skirts, dresses-- yes, suits, the way I did just to be safe). You can even eat soft-boiled eggs and dip your bread in them at breakfast. Relax.

What, you haven't read the Aeneid, Ulysses, and all the volumes of Remembrance of Things Past? You didn't go to Harvard? Don't worry. Open up your ears and eyes and fly. People here won't laugh. They want to get to know you and your ideas. Oh, you'll learn a lot about their ideas. You will read most of those books. But the teachers here are people, not talking heads or walking publications.

Now, how to start that? First Wednesday: smile and smile and smile and talk to people in the Barn, on the porch, in class. Ask those questions that you're afraid to ask. Every one of us started out afraid, too. (I bet

[illegible]

you didn't drive past the Inn and up to the Snow Bowl the way I did.)

BE SILLY

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THE GREEN BENCH

The Inn. The massive porch. The crowd gathered around the high-backed green bench. Panic. Second thoughts. A vision of sun-tan lotion, beach umbrellas, frisbees, and the surf. Trade that for a stack of books? Instead of a beach bum, become a target for pot-shots by professors?

Normal thoughts. All wrong, but quite normal. You see, Bread Loaf is the Inn, the porch, the books, the professors; but it is also sun-tan lotion, beach umbrellas, frisbees, the surf—any landscape your mind can envision. Step onto this campus and you become part of the very heartbeat of imagination, of thought, of life.

Bread Loaf is for you. Bread Loaf is the Barn-- Princeton, Yale, McDonald's, the Capital Theater, and Studio 54 all under one roof. Bread Loaf is Ulysses, the Brandy Brook house mouse. Bread Loaf is a salad bar with Bacos every day. Bread Loaf is finding out that your roommate is the funniest, smartest, most delightful person you've ever met. Bread Loaf is Y'EASt, where the life of this mountain and its people is celebrated. Bread Loaf is pancakes on Wednesday morning and fourteen cups of coffee a day...

Now walk on up the porch steps and sit down on the big green bench. Bread Loaf is for you!

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Registration at the 30,000-body campus where I went to undergraduate and graduate school took a day. Here at Bread Loaf--five minutes, max. And some people knew my name from the picture I'd sent in with my application. I'd always thought that those were to make sure ugly people weren't accepted, but they let me in out of sympathy.

At dinner the first night--long white candles flaunting flames and smiling waiters asking me what did I want. I believed they could bring me anything, like Santa Claus. And they did--anything except my mom's spaghetti.

For many days I met three new people at every meal. We talked intelligently, befitting, we thought, this mountain crest. After a few weeks we settled down, got comfortable, dared to be silly.

It's a strange thing to be strong enough to be silly,
easy enough with people to be yourself and not fear
judgment. Even Jesus laughed.

I think that's something I'll take off the Mountain. Yea, I learned a lot of stuff, but mostly I learned that there's always got to be a balance--mountains and valleys, intensity and giggles, boobs and people, frenzy and quiet.

[illegible]



HOT-BODIED TEENAGERS

[illegible]

The report came back on Peter just before school ended. He was the youngest psychotic child any of the

testers had ever heard of. They were quite excited about it. They congratulated me for catching it so early, saying he would be placed in a special school and given extensive therapy.

But I still wondered. What will happen to that little boy? Why is he the way he is? What must his parents feel? Most of all, what will he do later in his life, if he can kill a roomful of people when he is only four years old?

Sarabeth Morris

WALKING THE TRACKS

My wife and I like to walk. We walk out of our town and along the railroad tracks and talk. You can see up and down these tracks for miles because we live out on a prairie in Indiana. We usually go after dinner to watch the sun set. One evening along a spur of the track I found the skull of a ground hog and part of its skeleton. It must have been killed by a hawk and then picked at by crows. Its pieces were scattered over about ten feet and were dry and white. Usually while we walk I skip rocks, bouncing them off the rails. A lot of times we take our wildflower book and try to identify new kinds--Winter Cress, Crown Vetch, Golden Alexander, Elderberry, Jimson Weed.

Other times we don't follow the tracks but cross the fields instead, stepping over the little corn or bean plants. Out in one field there is an abandoned silo that stands like a bunker. We climb the ladder on its side and then perch on the top, about forty feet up. We can see forever, or at least almost to Illinois. As the sun goes down, lights go on in farmhouses--here and there, all the way out. I like to imagine they are the original sod huts or even Indian hunting camps. Buffalo used to roam this far east and the Sioux followed them down from Minnesota and Iowa. We can see thickets of underbrush and scrub oak where there used to be swamps. When it gets dark we can see Venus and then, one by one, everything else.

In the winter, we ski across the fields out past the silo. If there is enough snow and it's drifted and then crusted, we can ski right over the fences. The weeds rattle on the snow and there are lots of animal tracks--now and then a deer or a coyote, but mostly rabbits and mice. If the summer sunsets are big and spectacular like symphonies, now in winter, they're slower and simpler, like piano music.

When we go out like this, we talk about our plans to write and teach, and about how glad we are to be back here. We both lived in the East before we came back to Indiana and met each other. I was in Boston for seventeen years, Elizabeth was in Virginia for seven. I tried to organize unions in hospitals and she was a social worker. On our wedding invitations we quoted The Great Gatsby, "So when the blue smoke of brittle leaves was in the air and the wind blew the wet laundry stiff on the line I decided to come back home."

But we're not sure what's next. Out East, we helped people, worked hard and were busy in different ways than we are now. We chaired meetings, kept files and phone lists, tried to figure out racism. We still help. We teach and I know writing helps, but still, I'm not always sure what's next. This silo, and the weeds rattling on the snow, mouse tracks. Why are they important? How do I explain them?

Ned Stuckey-French

HANGING CROSSES

When I was six, my family lived with my grandmother. Her house was filled with pictures of Christ, crucifixes tacked above every bed and pillar candles housed inside glass with saintly pictures edged in a smokey film. In her bedroom stood an oval table dressed in a ruffled skirt which served as an altar. She often retreated to her room and drew the curtains shut. In grandma's house there were no doors, just faded rose print curtains that separated private worlds. My sister Lily and I spied on grandma in prayer. We pulled the curtains back far enough to get one eyeful of her ritual. Before kneeling at the altar, she lit the two candles which framed a picture of Christ. A crucifix hung above the picture. The candlelight cast wavering shadows in Christ's eyes.

Sometimes, I visited her room and stared at the crucifix. I examined the trickle of red on the overlapped feet, the limp hands, the sunken stomach and expanded rib cage; then, sadly, the bowed head and its thorned crown.

I don't know what possessed me, the day I talked Lily into playing Jesus Christ with me. (Even as I write this, I fear a bolt of lightning will strike me down.) The game was simple. We stood on the back of the couch, which was against the living room wall. We spread our arms, overlapped our legs and feet, sucked in our stomachs, bowed our heads and looked sad, like Jesus on the cross. We found it difficult to balance ourselves against the wall with crossed legs and bowed heads. The object was to be far enough apart that our fingertips would touch. We tried over and over to get it just right. I was the first to succeed. Lily, younger and less coordinated, couldn't get it right. She laughed and didn't listen to my directions. I became angry because she wasn't cooperating in my solemn game.

In exasperation I said, "Lily, if you don't play Jesus Christ right, I'm going to knock you off this couch!"

She didn't listen and the next thing I knew my left arm, which was supposedly nailed to the wall, flew out and knocked her from the top of the couch to the floor--face first. She was crying, screaming! Our mother ran into the room and found blood spewing from Lily's mouth, baby teeth pushed every which way. I stood horrified. I told Mom that Lily had fallen.

There was a lot of damage to her teeth. Nerves had been harmed and she faced many years of orthodontic care.

I saw my sister in May. It had been awhile since I had thought of grandma's house, her altar and the Jesus Christ game. Lily's smile brought it all back. She reminisced, "Weren't we playing Jesus Christ? How did I fall anyway? We were so little. It's a good thing the folks were able to...."

Guilt surged through me and I pulled up and out the words, "Lily, I pushed you off the couch--you weren't cooperating."

Geri Gutwein

CONTRADICTIONS

I tied the blue volunteer pinny around my winter coat and stuck two CHOICE stickers to the front. To the rhythmic chants of the protesters, I walked outside with the other volunteers.

Teenage girls passed by the protesters, nudging away pamphlets and shaking away accusations.

"Heathen hussy. Serves you right."

"Jesus loves you, honey."

"Please. We are a barren couple and we need a baby. Give us your child."

"You're going to kill the next Martin Luther King."
 "They'll kill you in there. Perforate your womb and let you bleed to death."

"In the name of God, we arrest you for crimes against humanity."

Trying to be cool, a thin, pockmarked, and makeup-ridden girl fumbled in her purse for a cigarette. "I work with the clinic," I said. "Don't let the crowd scare you. I'm here to help you get inside. You don't have to listen to the protesters and you don't have to take their literature." She looked away, and did not answer. I tightened the strings on my pinny and we headed toward the door. Faces and hands rushed toward us. I shielded the young girl with my arms and upper body, protecting her from the spit and fists of the nearly all-male crowd. I motioned for another volunteer to help me shield the girl, now crying, hiccupping and cringing as people pulled at her clothes and hair. We formed a cave, the girl sheltered by our arms, and we moved slowly up the walk.

"I hate myself, I want to die," she said as she entered the building.

I leaned against the clinic wall to warm myself in the winter sun. On the other side of the wooden police barrier, a woman watched me. "The sun is God's gift," she said, "but it's not for you. Step out of that sun and feel the dark and depth of Satan's hell." I hated this woman. Not for her beliefs, but for her inability to keep them to herself.

A car entered the lot. The girl in the passenger seat kissed the young boy driver goodbye. She gave him a nervous half smile. Meeting her on the sidewalk, I told her I would protect her from the crowd if she felt intimidated. "Nah, not by these assholes," she said. "I've got college in the fall. I was on the pill, but I got pregnant anyway. I'm up for a basketball scholarship. My parents are proud, this would kill them." She brushed me away and walked up the sidewalk by herself. I watched her, glad to see the crowd didn't scare her. The crowd moved down the police barriers toward her, thrusting out pamphlets. As she neared the door, a protester kicked a barrier leg aside. The barrier fell and the protesters rushed her. Policemen leapt from their cars. The girl ran toward the door but in her nervousness, she tripped.

I ran up the sidewalk to help. She brushed cement pebbles from her scraped hands and ran through the open door. Once inside the building, she turned to face the protesters. "Fuck all of you. This is my body and my life. You just don't know."

I watched her and smiled. "Way to fight back," I thought. My back was turned to the crowd. I felt a sharp tug on my pinny as it dug into my neck. I tried to yank it free, but the force spun me around and I faced an older man. "Heathen bitch. Rot in hell." In slow motion, I watched as the man raised his Bible and slammed it in to my face. Blood spurted from my broken nose on to the blue pinny. My eyes filled with tears. A policeman ran to help me and put his hand on my shoulder. He handed me a tissue from his pocket as he helped me through the door.

Caroline Eisner

SLAVE PLAY

In fourth grade I wrote a play about Harriet Tubman. I met her in the school library and Judy Priestmeyer and I brought her to life for our class.

Judy Priestmeyer was my best friend. We did everything together. The childish games I had enjoyed with my little sister were abandoned when Judy accepted me as her disciple. Among other things, Judy was my fashion authority. She subjected me to a rigorous color analysis.

I was forbidden the vibrant colors and rich hues that complimented Judy's dark-haired beauty. My dishwater blond hair condemned me to pastels. "I can wear those colors," she said, "but they look dumb on you."

Judy and I did a lot of school work together. We built a pioneer homestead in an old cake pan. The twig cabin with pebble fireplace and the stone well stood proudly on the genuine grass lawn. The barbie doll pioneer, too tall to fit through the door of the cabin, was rejected. My father honored us by taking a photograph of the pioneer homestead as it sat on the ping-pong table in our basement.

I had enjoyed complete artistic license in the scripts I wrote and performed with my sister before I met Judy, as long as my sister was allowed to play a princess. With Judy as my collaborator, a whole new world of material opened up. Freed from the obligation to include a princess, I could write about Harriet Tubman's heroic life. In the script that Judy and I fashioned, the underground railroad was an actual train that ascended from a tunnel in the ground just in time to pass over a bridge spanning Niagara Falls to deposit runaway slaves in complete safety on Canadian soil.

I desperately wanted to play Harriet Tubman, unless, of course, Judy wanted the title role. Happily, she preferred to be the director, and the leading role was mine. I cheerfully submitted to Judy's direction.

Rehearsals went well until Joyce Deshano transferred to our school. Joyce was pretty and giggly and her hair, though not as straight or long or shiny as Judy's, was the same envied shade of brown. In imitation of Judy, I accepted Joyce as an intimate friend. Puzzling to me, my friends did not want to rehearse much. Instead of working on the play, Joyce and Judy giggled a lot and told whispered secrets.

The day before our opening, Judy pulled me aside on the playground. "Joyce would be perfect as Harriet Tubman," she said. "Harriet Tubman would look dumb with blond hair." I could not argue. Judy was the director. I was reduced to playing an escaped slave.

I watched Joyce perform from the side of the classroom where I awaited my entrance. Tears formed behind my eyes as I murmured all of Harriet Tubman's speeches to myself. Finally my scene came. As the underground railroad train emerged from the tunnel onto the bridge, I spoke my one line. "Hey, Joe, look at the Falls."

Mary Rosmus

"THANK YOU, SISTER"

Eddie Walski was the alpha-wolf of the second grade. One morning, in forbidden coatroom conversation, he announced a big game of Massachusetts Red-Rover--a game in which how slow or fast you ran mattered little, but who was on your side counted lots. Eddie had named Chuckie Vaunt as the other captain, and Chuckie hated me. (My brother Paul had teased him for having bad breath when Chuckie took communion--Paul was the altar boy.) I resolved to be in the right spot of the school yard so Eddie Walski would notice me and choose me for his side. This meant getting out before anyone else did to "Eddie's rock," a huge concrete fence pole bottom where Eddie Walski held court at recess.

I suffered through math hour and the acts of faith, hope and love (prayers that announced recess), and finally, Sister Mary Bride looked at the clock and called, "First row!" I wrenched off my still tied, diocesan issue, leather shoes, and whipped on my playground sneakers. The lines were silently forming at the door, and as Rocco Frattone bent down to lace his shoes, I slithered behind him into the fourth position on the line.

Only Peter Disch noticed the move, but we got along well 'cause once I had returned a two dollar bill that he'd dropped from the choir loft, even though Jeffrey Frechette had told me to keep it and buy Good Humor bars. I think I spared Peter a beating from his dad, who was the "basket man" (collector of offerings) that morning at mass.

I was in a good position as boys and girls started a silent, segregated march down twenty-six stairs and two hallways for the required lavatory stop and eventual release to the outdoors.

"Remember to think your ejaculations to the Lord, boys and girls..." droned Sister Aiden from her post at the top of the stairwell. She was like a turret guard who shot us with guilt bullets about the "near occasion of sin" and "thinking impure thoughts."

"O Lord, please let me get to Eddie's rock first, if it please you, O Lord" I ejaculated to myself.

At the bottom of the basement level stairs, the line of girls went left to their bathroom, and the boys turned a sharp right to theirs. Eddie, first in the line, glanced back; his glare caught my eyes and stayed for a moment. I felt certain that God had answered my fervent plea and had, at that moment, told his subconscious: "Remember Andrew Popinchalk when choosing sides for the game." The line arrived at the lavatory door where, in a spot worn with her daily standing, Sister Mary Bride took a stance outside.

"There will be no talking and no idling, boys. Do your business and go immediately outside."

At the word, "business," the line surged into the bathroom. I sprinted to the fourth in-a-line-of-eight urinals and was confidently in what we called "the first wave" and doing my "business." I kept glancing at Eddie, and my preoccupation with and distraction over the game stifled my bladder. By the time I'd reached maximum flow, Eddie was washing his hands. By the time I'd finished, Eddie was striding out. From out the door Sister Bride's loud and frightening "Slow walking all the way to the door, Edward," gave me hope that I could still catch up.

And then it happened: I zipped before I tucked. The brass teeth of the Talon zipper on my uniform slacks caught skin, skin with lots and lots of nerve ends. I thought that white-faced hornets had swarmed out of the urinal, but in fear of revealing my stupidity, I stifled all urge to cry out as the tears welled up in my eyes. I turned back to the wall of urinals. The boys lined up behind me moved to other porcelain stands when they saw me turn in again. Anthony Saporita, a good friend whose weight excluded him from most things physical, stood next to me and smiled. He saw the tears and appeared unsettled, so I dared to whisper in desperate s's.

"Shhh, Anthony. Please don't say anything."

He probably thought that I was about to throw up, so he silently waddled away. Steve Slominski was the last boy to leave, and I stood silent and held my breath when Sister Mary Bride asked her usual question: "Is anyone left?" Using that peculiar and infallible radar with which all nuns come equipped, Sister Mary Bride homed in on my lurking presence.

"Is there an idler about?" her voice echoed in the now empty hall.

The pain was great now, but never so great as my inherent fear of the wrath of the Sisters of Mercy.

"Yes, Sister," I bleated, "but I'm not idling; I'm stuck."

"Stuck?" she squawked, "In the bidet? Stuck?"

Not certain what a "bidet" was, but certain of my stuckness, I repeated, "Yes, S'ter, stuck. S'ter."

I had not yet attempted to free myself for fear of the pain, but my sense of Sister Bride's rising vexation pushed me to try. In mid-attempt I was doubly stricken by my failure and the anger behind the query and command from the hall.

"Who is in there? Is Andrew in there? Come out immediately!"

The brass-toothed pit bull resisted again, and the pain now caused me to cry openly. Then, I heard the most dreaded sound at St. Patrick's Cathedral School, the clicking of the six-foot rosary beads that hung at the waist of every nun. It was the sound that came only with their rapid movement to mete out punishment, to intervene in fights, or to get hold of your hair or an ear. My hopeful assumption, that the virtue of modesty, mine and Sister Bride's, would prevent face-to-face contact while I was in this predicament, was shockingly shattered.

"Click! Click! Click! CLICK!"

The clicking sound magnified. Suddenly, Sister Mary Bride, in her white linen wimple and black habit, was standing there, right there at the third urinal, right there next to me!

"Stuck? Where are you stuck? How can you be stuck?"

Her eyes fell downward to where my hands joined as if in groin-level prayer.

"You're stuck."

Her voice audibly dropped several decibels on that last word, "stuck." I sensed a softening of her tone, and my now loud sobbing probably lessened even more what had been obvious, angry impatience when she had entered.

She bent at the waist and peered through the bad light of the room toward the general direction of the problem. She clasped her hands, looked harder, made a tentative reach, and then clasped her hands again.

"It's (sob) stuck, Sis- (sob) -ter," I said dole-fully.

"Yes it is, Andrew," she observed calmly now, "but think of the six great wounds of our Lord. He never cried; He never complained....," her words faded in my hearing. As she spoke, Sister Bride's hands moved downward. I remember the smell of Ivory soap and actually thinking about Christ's spear wound and how it was the most real looking one on the cathedral crucifix. I heard a distinct "rrrrrip," and, at once, the pain was its greatest and lessened. I was free.

I politely turned away and tucked and zipped with great care. Sister Bride was almost out the door when I turned around again, and I meekly followed her out. When we got to the green door that led to the school yard, she held it open for me, and I will always remember the faint smile in her usually stern, blue eyes.

I looked up and said, "Thank you, sister."

"Go play, Andrew," she said.

Andy Popinchalk

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JUST A PHONE CALL

I dialed the long distance number and waited. As I heard each ring, my stomach churned and I held my breath.

Finally a deep voice interrupted, "Hello."

"Roy, this is Sarah."

"Hi Sarah. How are you doing?"

How am I doing? Huh, what a question I thought. A divorce doesn't leave one "doing" very well.

"Fine," I replied, ignoring the truth. "I called to explain Michelle's and my plans for travel this summer. I thought we could visit the week of July 1st. We would fly there and then leave from Detroit to visit my parents."

"July 1st?" his voice rose slightly. "Can't you visit at a later date? That isn't a very good time for me."

Then there was silence, always the silence. I couldn't imagine what the problem could be. He had recently moved to Midland, just before our divorce was final. We had planned that I would bring our nine-year-old daughter to visit him this summer. That visit

would ease Michelle's fear of losing her father and provide some comfort for me. Though we were divorced, we planned to maintain a friendship. All this would help Michelle in accepting such a drastic change in her life.

Confused and hurt, I searched for an explanation, "Why is July 1st not a good time? I thought we had already discussed this. Can't you get some vacation time?"

There was no answer. I could imagine Roy sitting, just as he had night after night when he lived with us, eyes fixed in space, ideas and feelings simmering but not a single bubble exploding. He was an impenetrable stone fort.

I broke the silence. "Roy, I don't understand. I can't change the travel plans. This is the best time for my parents."

In an attempt to be casual, he said quietly. "You can't come then because that's the time Carrie Jane is coming to visit. That's the only vacation time she has."

Carrie Jane's name thudded against my ears. Fear, anger and pain captured my voice. The all too familiar voices of the past flooded my mind.

"Carrie Jane and I are just friends. A small town doesn't understand close friendships between men and women. You shouldn't be jealous of Carrie Jane. Carrie Jane and I, just friends..."

Carrie Jane, why is that name always in my world? Carrie Jane is such a marvelous, bubbly person, why don't I just enjoy her company? Carrie Jane, why do I feel so threatened? How I hate that name, Carrie Jane.

Eyes closed, breathless and trembling, I could muster only a syllable into that receiver, "Oh!"

"Sarah?" Roy searched for my response, and this time the silence was mine.

Four months of repressed memories flooded the silence. Across from Marsha, I sat forward defending Roy, a loyal, sensitive man who cared deeply for his daughter. He had been misunderstood; he and Carrie Jane were close friends, nothing else. Marsha, Allison, Hilda...I answered all their suspicions.

I heard Roy draw in a deep breath in exasperation at the silence. Always I had filled those uncomfortable spaces, protecting him.

Last New Year's Eve, as Roy poured the champagne for the midnight toast, I glanced over to Carrie Jane to notice her sparkling blue eyes and her bubbling laughter. A terrible thought came into my mind. What if Roy kissed Carrie Jane, and I had to watch?

All that loneliness, jealousy and inadequacy of the past consumed me now as I held the phone.

"Roy, I have to make other arrangements. I won't be able to bring Michelle out now. I'll have to let you know later." Immediately I slammed down the receiver.

I couldn't sit or stand still. I wandered from room to room. "Why did you do this to me!" I cried. "Why couldn't we make our marriage work! What am I going to do? What am I going to do."

I stood in the living room screaming at that gold striped recliner, his place of retreat where he would draw a wall around him. "How can I believe you when Carrie Jane is visiting? Why is her visit more important than Michelle's?"

Dropping to the floor, I held my hands cupped to my mouth and kept rocking back and forth in a constant, heartbeat rhythm. I knew I couldn't stand too much more time alone. I'll call Allison.

I grabbed the receiver from the kitchen phone and quickly dialed the number. Allison could sense the state I was in, and arrived at the house in a matter of minutes.

We sat at the table in the kitchen. Allison leaned forward listening intently as I related the phone conversation. She sat there, jaw set, slowly shaking her head. She didn't speak.

"I can understand and accept that Carrie Jane and Roy are good friends. A visit like that doesn't mean more. This visit doesn't prove anything..."

Allison took a deep breath, "Sarah, face it. They were having an affair."

I couldn't look at her.

Holly Everitt

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GRAMMAR RULES

I'm convinced John Warriner and Betty Crocker are brother and sister. I don't believe the author of those titillating grammar books is a real person. When I learned Betty Crocker was a mythological character I knew there must be others and John Warriner is one of those mythological characters. No one who is real could have written the following preface to a text book, but John Warriner did: "The teacher of senior English occupies a difficult but challenging position... because ...he feels obligated to review, or reteach everything." I tried to do that once. I developed a three-day lesson plan centered on teaching my seniors everything. I figured, what the hell, that's plenty of time. Actually I did pretty well. The only things I didn't have time to cover were the thirteen Principal Upanishads and sentence fragments.

Another section of the same preface warns us of our responsibilities as senior English teachers: "Two thoughts impress upon him the magnitude of his responsibilities. The first is the image of the college English instructor lurking in the future of his college-bound students, ready and, it often seems, eager to find weaknesses in their high school preparation." If there's one thing I warn my college-bound students about it's lurking English teachers. They lurk everywhere. I even saw one lurking inside a coin drop on The Garden State Parkway. The preface continues to spread the good news by reminding us of our duty to "terminal" students: "For your terminal students the senior English class may be the last chance to master language skills that will help them meet the speaking and writing demands of a lifetime." This preface could terminate anybody.

My first department head handed me a copy of Warriner and told me to "get in there and teach writing." I tried it for a period and it worked: I terminated half the class in just forty-five minutes. One of the survivors approached me after class to ask a question about the assignment. I noticed he wore a number 44 football jersey.

"I see you're wearing John Riggins' number."

"Oh, did he play when you were living? I mean--"

"Never mind, Michael, I know what you mean."

"Do you want us to turn in the grammar assignment or--"

"No, Michael, I'll collect the books tomorrow and--"

"What'll we be doing next?"

"We're going to listen to 'Rocky Raccoon,' you know, the Beatles. And then we're going to begin to write."

Richard Steggerda

[illegible]

DUTY, OBLIGATION

I hadn't been sure I wanted them so close. Maybe Roswell, maybe Clovis, but a mile and a half from my house? There goes my autonomy, I thought. I didn't want to be obligated, didn't want to get stuck taking care of them. But finding the perfect house, and absorbing the atmosphere of the land around it, I began to envision the

life we would share. I would work with my dad in that huge woodshop; my mom would have her craft room and I'd share her newest passion. Anticipation supplanted my fears. I wanted them there in the fabric of my daily life, there for the years that don't stretch far enough into our future.

And tomorrow--tomorrow, they would come.

They'd signed the contract, called Lefty to make the appointment for the final conference, and soon the dream would be reality. I knew they'd get here early. They always leave before dawn. Excitement flows through my father, and they're up and away. So I wasn't surprised when the doorbell rang at 6:45, although we'd made plans for seeing each other later, after I got home from work. But I was surprised to see my father alone, no Mom, no dogs that go everywhere with them. His posture told the story better than his words. "I've come alone. There's a hard thing for me to do today," he said, and my hopes died.

He sat on the couch, held my hand, and explained. They'd signed the contract, felt good about it, too, and had gone to bed. At midnight he woke, stomach constricted in panic, and demanded of the night, "My God, What am I doing?" The uncertainties and fears flowed in. What if their house didn't sell? What if the quiet title suit was settled unfavorably? What if they couldn't make payments on the stock-insured loan and their source of income vanished? What if he died and left his wife in debt and bitter after all those years of working and planning to provide for her?

He ripped the contract small, then drove for four hours to tell the realtor in person that the deal was off, because calling on the phone would be too easy, too cheap. His rigid sense of right forced this confrontation. To spare my mother pain, he would face it alone.

He sat on the couch and I noticed how small he had gotten, how diminished a god he had become. His belt was buckled in the last hole, but still gapped away from his shrunken middle. His collar bones protruded from the neck of his shirt, and his once-powerful arms sagged. Today his head was bowed, his movements tentative. He wanted me to understand his decision. There was no plea for help, no entreaty. Just defeat. I did understand, and I mourned the death of our dream.

But one part of my mind told me, "It must be 7:15 by now, and if he doesn't leave soon, you'll never get dressed and ready and to work on time." I had to force myself not to look at my watch as we talked. My own sense of duty distracted me, divided me, and made me eager to have him gone so I could do what I was obligated to do.

And so I sent him alone to MacDonald's for breakfast, alone to the realtor's office. Diminished, unhappy, and old, he left my house to face alone what was for him an intensely painful ordeal dictated only by his pride. I let him drive away alone.

It took me another fifteen minutes or so to realize the true nature of the words duty and obligation. I still marvel at how difficult and basic a struggle it was for me to call my principal, tell him that I would be late, final exams or no, and go to find my father.

That my decision was right was confirmed by the look in his eye when I opened his car door and sat beside him, by the mute gratitude in the clasp of his hand, by the straightening of his spine as we walked into the office together.

Dorothy McComb

FIDGETS OF REMEMBRANCE

I do not see my father very much. He is an important man in the Army and has lived all over the world, toting my stepmother and sisters from outpost to outpost, their Volvo station wagon and carpeted family room the same in Korea, Panama, Germany, with only the weather and the indigenous cuisine to mark the difference. My father works long hours, my stepmother bakes from scratch, and my sisters attend Catholic youth groups in tacky Army churches. Right now it is dinner time in Heidelberg, and they are just sitting down to a dinner of meat and potatoes after their cocktails.

When I do visit him, we do not have very much to say. My father is fiercely loyal to what he believes, and taught me to be the same. But our beliefs are often at crossed purposes. For so long I have been the weird older daughter (the accident, the relic from the bad marriage) who "screws around" with writing in Bohemian Greenwich Village, that hotbed of Jews, high rents, and the AIDS virus. These outstanding features are inextricably bound, to each other and to me, in my father's mind.

So my infrequent visits usually consist of me staying in my room reading until Daddy gets mad and sends one of my little sisters in to drag me out to the barbecue so he can harangue me about my double pierced ear and dismal job prospects until the steaks are ready. Perversely, I continue to hope that these backyard moments will yield up some insight into my father. The smell of lighter fluid and the rattle of ice cubes in a highball glass might always call forth a new truth. And that, in turn, might give me some understanding of my presence, here in the corner of a suburban porch, watching a two-star general grill flank steaks for his family. But the summer sky dims, the coals spark, and we take dinner inside in a chill quiet.

To smooth over these conflicts, my stepmother organizes family outings, little realizing (perhaps ignoring? perhaps delighting in?) the fact that one thing my father and I share is a loathing of any interruption of our weekends. Destination: Smithsonian Institute. We express our displeasure in different ways. My father drives too fast, curses about traffic and the price of gas, the ball game he's missing. I slump in the backseat, wish for sleep, an echo of a Stevens poem in my head. Beside me, my sisters argue, fidgeting with sandals and purses, culminate their disagreement with a slap. Feigning interest in the scenery, I remember that my hatred of long car trips was fostered in this yellow station wagon.

At the museum, I wander away alone, looking at tableaux of Eskimo villages, despising them. All around, a thousand families, milling among fragments of Native American life. The Stevens fragment returns to me: "the fidgets of remembrance come to this."

I had sent my father a copy of an essay I wrote for a scholarship contest. In the piece, I told the truth--hard for me--about how much I admire my father's commitment to his work, and the importance he has always put on knowing what matters in your world. Now, outside the heli-lush Air and Space Building, eating ice cream bars and wishing we were somewhere else, my dad asks me if I have heard about the scholarship. I tell him no.

The chocolate covering on my ice cream is cracking and slipping off onto the ground, and I am hating this, thinking of that cornered feeling on the porch last night as I say, "Even if the essay doesn't win the award, I'm glad I wrote it and I meant everything I said in it."

What the hell am I looking for, sitting on the Mall in Washington D.C. with sticky hands?

My dad gets up, and walks away without a word.

Francine Pheneu



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Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

[illegible]

The inside was really nice; he put in rugs and my father helped him lift in a big wooden spool for a table. He had comic books up there, and red licorice. He even had a fan.

I did everything I could to bother my brother when he was in his clubhouse. I yelled things at him, climbed up on the roof and stomped my feet, and threw little hard apples from the trees into the open hatch at the top. But I couldn't get to him, because he pulled the rope in after he went up. And by then, he had learned from me the art of ignoring. It was my turn to be furious.

My brother's friends were always the same; they followed him around and did everything he said. They couldn't go in the clubhouse until he said it was time, and he always had to go in first. I hated them, too. I couldn't figure out why they thought he was so great.

One day, he invited a new friend over. When my mother and brother went to pick up this new kid, I climbed up to the clubhouse and poked around a bit. It looked great to me. He had put in some wooden fruit cartons for seats and magazines were scattered on the table and floor. It was a little messy, and it looked homey and grown-up free. I wanted it to be mine.

I knew my brother was coming back soon. I shinnied down the rope, bouncing my feet off the wall, and looked back up. My father's old black hand lawnmower was stored above me, suspended upside-down from two rafters a few feet away from the rope. It didn't look too safe, I thought.

I picked up the end of the rope and held onto it. Maybe I'd just swing it a little, to see if I could make it touch the lawnmower. On my third try, the rope caught over a wheel. When I pulled on the end, gently, nothing moved. I stared at the rope for a minute. Because it was looped around the lawnmower, it was now hanging far away from the wall and was shorter than before. I left it dangling in the middle of the garage and went inside to read.

It was about an hour later when I heard the screams. I hid my face under my pillow, and scrunched myself as tight as I could. But through the terrifying howls, I heard my mother's desperate voice, and knew I had to answer. I walked slowly to the upstairs window, and poked my head out. She was standing there, holding the boy. Blood was everywhere—all over him and her and the driveway.

"Call his mother," she yelled. "Tell her 'Framingham Union Hospital'."

She put him on the back seat, shoved my brother in, and was gone. I stood, shaking, in the absolute quiet, then looked for the boy's number in the phone book. My stomach hurt. I tried to think of excuses for not calling. Then I looked out the window and saw the blood and knew I had to.

"Mrs. Montgomery? Your son's hurt bad. You better go to Framingham Union Hospital right away."

Her squawks sounded less and less human as I put the receiver back down. I crumpled into myself on the floor, sobbing and sobbing. When I couldn't cry any more, I looked through my blurry, puffy eyes and saw my legs, going straight down to the floor. I stretched out my hands and bent them into claws a few times, then drew careful deep lines with my fingernails from my ankles to my knees, and watched as the blood began to ooze.

It was a long time before my mother came home--at least two hours. "He's going to be all right," she said. "He'll have a scar across his forehead, but his hair should hide it pretty well. He's very lucky it hit where it did. God knows how that lawnmower fell on him."

I saw the boy again when he was about fifteen. I recognized him after I noticed the long scar across the top of his eyes. I stared at him, and he looked back at me, enquiring. I shrugged, and walked away.

Sarabeth Morris

SEVENTH GRADE PAST

"OK, class, today I'd like you to spend some time thinking about what you'd like to search out for your project and...yes, Eben?"

"I don't get it, Mrs. McCard. Eben looked up at me with an inward roll of his eyes, a habit which always disturbed me.

"What don't you get?"

"Well, I don't get what you want us to do."

"This is going to be perhaps the hardest part. You've got to think," I answered seriously while the rest of the class snickered, assuming I was being sarcastic.

"What is it that you're really interested in, what would you really like to know more about? Once you figure that out, the rest will be fun. You've got to spend some time just thinking, OK?"

"Yeah, I guess so, but," he twisted his mouth toward one cheek, "but, just think?"

"Um-hm, just give yourself time to think."

"Mrs. McCard?"

"Yes, Lori?"

"How long does this report thing have to be?"

Without answering, I pointed to the Print Shop Banner that reminds my students: "Ask not how long it has to be, but rather how good is it?"

"Yeah, yeah. I know I'm not supposed to ask how long it's supposed to be, but how long do you want it? Five pages? Ten pages? Can I get extra credit if it's typed?"

"Mrs. McCard?" interrupted Randy before I could answer.

"Yes, Randy?" I said a little impatiently.

"I don't mean to be rude, but when are we going to start studying about verbs and nouns and stuff? I mean all we've been doing this year is reading books and writing stories and stuff. I was just wonderin'," he said with a grin.

I smiled back at Randy for two reasons. One, it was so like him to be totally off base to whatever the rest of the class was doing; and two, I wasn't sure I could come up with a good answer.

"Well, I thought you guys already knew about nouns, and verbs, and adjectives. You've used them all year without much trouble."

"Yeah, that's all we studied in sixth grade," replied Randy nodding his head in agreement. "No wonder I really like this class."

Dorothy McCard

[illegible]

TOM SAWYER

I grew up with an actual Tom Sawyer in Indiana. I don't know why his parents named him Tom, but they did and then, as if his odd and famous name required it, he proceeded to be the funniest person in our class, and probably the most audacious. He was also 6'2" and weighed about 230, though he moved gracefully and had terrific touch on both the basketball court and golf course. He had a wide face, dark curly hair, black horn-rimmed glasses like Clark Kent's, and a kind of mock serious demeanor that we never quite knew how to read.

For Tom's photography project in his senior year, he wanted original candid shots and got them. He would have a friend pull up to a bus stop or a group of pedestrians waiting to cross. Tom would be riding shotgun. He would lean out the window, shriek like a banshee, and fake like he was throwing something at the innocent bystanders. Meanwhile, from the back seat a second accomplice snapped pictures. The best shot was of a startled Purdue student in a downpour, holding his umbrella in front of himself like a shield. The student's expression was caught at that odd juncture of fear and anger. He looked like an owl on a limb frozen by a flashlight.

LAMB OF GOD

Just as I am without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to Thee,
Oh Lamb of God, I come, I come.

The invitation played softly. The choir sang. Church had been long today. People were crying. I could see them--grownups and all. And I felt like crying, too, but I was trying not to. Somebody might see me. It was the invitation now, and it would be over pretty soon. Except they'd probably have to sing all the verses because so many people were being saved. They were coming from all over the church to confess their faith. Lots of people had been saved before, but never as many as today.

Kids are going up there, too. Gosh, even Diane Walker is going. She's sitting a couple pews in front of me, and she's going past her mother and out into the side aisle and up toward the front. That's not fair! She's only five. I'm seven, and I haven't gone forward yet. You have to be older than her to be saved, don't you? Maybe I should go. There's still a whole 'nother verse of "Just as I Am." I could go up there. I do feel like crying. Maybe I'm being saved, too. I better hurry if I'm going to. The song's almost over. Maybe they'll sing the last verse again. They do that sometimes. If they sing another verse, I'll go. Diane is talking with the preacher, heads real close together. Now she goes over to the front pew, and my Sunday School teacher is hugging her. Both of them are crying. So are my sister and my mother. Tears leak out of my eyes, too. But the chorus is over, and the piano doesn't begin again. They've stopped. I missed my chance.

In the car on the way home all they can talk about is Diane.

"Isn't it wonderful!"

"And she's only five years old."

"She's such a grown-up little thing."

"And smart, too."

"I'm so glad the Lord spoke to her."

It isn't fair. I would have gone, too, if they'd only sung the last verse one more time. In my corner of the back seat behind the driver where I always like to sit, my tears came again. Everybody always talks about Diane.

"Isn't she cute? She's so little."

"And such a little lady."

"She seems so much older than five."

I cried harder. They never said things like that about me, and I'm seven. The more I thought about it, the more I cried. Several times during Sunday lunch the tears welled up and spilled on my roast beef. My mom kept asking me if I was OK, and I said yes, but those tears kept coming. If I was like Diane, they'd love me more. If I was saved they would be talking about me.

When I had cried all I could, I got on with my Sunday. There was a good book I wanted to read, so I tucked my blanket in the edge of the top bunk, let it fall down to make a cave, and read all afternoon.

The next day was a school day, and when I came home for lunch, the preacher was there. He was sitting in the dining room with my mother. We never used the dining room. Lyle and Linda had lunch places set at the kitchen table, like always, and I wanted to eat with them. But I had to sit down in the dining room with this big man, and the swinging door to the kitchen was even closed. That meant serious business. The dining room door was never closed unless somebody was getting a spanking. I was scared. My mother was looking at me and so was the preacher.

"Your mother told me you were upset after church yesterday, Louise. That you cried."

Nod.

"Can you tell me why you were crying, Louise?"

Shake the head. Eyes down. I couldn't.

"Did you feel the Lord calling you yesterday? Do you know what it means to be a sinner? Is the dear Lord

Jesus knocking at the door of your heart? Will you let him in? Do you believe that he can save your soul?"

Tears. Nods.

Serious eyes in serious faces, looking right at me. I had felt like crying in church yesterday, hadn't I? I had been planning to go forward, hadn't I?

"Let us pray together. Dear Lord, look upon this child who comes to you in innocence and trust. Come into her heart, dear Jesus, and give her your peace. Thank you, Lord, for convicting her of sin and showing her the way to your salvation. Continue to guide her all the days of her life. In Jesus' Holy Name we pray. Amen."

"Amen," from my mother.

"Amen," from me. That's what the grownups always said.

Then my mother took me into the bathroom and washed the tears off. She told me how proud she was of me. She wiped my face with the big, soft towel and hugged me close. We were alone together in the house. Lyle and Linda had gone back to school, and we talked together softly for a long time. Everything was just like I had wanted it to be. I couldn't wait to tell Diane Walker that I was saved, too.

Louise Shoemaker

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THANKSGIVING

After Thanksgiving dinner, my mom put my coat on me and we all drove into Seattle to see my grandparents. When I say all, I mean the people who were our closest friends. Judi, of course, and Sandy and Charles, Mike, and this other guy whose name I can't remember, but whom I really liked. What was his name? Bill? Bob? Ted?

It was such a good day. I had made a new friend, drunk wine out of a juice glass, and gotten to wear my best dress with the tuxedo button front and the giant free-form strawberries. I loved getting all dressed up and spending the day at a grown-up party, and I liked this new friend because he did not get distracted when he was talking to me. He did not get pulled into discussions of politics like so many grown-up friends did. He liked me best. He liked talking to me. He sat next to me at dinner, and I liked that.

At my grandparents' house, there was more wine, and coffee, and relatives. A Thanksgiving program with music was on the big TV and everybody was watching. My new friend--what was his name?--danced with my grandmother in the panelled den. It was boring after such an exciting day. I wandered into the middle bedroom to play with the paint swatches and wall paper samples I kept there. I was in the middle of a very important project--designing a new library for Mrs. Jones, one of my most important invisible clients.

My new friend came in when I was talking with Mrs. Jones about upholstery. I was kind of embarrassed. I didn't want him to think I was babyish, playing at make-believe interior designer with only the bedside table for my office. I picked up my book.

"Whatcha doing?"

I fidgeted with my swatches, explained that I was reading.

"These look like some great colors. Are you in the middle of a project?" He sat down beside me on the bed, picked up Mrs. Jones' sofa fabric selections. Oh no, I assured him. These weren't mine. These were just some dumb old things. They were stupid. The room was kind of stupid too, so dark and so cluttered with coats and boxes, my grandmother's ugly old easel. Everything in it was so awful. I didn't want to look at it, I was so ashamed. I slipped off the edge of the high bed, and had to push myself up with the toes of my shiny shoes. Why did I feel so nervous?

"I've been meaning to tell you all day how nice you look in this dress."

Not too long ago, Dad would jokingly call Mom "Rita" for Rita Hayworth, because she too left with mind disease. He jokes because he can't deal. We kids used to call Mom the "Queen of the Caboose" because without fail she always pulled up the end, picking up the loose pieces, and taking no credit for the actual mechanical running of the family. Nowadays, the train moves too fast for Mom, and no one can slow it down.

Lately, Dad sleeps a lot. When awake, he sullenly watches from the sidelines, keeping score of Mom's forgetfulness. He is dying inside. They just celebrated their thirtieth anniversary and Mom's only fifty. The day after, when Mom saw the stack of anniversary cards, she asked whose birthday it was. Later, I saw an article on Dad's desk. He highlighted a paragraph in yellow pen:

Around the home, "memory aids" can be useful. Label frequently used items, leave written instructions near activity points (kitchen, clothing closet, bathroom). Use lists and keep up with a very visible calendar. Safety instructions left around the home are also needed.

Up here, in Vermont, I try not to think about it. But I carry Mom's picture with me, and look at it often. In the photo, taken seven months ago at Jill's graduation, she's beautiful and chic. Now, I am hammered with her loss of control. If only I knew she was leaving I would've paid more attention to her quick artistic mind, beautiful ceramic mosaics, and innovative linguistic theories.

Soon she'll be gone, and I will only have this picture to remember what she was like. I'm afraid that in these seven weeks, Mom will have left for good, her bags will be completely packed, and I won't have said goodbye.

C. Leslie

* * * * *

Three writings from the course
in Responses to Literature:

HOW I LEARNED TO READ

I never learned to read nor did I prepare to learn to read at home. The simple fact is we had no books, magazines, or television in the house that I remember. We had no electricity, no running water, no cars, no money. The only book that we had was the King James Version of the Bible and later, around 1947 or 1948, we got a Bible story book for young children.

My pre-school years were spent on a small, hard-scrabble farm near Benton, Tennessee, in the southeastern corner of the state. We depended on imagination and creativity for making games and toys out of spools and boxes and scraps of material. My friends were my younger brother and all of the animals on the farm. I developed a strong identity with nature and remembered the exultation with which I viewed a sunset or heard the wind or smelled wood smoke in the air. But my mother, who had taught school before her marriage and my birth, spent all of her waking hours working: raising and preserving all of the food we ate, making all of our clothes except shoes, cleaning and washing and scrubbing with a brush, and heating water on a wood stove. There was no time for stories and no books to look through.

I went to school at age six and a half and was one of forty students in the first grade who could not read. All I remember about this is that suddenly I knew how to read. I do not remember any real instruction in the process, but I do remember the stupid, irrelevant books. One was about a young girl who lived in an apartment building with an elevator and a doorman. I could not imagine what that meant.

There were forty-five students in my second grade class. The teacher gave my cousin, a friend and me the privilege of reading anything we could get our hands on to keep us busy. But there was no one to teach us or to explain to us when we did not understand the books. I remember reading about "warm" and "cool" colors and about strange animals which were half-man and half-beast. There was no direction. I just read to keep from being bored.

In the summers I walked to a neighbor's house and borrowed her Nancy Drew books. By that time I identified with Abraham Lincoln who walked miles to get a book. I developed an insatiable thirst for knowledge and an obsession to have a book of my own.

Finally, my mother went back to teaching after my sister was born and we had a little extra money for unnecessary things. For my twelfth birthday I was given the greatest gift of my life, which I still have: Richard Halliburton's Complete Book of Marvels.

Rebecca Mobbs

* * * * *

"YOUNG SYCAMORE"

There's a young maple back home that I'm pulling for this summer. In parts of Kansas, a single tree can be the focus of a lot of attention, and when I visited my parents last month, a silver maple was frequently discussed. This tree was planted to replace a Chinese elm that stood for nearly seventy years near the southwest corner of their big two-story house. As protectors, trees on Kansas farmsteads have tall orders: if you've been to Kansas in July, hot and windy are the only words needed to understand this. But it's not summer stress that's weakening this maple; it was a deceptive, unpredictable winter. My dad's diagnosis is winter kill. A combination of too little moisture and unseasonably warm temperatures caused the tree to bud before it should have; then, a hard freeze killed the new growth and left the tree stunted and sick.

When my dad planted the maple, he was in the early stages of diabetes complications that would, over the course of the next few years, end with the amputation of both his legs. To people who don't know my father, this all sounds pretty horrible, but it's not as bad as all that. Old farmers are generally resourceful and with a little rigging, a wheelchair and a garden tractor can be made to serve a man nearly as well as worn-out legs. His need to make things grow takes him outside each day to see to his garden and that maple tree. He waters and fertilizes it and trims the dead branches away and coaxes it to survive.

Jo Koster

* * * * *

LOVE LETTER

At age five I was in love with Susan, the pastor's daughter. She had light brown hair and freckles. I wanted to write her a love letter which was a problem since I couldn't write. So I dictated it to my mother. She took my request seriously and copied everything I said, then gave me the paper which I carried proudly. But there was still the problem of what to do with it because Susan couldn't read.

My friend, Bill, a second grader, saw the letter, took it from me, and read it to the other kids in the neighborhood. He sat on the wall of our carport while five or six kids stood around and listened. It was my first public reading, and I did not enjoy it. The reactions his reading produced in my friends were not the reactions I wanted. At one point, I had written to Susan, "I want to marry you after we get out of high school, but you'll have to wait several years, because

I plan to join the army first." When Bill read that line and laughed, a sound that was a cross between a deep Woody Woodpecker and a flooded car engine trying to start, I learned as much about audience and purpose and reader response as I have from numerous essays and books. The sixteen years of schooling before I became a teacher sometimes obscured that knowledge, but it's still in me.

Raymond Williams

* * * * *

FRIED CHICKEN

Fried chicken for lunch. This meant Mother would soon be in the chicken-killing business. While she set the water to boil and selected her sharpest knives, I quickly dressed in my grubby clothes. Killing chickens was a messy job.

Peter-and-the-Wolf fashion, Mother, my twin, and I marched out the gate toward the garage. Mother grabbed the chicken-catching wire from its nail on the garage wall and continued toward the chicken pen.

"Hook the latch after I get inside the pen," she directed us.

Once she was inside and the gate latched, we scurried to the chicken-wire fencing and jammed our noses and fingers through the holes. The search for the perfect fried chicken was about to begin.

"Why do they always follow you?" I asked Mother.

"They think it's feeding time."

How could anything be so stupid? The unsuspecting chickens pranced and strutted around Mother's feet. Some of them congregated around the feed pan.

Mother made her selection, and in a flash, she had hooked the leg of a squawking, wing-thrashing chicken. The warning had been sounded. "Run for your lives," the chickens seemed to say. As the mass of chickens piled upon each other in the corners, Mother snatched two more squawking victims off their feet.

"Let me out and take them to the corner of the garage," Mother instructed.

The killing was about to begin. By placing an old broom handle over the neck of the chicken as it lay on the ground, stepping on the broom on either side of the chicken's head, and giving a yank, Mother decapitated each chicken.

The dead chickens went beserk. They half-floated, half-fluttered above the ground, spinning, flapping their wings and spewing blood from the large, severed artery. As suddenly as this erratic flight had begun, the headless fowl collapsed to the ground.

"I'm going to get the water. Take them to the trash barrel," Mother ordered.

Grabbing the chickens' limp legs, we carried the beheaded beasts around the corner of the garage. Mother arrived with the boiling water. With quick plunging movements, she would submerge each chicken in the scalding water.

"Go ahead and start plucking the feathers."

I hated this job. Not only were these ugly creatures dripping hot, dirty water all over me, they smelled awful.

"Can I just hold them for you?" I inquired.

"No, they have to be plucked while they are still hot," she replied.

Gagging and complaining, we pulled handfuls of wet, sticky feathers from the yellow bodies. Before we had finished the plucking, Mother prepared for the final step by wadding newspaper into balls and setting it ablaze. By moving the ugly bodies several inches from the flame, she was able to singe the tiny pin-feathers from the pore-covered carcasses.

My favorite part of this process was butchering the chickens. As Mother filled the sink with ice cold water,

we dragged two stools on either side of her. With the speed and grace of a karate expert, Mother dismembered the wings and yellow, scaly sections of the legs. Another rapid, accurate movement produced the always favorite drumsticks.

We were enthralled with the mastery and wizardry of Mother's performance. Holding the remaining vestige of the chicken on its back, she slit the middle from top to bottom. Hot, steamy intestines bubbled over the fractured body.

"Where's the lizard? Where's the lizard?" we wanted to know.

"Gizzard, not lizard."

The gizzard was the crown jewel of the chicken--a velvet pouch of treasures. All the grain, rocks, and glass that the chicken had eaten and not yet digested was in the gizzard. Our excitement mounted as she deftly cut through the tough membrane of the organ. As always, Mother carefully pulled the cut apart and showed each of us its contents.

"Wow!"

"Let me see! Let me see!"

What new and exciting treat had been on the menu? Once in a while, we would find a piece of ribbon, a tiny piece of plastic, or weeds. We always wanted to give this treasure trove a thorough examination. Having whetted our appetite of curiosity, Mother quickly removed the heart and liver. Then, she dissected the remainder of the body into thighs, breasts, the wishbone, and other unnamed pieces.

The chicken pieces were then dropped into the ice cold water of the second sink. Fresh, cold water was added to the first sink, and the butchering continued.

I always thought these chicken-killing days were special. I've tried to provide this experience for my children, but they just aren't impressed.

Ardith Maddoux

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WHAT I KNOW ABOUT SLEEP

In the summer nights at my mom's old house, I would always turn off the air conditioner and open the porch doors and all the windows. This is how I learned to sleep in hot weather. This is what I am proudest of. If you lie very still, and wait patiently, you will feel a little breeze sneak over you, like a curious fluid animal. If you don't move, if you do nothing to frighten it, it will call its friends to come and visit this strange warm shape lying in the night, and their cool little limbs will drift around knees and shoulders and promise sleep. The key is patience, and understanding what it is to lie easy and alone, waiting without moving. Like all wild animals, if you move or show fear, sleep will flutter away. I know a lot about keeping still on hot nights, about being patient in August.

In the winter, it is good to sleep with someone. In the winter I am always tired, the apartment is cold, and there is too much to do. Sleeping in the winter is about curling and collapsing, and when you sleep with someone in winter they curl and collapse around you and you are comforted together. There is not so much the anticipation, the waiting and the patience of coaxing sleep to you that comes in summer. There is no slow walk, after a shower, to the kitchen for a glass of water by the open window. Instead there is standing one minute in a bright light, then there is darkness and a sigh and whisper and the rustling of quilts and then an insular quiet, bound by curled arms and the cold air. In the winter I know it's good to sleep with someone.

When it is cold and sleeting, I like the comfort, look forward to it; but the summer is a time of solitary sprawling, a gift I learned to cultivate alone. Soon I

will live with someone all year, and what will I do on a hot night when he does not understand what it is to wait without moving for the cool animal breezes to come skating across the sheets, bringing sleep? And what about, even in cozy winter, when flus and fever bring restless dreams? Blankets become a trap, too hot, and too constricting, and there is no sense of stillness or true quiet. The patience of August will come to nothing when all I can think about is reclaiming my side of the bed. My side. How can I live with a split like that 365 nights a year? What kind of promise am I making, turning my dreaming solitary self over to the hands of some restless night owl who sleeps through summers with an air conditioner?

The moon last night was a yellow quarter, and my bed was my own to do with as I pleased. One night enriches a whole year. When the moon comes around again to this shape and size, I will go home to something I do not understand.

The summer stretches before me, full of singular promise, but I do not know how I will sleep in winter.

Trysh Travis

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NOTE: The piece in this issue titled "Sightseeing" was originally written as prose but seemed to want to look like a poem because it was so compressed. We have printed it here in lines that suggest poetry. Please don't assume that YEAST is therefore soliciting readers to send in poems. We tried that a few years ago and were flooded with poems from everyone in Vermont who lived in sight of Bread Loaf Mountain. We kneel before poetry as all good English teachers should, but we intend to try to keep YEAST a publication devoted, with few exceptions, to prose nonfiction.

* * * * *



Some names of authors and characters
have been changed to protect against injury.

The writers speak for themselves,
not for the institution.

Editors for this issue:
Heidi Lyne, Louise Shoemaker

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SUMMER AFTERNOONS

Leaves like golden feathers drifted above my head and shadow-danced on the muddy banks of the Moreau River. Grandpa fished nearby and every now and then I heard the whizzing of his fishing reel. The plop of the weight slurped up the line.

I sat with Grandma and she occupied my time with stories of eagles as large as airplanes, and runaway Indians who feasted in a grove of cottonwoods. Her hands and arms floated as she conducted her way through a story. Netted hair escaped in strands and wisped above her. I watched her wrinkles curl and stretch around words and smiles. The afternoons wore on melodically to the tone of Grandma's voice.

* * *

When Grandma was dying, I went to the hospital. Her tired eyes stared at me and the words, "Which one are you?" seeped through her pruned lips. I leaned over her bed and whispered my name in her ear. She took my hand--rubbed it slowly, methodically. I cradled her waning strength in my palms, and the rhythm of her labored breathing was the story she told.

Gerri Gutwein

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BEING AFRAID

We used to drink. A lot. We used to do a lot of drugs. It is not politically correct to say so, but those were great fucking times. We drank Wild Turkey straight up and hollered about Jesus and Kierkegaard til we passed out. We went to a package store to buy a second liter of

gin, carrying a hairdryer for protection. Once we danced on a moonlit highway, wasted on Ecstasy, applauding each other at every pirouette. We road-tripped through New Jersey in a blue Pontiac, stopping at every town ever mentioned in a Springsteen song. When I write these things down, they don't sound like important things. But they are the moments of seeing what life is about. Maybe they happen a different way for you, for anybody. But I have seen myself best on windy freeways, with the music blasting, driving somewhere with my best friend.

If being afraid is a crime, we'd hang side by side, the song says. And we were very afraid. Which we would never, ever, in a million years, admit to anyone except each other. That's how we could have so much fun; all that fear resting on a hair-line trigger was a fine and hysterical high. So when we finished school, we moved in together, to face the nightmare grown-up world with solidarity. We got a shower curtain with a map of the earth on it, and a huge Springsteen tour poster that blew us up like a talisman in an empty subway station one night. We bought the right kind of clothes to wear to work. But it was kind of exciting--maybe our work would make a little difference in a mean and silly world. After all, we had inspired each other, hadn't we?

I don't know what happened then. Work happened, I guess, and put everyone in a poisonous mood, turning all that fear into boredom and taking its fine cutting edge with it. That is not to say that we didn't have fun anymore. It was just a little like chasing the dragon, hoping for something to happen. We still celebrated a lot of little things with expensive champagne. We still laughed at men in bars while we watched the NBA playoffs. We still knew we were great.

I think those bars are where things first started to rattle. We met too many pathetic and hilarious men who asked me to come home with them and said, "You can bring your friend, too."

Those nights made me sad and tired, so when the Lakers won the championship, I quit the bar scene. I spent the hottest summer vacation on record on a beach in California, and came back very tan and serious about a boy I knew. That made the rattle worse. Boys had always made good fodder for a thousand jokes about Friday nights wasted dancing at Benihana's, and now this one had come out of the humming backdrop of artsy Romeos that had been providing us with good laughs for years. It is just accident that I have never been too much alone; I am a tall woman, with the right combination of nerve and smile, and that has always kept me in company. It is just accident, but after five years it rings loudly in an empty room.

I was waiting--am still waiting--for life as a grown-up to be better, and I thought maybe this boy was the promise I was looking for, a promise that could equal all those summer freeway nights when my roommate and I were young and full of grace. Sometimes I think her way of looking is more truthful than mine. She got a great new job, very prestigious, lots of travelling and money. Even though we still live in the same apartment, we hardly ever see each other. We are both so busy, you know. And if I am in bed when I hear her key in the lock, I turn off my light and lie very still, afraid because I know she will come in drunk and talking about things that I can't care about. I wish I could.

I called the week after I got to Bread Loaf, to see if she'd made our Labor Day beach reservations. We go to the same place every year. She'd made the reservations, and she told me she'd gotten another raise and bought a new car. I laughed, and told her I was afraid the only thing I had to report was that I'd met a new boy, and this one had a Cuisinart and big brown eyes.

Francine Pheneu

[illegible]

SISTERS

We are eating dinner at the Oar House in Ogunquit, Maine, and Tina has ordered lobster because we are in Maine, after all, and that's where you eat lobster. Not the tidy man's lobster, either, all taken out of the shell and put into a neat little dish with butter and wine sauce. Tina says that the lobster you get in those little brown ceramic boat-like bowls is what has been left over from other people's dinners. I take the easy way out, but Tina, the daring sister--she wants the real thing, a whole pound and a half of it.

It comes to her huge and hairy on the plate, orange and red, with a lobster fork stabbed into the tail, a little towelette packet held up in its claws, a nut-cracker squeezing its belly, and a dish of melted butter sliding across the plate as the waitress puts it down. Tina looks at it in hungry awe. She wonders aloud how best to attack it, where to start the cracking and snapping that will let the good stuff out onto her plate, where she can get at it. She also gets a plastic lobster bib tied around her neck, and she is so little, and the bib and the lobster are so big, that for just one second I feel a little jolt of pity for her. It's an uncomfortable feeling, so I stare instead at the hair in the lobster's mouth and at the bulging eyes, which Tina has turned toward me so that she doesn't have to look at them.

She hasn't done a lot of planning before she begins her attack, although I notice that she starts with some of the little fingers and not right in at the tail. This is just like her. When we were little and on car trips across the country, we'd get candy bars, and Fitz and I would eat ours right away. But Tina would save hers and eat it in front of us later, little tiny nibble by nibble. She does the same thing with this lobster, until her hunger gets the better of her and she starts the full assault.

She takes the nutcracker in her little hands and manages to make a terrible gaping crack. Lobster juice squirts out all over the table and the bib, but she now has broken the armor and begins to dig for the meat. She gets far enough into him to discover a pile of gritty dark stuff. Neither of us knows what it is. The waitress comes over to give advice. She draws pictures in the air above the table, and says, "Some people consider that a delicacy." We don't. Tina scoots it off to the side of the plate under a pile of broken shell pieces and picks up the carcass with both hands. Turning it over and over, she looks for places she may have missed in the previous search for lobster flesh. She finds a possibility somewhere between the rib cage and the arm-like fingers and goes at it with her fork, which proves to be a tactical error. The whole thing jumps off her plate onto the floor, where I can almost see it scuttle, mutilated, back to the tank in the kitchen. Tina pounces on it and returns it to her plate. She finishes with a flourish, the whole operation having been carried out with more enthusiasm than finesse.

After dinner we walk along the Marginal Way footpath that leads down and around the beach. We admire the sound the waves make, bashing the rocks and scraping the shells along the floor of sand. It is one day before July Fourth and somewhere down the beach there are fireworks in the air. I like the plain red and blue ones. She likes the ones that turn colors, gold to green to orange, and end with booms, which take a long time to travel down the water to us.

In the morning, when it is time for me to go back to Bread Loaf, and for her to catch a bus for Boston, we both say be careful, and we hug each other hard. Then I drive off into the heat of the highway, and she is left, waving alone from the sidewalk.

Maureen Neal

VOICES

I always did as I was told. When we were growing up, the sound of Dad's Buick pulling into the driveway alerted my sister and me to pop up off the couch and get moving--do something, anything, before the car door slammed and he walked in the front door. Dad hated to see us idle, so we learned early how to please him or at least stay out of trouble. If we weren't working, we'd hear, "You two are lounging around while the breakfast dishes are still in the sink? Pick up those newspapers. Burn the trash. Turn off that TV. Who do you think is paying the bills around here?" Then he opened the fridge, popped a can of beer, and sat down to read the Herald-Journal, content to hear us starting dinner or running the vacuum cleaner.

Kathleen and I were his slaves, as was our mother. When she got off work at the woolen mill, she had an hour or two to relax before our father came home. And then like robots we cranked into action. That's why when Dad switched jobs and started coming home later, missing dinner, we never cared. We liked it.

Now, even in the psychiatric ward of the V.A. hospital, cancer-ridden and dried out, he was still determined not to lose his grip on me. "Susan, get over here and hold my hand!" Dad shouted amidst the confusion of the other patients.

It didn't bother me any more. I walked over, held his shaking hand in mine, and stroked the long bony fingers gently to calm him--and myself. I tried to understand the hospital's regulations. But it hurt to see my father sitting in the middle of a room with mentally ill people.

Earlier he had told a nurse that if he couldn't go home for Christmas, he was going to kill himself. Without even consulting me, the doctors whisked him away. When I arrived after work, his room was empty. That was the first shock. To find him here was nearly as difficult to handle.

"Susan, you've got to get me out of here."

"I will, Dad, I will. I'll find your doctor as soon as I leave." My fear was shifting to anger at those who chose to take a dying man's ultimatum without considering that he was too weak to carry out that threat.

I spoke with the doctor and explained that my father wasn't suicidal, just homesick. With the help of a friend who carried Dad up the stairs, I brought my father home to my apartment to spend New Year's Eve. It wasn't much of a celebration for us. Dad couldn't eat any of the fresh Italian bread from the Solvay Bakery or the oyster stew. Esophageal cancer, common for alcoholics, gave him trouble swallowing even plain water. But he did get to stay one last night in the bed he and my mother had shared for thirty years. His sleep was interrupted with pain. And so was mine. "Susan, Susan," he called out to me many times that night.

While I sat in the chair at his bedside, I thought of my mother's death two years earlier and her last words, "Susan, take care of your father."

I wanted to do as I was told, but there was nothing I could do except sit on the edge of the bed, hold his hand, and soothe him, "It's OK, Dad, I'm right here. I'm right here," until he dozed off. I was afraid to go to sleep. I was afraid he might die, and I wouldn't be able to help him.

In the morning I took him back to the hospital. By nightfall he went into a coma. I never heard his voice again.

Susan Jamison

ANGELUS MASS

When I was in the fourth grade, Monsignor Riley chose me to be the altar boy for the Angelus Mass. That meant that I got to miss the first thirty minutes of English hour for all of the five weeks after Easter. The Angelus Mass started at 12:15 every day and Mr. Cronin rang the cathedral bells for a whole fifteen minutes starting at 12:00

noon. I had to be in the sacristy and dressed in my cassock and surplice by the time he started ringing those bells. I had very important jobs to do like putting out the cruets with the water and wine in them and bringing the hosts to the altar. I had to light the candles too, which was real special 'cause I got to light the six big ones for the Angelus Mass. Then I had to sit in a chair near the altar and wait for Monsignor Riley. I really liked looking out at the people in the seats, even though I was supposed to be keeping my eyes on the altar and thinking about the Mother of God. This one day Monsignor Riley was late, so I thought it would be all right to see who was there.

Not many people ever went to the Angelus Mass because it happened during people's work days or lunch hours. Mrs. Crawford was sitting in the front seat of the far right aisle. She moved her mouth a lot, like she was chewing Ju-Ju-B candies or something. She looked up at the cathedral ceiling the whole time too, but I never saw exactly what she was looking at. It might have been those light holes where the bats lived or something. Anyway, she was there, and Mr. Labrie was there.

He was a fireman and he was wearing his uniform. I felt sad for him because his son Phillip had died of pneumonia when we were in the second grade. Mr. Labrie cried out loud in the church when my class came in for the funeral. I said, "I'm sorry for your loss, Mr. Labrie," like Sister Mary Bride told us to, but I really wanted to tell him that I would miss Phil 'cause he would always let me play "frozen tag" even if Chucky Vaunt didn't want me to get in their game. Mr. Labrie was a friend of my Dad's. I haven't ever heard my Dad cry. I think he'd cry if I died of pneumonia though.

The Albamontis were there together. Their son Richard was in my brother Paul's class. Mr. Albamonti was really Dr. Albamonti; he did operations on people at the Backus Hospital. Once he gave Arnold Daily twenty-four stitches right in the nurse's office at school. Fat Billy Shannon said he was going to sit on Arnold and Arnold ran smack into the big side of the church. He bled all over Christine Brozowski's hop-scotch squares. Dr. Albamonti was at school bringing Richard's lunch, good thing too; Arnold might have run out of blood. Mrs. Albamonti prayed with her hands folded in front of her face. She was lucky Sister Aiden wasn't there. She would have yelled at Mrs. Albamonti, I bet. They're really nice people. Once they let Paul and me swim in their pool. The pool had blue water and smelled like a load of diapers in the Maytag.

There was a man there I didn't know, but I had seen him lots of times before at other masses. He was so old that he had to rest about every five seats before he made it to the front where he usually sat. It was a big church, you know, but I could run down the center aisle from the communion rail in front to the confessionals in back before Anthony Saporita could count to eight. We tried it once when Monsignor Riley left after mass and no one was in the church. This old man probably didn't do any running for a long time. Usually Monsignor Riley brought him communion at his seat 'cause it would take too long for the old man to get to the communion rail, and there were no seats to rest in once you got past the statue of St. Patrick with all the snakes on it. The old man always smiled at me and said, "You good boy, you good boy." Then he would start coughing like Helen Miller did when she had the croup once. Father Tomczak talked to the old man in Polish sometimes when he said mass, and the old man smiled so much that his teeth got all spitty.

Mrs. Sawyer was out there in the seats too. She had a baby in her; she always had a baby in her. Mrs. Sawyer had a girl in my grade named Marjorie Sawyer and I really liked her. She whispered even when she wanted to talk loud. She gave me a valentine on Valentine's Day that said, "I like Andrew best of all," and Marjorie printed 'Andrew' herself. No one else had a valentine

from Marjorie with their name printed on it by Marjorie herself. Once Mrs. Sawyer came to communion and I was holding the communion plate. Mrs. Sawyer's little baby that she was holding grabbed the chalice with all the hosts in it and they fell out. I missed them all, didn't catch even one. Monsignor Riley had to wash half the floor with holy water that day. Mrs. Sawyer kept saying, "Oh, I'm so sorry, Father, I'm so sorry." The baby didn't care though, he smiled the whole time. Monsignor Riley just kept saying, "It was an accident, Rose. God bless, God bless." I felt bad that I missed catching any of them. I wished I had done like Fran Archambault did once. He caught a host about two inches from the floor. Mrs. Crawford opened her mouth too slow and Fr. Tomczak hit her in the teeth with the host. Fran was watching and he got it. Fran played baseball when he was in high school too, and I think he played the outfield.

Mr. Tomanek was playing the organ that day. He came from Hungary--Budapest. He talked a lot like that old man, and I didn't usually understand him, but he sang beautiful songs and made the whole church vibrate when he stepped on the pedals of the organ. Once he let me step on the last one on the left. The sound made my cheeks tickle and my ears itch. I liked to watch Mr. Tomanek play that organ and the mass was always nicer when he sang. When Mr. Tomanek was at the Angelus Mass, I didn't have to say the responses in Latin 'cause he sang them. It was like he and Monsignor Riley were singing to each other in that big, almost empty church. I loved it when Mr. Tomanek sang the "Sanctus," especially the "... pleni sunt coeli et terra ..." part. He had such a pretty voice and Mrs. Crawford's mouth really moved during that song. I think she liked it too.

When the Angelus Mass got over with I had to set up for the 5:30 mass. I liked that best of all because Monsignor Riley left me alone in that whole big cathedral by myself. No one was coughing or sneezing and the air was cool and still. The lights were off but it didn't matter 'cause the huge stained glass window with the pictures of all the martyrs on it lit up the place with a nicer kind of light than the lights with the bats in them.

I didn't usually do risky things 'cause I really liked being the altar boy for Monsignor Riley, but on this day I sang out loud to see if it would echo like Mr. Tomanek's voice did. I sang English songs like "I Found My Thrill on Blueberry Hill." I tried to do it like Elvis and make the "I fah-hound my thurill..." part loud, so it would echo.

Then I did a really stupid thing. My Dad had let us watch Superman on TV two days in a row. I liked the way his cape flowed when he took off. I was putting the vestments away like usual, and even though I knew it was a venial sin to do it, I put on Monsignor Riley's green chasuble and pretended it was Superman's cape. If it had been a martyr's feast day, I could have used the red chasuble, but the green one was all right. Anyway, I put it on and ran down the middle aisle in that big church, making a sound like Superman makes when he flies and looking back behind me to watch my cape flow in the wind. I was having so much fun, especially because I was missing sentence diagramming, but Monsignor Riley had forgotten his keys and came back for them. Suddenly, I heard this awfully deep voice say, "Andrew Popinchalk, what are you doing?" I thought that it was God's voice 'cause it's very deep, you know, and Monsignor Riley's voice was very deep. He told me to put the chasuble away and go back to school, but he rubbed my hair, you know, the way your parents do when they want to yell at you but they don't, so I don't think he was too mad. Also, he let me be the altar boy for the Angelus Mass when I passed into fifth grade too.

Andy Popinchalk

BABY SISTER

My sister is not like me. That's the best grasp I have on who she is. When she was my baby sister, I was the little mother. At any sound or motion from her crib I shouted, "Mommy, the baby's crying!" When she could walk, I held her hand and showed her the parakeets in Woolworth's. I always wanted to be grown up, but my sister liked being little. I scolded her once when she dropped the towel on the bathroom floor. "Pick that up," I said, "You're no baby."

She was indignant. "I am so a baby."

We shared a world in our twin beds after dark. In the winter, she would climb into my bed and lying side by side with the covers held over our heads, we would pump our feet against the blanket as fast as we could, causing the sparks of static electricity to fly like the fireflies we brought home in jars in the summer. I told her stories, and we compared secrets. Once she let me read a first-grade love note that said, "I love you. Do you love me? Be my pal."

As we grew older, my sister began to resent my need to take care of her. Once, she mortified me in a backyard dispute by shouting in front of the neighborhood kids, "You think you're so smart just because you wear a bra." We fought our way through high school. My sister's temper frightened me and forced me out of control. I could not understand her and could not make her understand me. Eventually, the space between the twin beds wasn't wide enough. I pleaded, "Get her away from me, Mom, just get her away from me." We moved into separate rooms.

We continued to hurt each other unintentionally. When she called to congratulate me on my college graduation, I proudly confided that I had graduated Magna Cum Laude. "That's really great!" she said. "I'm going to graduate Summa." Years later I learned that my sister often cried inconsolably after she had hurt my feelings.

Now in distant cities we each sleep in beds with husbands. Our visits are too polite. We can't share anything more important than funny stories about our pets. I wish we could recapture the time she visited me in Boston during her senior year. She let me show her the Freedom Trail and Walden Pond. On Easter Sunday we drank too much wine with dinner and giggled through stories of our childhood.

My sister called me last night to tell me that she is going to have a baby in March. I told her how glad I am for her. I wondered if she guessed how sorry I feel for myself. "I didn't know whether to call you at school," she said, "I know you are busy." I did not want her to have to apologize for being happy. She seemed to sense that I had hoped to be a mother before her. I was not able to tell her about the fear, growing stronger as each month passes, that I will never have a baby of my own.

It is hard for us to talk about feelings and dreams. We are afraid to open vulnerable places to each other. I feel we are sharing a room again, but the wide space is still between us. We want to reach across, but we are still on our own twin beds most of the time.

Kathleen Sumors

VIGNETTES

During the drive to Vallecitos, Laura replayed her accident--the speeding car, the pregnant woman who hadn't seen her, the ambulance ride. There were cuts on her forehead where it hit the windshield. Her hands and arms were wrapped. Her VW was demolished, but that seemed minor. She'd escaped almost unharmed and we both felt delivered from disaster.

But it wasn't only the wreck. Living was hard for Laura. She'd staked her life on her relationship with Craig, and it wasn't working. She had always maintained her right to abandon a bad piece of work if she felt that she had failed or that life had failed her. She kept suicide as an option. I knew that she had chosen it once. She told me that I would hear she was on drugs; someone had seen her staggering through the hospital foyer. The drug was two bottles of aspirin. I kept the number of the Clovis police department next to my phone for a month after that. We lived far apart, and I could not be with her, but I stayed by my phone.

We had been touched by death, and she bore its scars. So we went to Vallecitos and saw the aspens. We held each other. Then we each clutched a tree, savoring life and holding ourselves to the earth.

I hadn't seen Laura for months, and we planned, on this Fourth of July, to drive to Santa Fe for a picnic at my house. It was all arranged in advance. My parents had the food. We would cook on the rock with the natural fire pit, and eat among the piñon on our land near Pecos. Craig had chosen to stay in Albuquerque, so it would be, as it had been for years, just Laura and me-- a rare and special blessing.

I slept at Laura's house in the same room that she and I had always shared. The other twin bed was empty. She had moved into the front room with Craig, and getting up was lonely. But a day of her company was ahead.

It was a polite breakfast, Laura and Craig dead-quiet. I went to get my things, to retreat from whatever it was that was in the room. Laura came to tell me that there was trouble, and that they needed to work it out before we could leave. I heard sobs from the front room, a closing door, murmurs, then shouts. I took a long walk, came back at 10:00, and read till 11:00, kept looking at my watch. My parents were expecting us shortly after noon. The drive would take an hour and a half. At 11:30 I knocked on the door. A few minutes more, they said. At noon I exploded out of the house and into my car, jerking up Candelaria, speeding down Wyoming, cornering too fast, hot. This was supposed to be my day. Damn it, he lived with her, and I hadn't seen her for months. To hell with it. I headed for Santa Fe. I turned back at the interstate on-ramp, went to her house and waited. At two o'clock their door opened. After dealing with shit all morning she had more to face--me and my searing anger.

We never got to my parents' house.

There was too much stuff between us. Lying on the floor, looking at Laura, I knew there was too much stuff. There was the time I drove right through Denver and didn't even call her. Once I made all the complicated arrangements to spend Easter with her and she forgot she had invited me. She got my post cards from England and couldn't understand why I never got to Denver. There was never any time alone now that she was married.

We had talked about how hard it is to maintain closeness over time and distance, and had dipped into our irritation. But we hadn't resolved anything over the phone, and now that I was in Denver, lying there, listening to banalities, I knew there was too much stuff between us. We were on the edge of dealing with it, but mutually chose to skirt the issues and smile. We talked of our lives--her graduate school, my teaching, her marriage, my longing for babies. But underground currents carried us away from one another, and we chose not to fight the flow. Now I don't even know where she lives.

Ginger MacKinnon

A LITTLE HELP FROM POLLYWOGS

In early spring, this year, I walked to Long Point with a woman. Our plan was to picnic on ledges looking 500 feet down to the New River below. It was a new spot for me, though I'd heard about it for fifteen years. Annie was pretty new to me too. The place smelled of honey-suckle and pine. Laurel bloomed between the boulders. We sat back from the edge, eating cheese and crackers, poupon, celery and carrots. We talked, drank white wine, and nibbled chocolate.

"I've got several other guys I've been seeing."
"Huh?"

"I said, I see some other men from time to time, usually on weekends, away from here."

"Oh. I don't. I mean I don't see other women regularly. The reason I'm here is I've had a great time over the last month getting to know you."

We walked up the sandy logging road toward her car.

"I've got to pee," she said and stepped a few yards off to the left.

"Me too." And I moved to the right. I didn't peek at her.

We walked on and found a murky puddle in the middle of the road. Annie bent and examined the tiny pond for life.

"Pollywogs! Get the wine bottle from your pack. Pollywogs! Just the thing for school." She swished the remaining wine out of the bottle with gloomy pond water and began slipping in pollywogs.

We collected seventeen that Sunday. I carried them back, wiggling and black, gigantic spermy shapes in a dark green bottle. On Monday, five went to Special Ed, five to the other first grade, and the rest stayed in Annie's room where tiny scientists noted woggy behavior, carefully and constantly, until the final bell.

The reason I know all that is Annie told me, when she called to say, "Thank you, Doug, for a great time."

Next weekend, together at a bigger pond, we found two newts. In first grade, Annie told me, a newt is worth a dozen pollywogs.

Douglas Yarrow

DRIVING TO WORK

Driving to work through eighteen sterile city blocks, block after block of decay. The heat and humidity have descended, and it's only 8:30. My recently ironed shirt sticks to my sweaty chest, and I wish I had paid the extra for air-conditioning. People mill around front stoops, smoking cigarettes and swatting away flies. Kids drag books and coats to schools named John Locke Public School #54 and Martin Luther King, Jr. Public School #55. The playgrounds are studded with shattered glass, but girls double-dutch anyway. Boys hang around the basketball hoop, passing around a soda and a joint.

Stuck behind a trolley, I breathe in the exhaust which filters through the vent. Tired faces watch me from the trolley's back window, smeared black with gritty soot. I fumble with the radio dial, embarrassed that I drive with four empty seats, while they stand jammed together. I stop for a red light and lean my head out the window. Nice day. I should've called in sick. A young crossing guard smiles to me as he draws hard on his cigarette. He motions with a flick of his hand for the kids to cross, but doesn't move away from the pole he leans against. I drive on, slowly, because there are a lot of school kids around.

I stop again as more people force themselves into the packed trolley. Graffiti and litter color the dull houses. Crumbling porches and neglected dogs sag in the thick air. On a boarded-up door a spray-painted Charlie Brown face says, "Good Grief!" The Uptown Theater, long since abandoned, screams of loneliness. The voices and laughter of the movie-goers echo along the sidewalk.

I imagine the lines of people waiting for the show, and wonder how long ago the theater shut down. Can't tell around here, these places fall apart fast without care, overflowing with beer bottles, old clothes, dirty mattresses, and empty fast food containers.

A little girl crosses in front of my car. Like a deer caught in the headlights of a car, she stares at me as she passes. I smile and she looks away. She finishes her potato chips and drops the bag in the street. Hardly matters anymore. The street is lined with junk, and skeleton cats with ragged tails gingerly pick through the garbage. She turns to look at me, as if she knows I disapprove, and I read her T-shirt: "I Could've Been Anyone." What does that mean? Is she already apologizing for what she is, or what she'll be? The traffic moves and I drive on. The message is a warning: if she could've been anyone, then I could've been her.

Caroline Eisner

A FAMILY TRADITION

Whenever I see Bobby Knight bellow and fume from the sidelines during a televised college hoop game, I think of the patience my father had with me and all the boys he coached over the years. I was a shortstop, but like most Little Leaguers I wanted to try pitching. I told my father I had worked out on my own and even if the only pitch I had was a fast ball, it was good enough to get the hitters out. He didn't say no, but wanted to know what that thing was on the end of my baseball spike, the one that toed the rubber. "A pitching toe. All good pitchers wear them."

Pops shook his head and said all right. I walked fourteen batters in the first two innings. My father had seen all he wanted of his son, the convert. I watched as he made the slow walk to where the catcher and I were standing on the hill. No philosophical insight on the art of pitching. Just a calm suggestion that maybe I should go back to short.

Pops followed my athletic career through grade school, junior high, and high school. He never missed a game. When I made my first all-star team in Little League and was issued my first full uniform, Pops showed me how to wear it. The stirrups, sanitaries, and pants had to be put on just so. I felt like I had been let in on one of life's great secrets and the ritual of putting on those pants before an all-star game became a special moment.

I wanted to grow up to be just like my father: to play college football, basketball and baseball like he did. I dreamed of all-state honors in basketball like he earned in 1927. He shared a lot of his sports memories with me. He used to come into my room and we'd listen to Michigan football and basketball games on the old Philco radio he'd passed down to me. Michigan sports became a passion between us.

In my junior year I got caught drinking at a weekend party and the football coach booted me off the team. For my punishment I had to see a probation officer with one of my parents. Mom didn't drive, and the probation officer held court twenty miles away. My father picked me up at school and we made the forty-mile trip in total silence. No lecture. No "I'm really disappointed in you" speech or "You know you've really let your mother and me down" talk like the rest of my friends got who made the same forty-mile trip that October day.

During my college days my father and I argued about grades and how late I stayed out. "So, what's so bad about a 1.5 grade point average?" I taunted him after my freshman year. The patience was waning. Driving in just ahead of the milkman didn't impress Pops. Neither did my sprint through the front yard one night followed by two of my friends on motorcycles. I was going through what

mythologists call the separation and initiation part of the prodigal son's journey. My father called it something else.

What originally united us eventually reunited us. During my senior year in college I was listening to the radio and picked up the Michigan-Ohio State football game. Underdog Michigan upset the Buckeyes on a seventy-yard punt return in the final minutes of play. I was wound up about the game and decided to call Pops. We talked excitedly about the upset and about Michigan's rejuvenation under the new coach, Bo Schembechler. Over the next sixteen years I called my father after every important Michigan win.

In 1986 he lay dying in a hospital bed. I entered the room worried that he wouldn't know me. Unsure of what to say, I began to tell him about my son's success at soccer camp. Pops smiled, grabbed my hand and squeezed it.

Richard Steggerda

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THREE STORIES ABOUT A DOOR

I

Who knows how these fights start in high school. You look at your friend wrong, then he doesn't sit with you at lunch. He doesn't wait for you in the parking lot after school and you hate him because he's being a total jerk. That was how it happened and it had been going on for weeks. And I had had just about enough of Daniel's ego, thinking he was too good to be friends with me anymore, there in the watery September of our senior year.

So I came home from working at the Fotomat on a hot Saturday afternoon and argued passionately with my mother about the grocery shopping. I just wanted to take a shower first--couldn't the fucking groceries wait? There is nothing like being miserable when you are sixteen: you hate your stupid part-time job, and you're bored at school, and you're fat and ugly and afraid and you don't even have a driver's license. And underneath it all is the knowledge that Daniel isn't speaking to you. Your friend who really knew you and loved you has realized how fat and ugly and afraid you are and now he hates you because you are just a dumb girl, pretentious and not at all beautiful. It was this which caused the grocery argument to escalate into angry tears.

I stamped off to my ugly room for the controversial shower, getting fatter and uglier by the minute. The front door in my room was open and I slammed it shut with all my sixteen-year-old's serious and violent angst. Oh, life was useless and I was all alone and those things would be true forever.

For once in my life I didn't look out the window first when the doorbell rang, just jerked it open as if it had some kind of answer behind it, waiting to jump into my fat and ugly and teary face. And of course it was Daniel, standing in his sneakers on my porch with a rose in one hand and a ten-pound bag of ice in the other, while I stood with my hand on the doorknob, blinking like a turtle without my glasses.

"Okay, I'm breaking the ice," he said, and dropped it so it cracked and shimmered across the porch and into the door and onto the lawn. Who knows how these fights in high school get started. I opened the front door to take the rose and a shower of ice cubes tumbled down my front steps.

II

I had just turned seventeen and I was so in love and it was the Real Thing. Mike said to me, "Dude, when I see you in the hall it's like, Reality." Which was so true and so right and so wonderful that I had to tell him

that I loved him before I left for my Spring Break trip to Italy and New York. So I was miserable during the whole trip because what is the Colosseum anyway, without someone you love beside you? I was so miserable that I got a terrible flu, a raging flu, and when I got to New York I coughed all the way through my Columbia interview. I called and told my mother that I had to come home early because I hated New York and couldn't find the N.Y.U. offices in the Village, I was too sick. I was changing my ticket and Mike was picking me up at the airport, so she wouldn't have to miss her dinner meeting. And she reminded me that I was grounded, because I hadn't come home 'til 4:00 a.m. the night before I left for Rome--how could I when I was so in love? So Mike could drop me off at the house, but couldn't stay. And that was it.

It's a long drive from the airport to my house, but not nearly long enough. Of course he had to carry my backpack into the house for me, Mom still being at her dinner meeting, and there was my room, my bed, all mine, all dark. Oh, ten days is forever when you're really in love, and I was really in love when I heard my mom open the back door a while later and come in through the kitchen with her meeting friends. But my room had the front door, and in a curious twist of roles, Mike could get out the front and get to his car while my Mom was still in the back of the house. You can move really fast when you're in love, and scared, and he was dressed and out the door in a second, me holding my breath and holding the screen so it wouldn't slam. "Oh wait-- your shoes!" I whispered, and I snatched up his punky, funky, sexy green high tops with the purple laces and swung them into his waiting hand and dove back into my bed-- safe because I had such a terrible flu. And the screen door slammed--bang, crash--just as my mom opened my door, just as Mike's cool red car screeched away outside.

III

I didn't want to stop there. This curb was where I would pull up my car when I was in a hurry, too lazy to use the driveway ten yards further on. This shabby green hedge, where the dogs used to sleep in the cool dirt on summer days, was where I had my playhouse. These dining room windows could always be pried open when keys were lost or forgotten. This was my mom's compost pile, the cracked green paint of my patio. I didn't want to stop, but I was going so slowly that I saw it all. The front screen door was hanging open, swinging and banging in the August wind, and that was what made the tears come. My house, my tacky house full of kid dreams, had new paint and was rented out to strangers. It was rented out to the kind of strangers who let the screen door sag on its hinges after all the hundreds of times my hands and feet had kicked and slammed and pulled it open and shut. And I was sitting in my Grandmother's white Oldsmobile, coasting by as if I had never happened.

Trysh Travis

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A VISIT

"You don't mind if I watch a little television, do you? I can't sleep right now."

"No, I'm so tired, I probably won't notice," I lied. This was the only night I would sleep at my sister's home, and I would tolerate anything rather than upset her more.

Propped up with pillows, Cathy leaned back, holding the remote control in front of her. She pressed the button, changing the pictures from station to station.

"There's not really any program I want to watch, but I need to relax before I can sleep."

MONDAY MORNING

I climbed into the double bed and leaned back beside her. "I don't watch much television any more. There just isn't time."

Cathy watched a minute of Magnum, P.I. and then switched the program to some movie.

I pulled myself down into the bed and curled up on the right side, my back to Cathy. I'd have given anything to be in a separate bedroom.

"Is this too loud?" Click, click, click, she changed the channel again.

It wasn't loud, but I wasn't used to TV. "No, I think I'll be able to sleep."

I hoped I'd sleep. I wanted to escape, not think. I'd be leaving for Maine in the morning, and I could forget the jokes that didn't quite work, the conversation that trailed off. That tension. Explosions that came suddenly, triggered by a word or phrase.

I'd never forget the boyfriend who talked often of guns, had beaten her, and still lived there. I'd always see the aspirin bottle, filled to its throat, in the medicine chest, waiting.

Click, click, click.

"This isn't a good night for television programs." She pulled forward to adjust her pillows. "Maybe I can find a talk show."

I pulled the blanket up over my head trying to mask the flickering light intruding, stealing my darkness. It had been seven years since I'd seen my sister. My visit home had been so important. I had imagined how much fun we'd have giggling over our mischief as children. I smiled, remembering when Cathy and I had sneaked into the kitchen to squirt sweet, puffy billows of whipped cream into our mouths and had instead squirted the cream all over our dog Smokey's snout. I missed Cathy.

Click, click, click. "I wonder if there's a good movie on."

I wanted my sister back. I had said something she didn't like. We had argued—or rather she had exploded and I stopped talking, really talking. She had pulled back; I had pulled in.

Click, click, click. Cathy continued switching channels. She watched for a few minutes and then rotated through the channels again looking for one program she could watch.

"Are you asleep yet?"

"No. I'm just thinking." I wanted to share more than memories. I hoped we could talk about not only our children but some of the problems we were both facing. I wanted to tell her how lonely I felt sometimes. It didn't work. When I said what I really thought, Cathy wasn't there.

Click, click, click. The television blared with the canned laughter of some sit-com. Click, click, click. There were the familiar voices of Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn—an old movie.

I rolled over to see Cathy against the pillows. She had drawn another cushion across her stomach, holding it with her left hand while she manipulated the remote control with her right. Drawn for a moment into the light-hearted banter of Tracy and Hepburn, she ignored me beside her. I turned back and pulled my hands up to my mouth. Perhaps sleep would come soon if I was still.

Click, click. An MTV video.

Click. "President Reagan said—"

Click, click, click. "--with high expected to reach into the mid-90's."

Click, click. Click, click, click.

Sara Scott

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"So you're up."

"Now I am."

"Who was Emma's creator?"

"Flaubert?"

"No, it's got to start with A. Six letters."

"Jane Austen."

"Perfect. A-U-S-T-E-N?"

"Yeah."

"You're so smart. I saw your fifth grade teacher, Mrs. Stout, at Osco last week and she remembered—"

"Please, Mom. Why'd you call?"

"You wouldn't believe what happened to me. Or maybe you would. Me and jobs. White-haired lady bosses just have a thing about us other white-haired ladies. It's jealousy. Jealousy's all it is. But don't worry, I haven't lost my job. In fact, I had the highest volume of any of the agents who work out of their homes. Did I tell you what my ticket sales were last month?"

"No."

"Well, June isn't that good a month. I mean it's a pretty good month, but not that good. I think families mainly go on car trips in the summer. I think I could have sold more but—"

"So what was your total?"

"Oh, right. \$6,743.28. That may not sound like a lot to you—"

"No, that sounds great."

"Well, I only get four percent of course, but that's better than three percent. If I sell over \$5,000 then I get four percent. What is four percent of 6,743.28? Do you have a calculator there? Here, I can figure it out—"

"Are you going to tell me the problem or not?"

"Oh, right. Well, do you remember the Schwartznagels? George and Eva? He's in chemical engineering and got his doctorate at MIT. I don't know where he did his undergraduate work. And she's the nicest little thing. Jewish women can be so pretty with that dark hair. She looks just like that singer. What's her name? Joan Baez. Well, Baez, now that wouldn't be Jewish, would it? Anyway, they are the nicest people. Do you remember them? They go to our church."

"You know I haven't been to First Baptist for twenty years."

"Well, I know that, but I thought you might—"

"What's the problem?"

"They bought a package tour to the Far East. Honolulu-Tokyo-Hong Kong-Bangkok-Singapore, and then they'll return through Los Angeles where they'll leave the tour to go down to San Diego for five days to see their daughter. Now you must know their daughter—Christy. Or maybe she's your brother's age. A tall girl. Very pretty. She's a computer analyst now in San Diego and her husband's in the Navy there. They have two girls, Eva said. She is the proudest grandmother."

"I know you'd like to be a grandmother."

"I didn't say that. You just read into what I said."

"So, if they bought the package, what's the problem?"

"Well, that's the problem. I think they're backing out. He travels so much anyway with all his consulting. You know those engineering professors. They're really into the consulting racket. Not that your father didn't do a lot of consulting before the divorce. Anyway, I think the trip's more her idea. There was just something about the way he acted in the foyer after church. He's usually very friendly. Sometimes they've invited me to Rax or MCL after church. Should I call them?"

"What do you think?"

"I really think Eva wants to go and she wants to see those grandkids. Your father and I used to meet so many interesting people when we travelled. Sometimes I think that if we'd travelled more—"

"I don't want to hear about you and Dad. You know what I think. What do you think you should do about the Schwartzenswhatevers?"

"You don't need to yell. And why do you keep asking what I think?"

"I wasn't yelling and I just want you to quit acting dumb."

"I think I need to go to the little girls' room."

"Mom, don't pull that one."

"Nobody's pulling anything. And you don't need to be rude."

"I'm not being rude."

"All right then, I won't call the Schwartznagels."

"Don't act like I told you not to call them. But, if I was you, I wouldn't. Why give 'em ideas?"

"Of course. 'If it ain't broke, don't fix it.' You are so smart."

"Give me a break."

"Well, I have to go anyway. I'm taking the Afghans to Indianapolis."

"Indianapolis? Can't you get them cleaned here?"

"Not my Afghans. The church's Afghans. The refugees from Afghanistan we're sponsoring. They are so poor. And he was a Colonel in the army before the Communists took over. They have to go to Indianapolis every year to get their visas stamped. She is so sweet and her English is so good, really much better than his. I don't think he even wants to learn it. She's going back to school to get her Masters, just like your wife."

"You can call her Elizabeth."

"Well, she is your wife."

"Damn it."

"Don't you swear at me! Why are you so angry? Is it that school?"

"It's not my work. You're the one who wishes I taught college."

"I have a better relationship with Elizabeth than I do with you."

"What? You don't even talk to her."

"Of course I do."

"Whatever. I don't want to argue with you."

"Who's arguing?"

"No one, okay? Truce? I do love you."

"I love you too. That's why I called. I just wanted to tell you I love you. Both of you. I'll talk to you later. Bye."

Edward Bailey

ONE LONG NIGHT

My grandmother's breathing was loud and it rattled. She was going to die soon, I thought. The hospice was dim and hushed. It seemed almost homey, just me and my grandmother and the darkness.

I lifted the blanket and fitted my body next to my grandmother's, pressing against her like a lizard settling into a warm rock. She didn't move but I could tell from the changing rhythm of her rasps that she knew I was there. I took her hand in mine and pressed my leg tight against hers. Then I began to talk. I talked of how I loved her, and what I remembered. I told long stories about the past. My voice sounded quietly in the dark, rising up and down. When I paused, my grandmother's breath kept pulling in and out. It was almost like we were making music together.

Sometimes when I got to a part that was special to both of us, I felt my grandmother's leg push against mine under the bedclothes. The first time it happened I thought it was a twitch, but when it happened again I said I had felt it. Then her leg gave a giant heave against mine.

I told my grandmother not to be afraid to leave us, not to worry. We would miss her, but we were ready for her to go. We were okay. I listed our names--her five children, sixteen grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. I knew she liked hearing those names. Then I asked her to be sure to look after my little baby Kate when she got where she was going. I don't believe in heaven, but when I was talking about Kate, I was crying. I liked thinking of my grandmother up there taking care of my baby.

Then I stopped talking, though I kept pressed right up against her with her hand in mine. I heard some clicking noises down in her throat, and then she just stopped breathing.

I stayed there for a while. It was still and quiet, and my grandmother didn't have to pull in those hard breaths anymore. I felt glad for her. After a while I got up and kissed her cheek and went down the hall. I told the nurse that my grandmother had died, and I walked out the door into the thin morning light.

Heidi Lyne



Some names of authors and characters
have been changed to protect against injury.

The writers speak for themselves,
not for the institution.

Editors for this issue: Andy Popinchalk,
Mary Rosmus, Ned Stuckey-French

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A LITTLE BIT OF GOODNESS

When our baby died, we were living in Ireland. We called our parents overseas. I remember clinging to my husband, squashed into the phone booth in the dark. He was all I had to hold on to.

Then we went home and threw away the baby's clothes and put our house back the way it was before we had her. I thought I wouldn't be able to live if I saw her things in the morning. I threw away the film in the camera, too.

When morning came, we had to view Kate's body for identification. We both went to the hospital, but I couldn't go up the elevator. My husband said she looked like an angel. He had brought a white flannel dress with white silk embroidery for her to wear.

Then we ran out of things to do. We wandered for three days. I guess we were looking for a place to go where we would feel okay—not good, just okay. Or maybe we wanted to get out of the house that didn't have that baby girl in it.

We found ourselves at other people's homes. Looking back, I see that our friends didn't know what to say or do. We didn't care. You don't worry about things like how people think of you or whether you're making them uncomfortable when your baby has died. It doesn't matter at all.

We drank a lot, I think, though it didn't change anything, and I started smoking—one cigarette after another. I could feel the smoke going into my lungs. It was one of the only things I could feel. The other was my breasts. They were tight with milk and kept wetting the front of my shirt. I wouldn't take pills to dry them up, though I think people wanted me to. It was the last thing I could do for my baby. I wanted to feel the pain.

On the second or third day we went to see the mother of a friend. Maybe we needed a mother. Or maybe we thought because she was a doctor, a pediatrician, she might be able to bring Kate back.

We stopped at her home several times; she was never there. It became the thing we had to do. She will help us, we thought. We will feel better there.

When we found her at home, I cried and cried at her kitchen table. I had thought I couldn't cry any more, but I did. It didn't change anything—she couldn't make me feel better. My baby was still dead. It didn't matter whether people listened or talked or didn't know what to say or said a lot. It just didn't make any difference to how I felt.

Then she decided we should eat. We didn't want to. I couldn't remember whether I'd eaten or not, but I knew I wouldn't be able to. The lump in my throat got bigger at the thought of swallowing.

She didn't care. She went to her stove, ladled out two bowls of homemade tomato soup and put them in front of us. "Now eat," she said, "It's only a little bit."

I watched my husband lift the spoon to his mouth, for it seemed as if I had forgotten how to do it. Then I put some in my mouth. The first spoonful got stuck, refusing to go down. I swooshed it around for a while, then made my throat swallow. Because it was soup, a little got through. After that, each spoonful got easier.

I don't remember the taste of that soup—only the steamy orange warmth. It was just a little bit of goodness on a cold day.

Heidi Lyne

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A RAIL DECORATED WITH FLOWERS

I sat in the pew, isolated from Shellby and Brent by a rail decorated with flowers. My daughter was leaving me. I found myself distracted by the three-year-old flower girl, swishing her skirt and swinging her basket of flowers, and by my father, rocking slightly, pulling his neck back from the chafing starched collar.

I didn't feel like crying. I was ready for Shellby to leave my home. The space had become cramped. We fought often enough—too many hot showers, the cluttered living room, and dirty dishes in the sink.

I reminded myself, pay attention. This was a moment never to be repeated, a moment to change her life, my life. The sounds of the minister hung in the air, but the force of the words didn't penetrate my thoughts. Instead I watched the guitarist, his wispy hair slightly matted and bent in defiance of the formality of the occasion. He had arrived late. When he stood to play, the strap on his guitar broke loose, and he struggled to hold the guitar and complete the song. I laughed to myself. The music didn't touch me.

My friends expected me to cry. I didn't. I remembered I had cried on two occasions. There was the evening Shellby and I had visited the vocalist to hear a review of possible wedding music. Dressed in jeans, sitting on the floor, I listened as the woman strummed the guitar and sang. The sounds stole my breath, and I found tears slipping from my eyes, more and more tears. I didn't want to cry, sitting there before that woman and my daughter. Gritting my teeth, I pressed down with my breath, calming the inner trembling. I had also cried while driving to Presque Isle to purchase wedding decorations. As Shellby drove, I read aloud from a book on wedding etiquette. As I read the order of the ceremony, tears escaped. I looked over at Shellby. These were mere directions, and this was not the time. With my Kleenex and a casual brush of my hand, I flicked the tears away.

In the last four years I had prepared for Shellby's leaving. During her senior year in high school, I had made every effort not to depend on her when it would have been so easy to depend—a divorce leaves one grasping for connections. My parents lived so far away. She was my family, my purpose, my home base. She needed to leave me, and I knew it. My friends, golf, school became important. I prodded, insisted she go away to

school. She resisted but finally compromised by coming home every weekend to see her high school boyfriend. She didn't live with me during the week, but she was there every weekend. When she completed her beautician training, she returned home to work. She lived with me, but there were changes. She shed her boyfriend, found new friends and bought a car. She ate on her own schedule and left the house most every night. I ate my meals alone and sometimes weekends were long. It was important to face quiet evenings, punctuated only by the sound of the stereo or television.

Brent lifted Shelby's hand, slipped the ring on her finger, and stepped back nervously dropping his hands to his sides.

The silent house was tucked behind the bridesmaids' poorly hemmed dresses, my parents' flight plans, and the helium-filled balloons.

Terry Goodwin

[illegible]

EVERYDAY POSTMODERN

Events and objects have lives of their own. I look in the mirror when I come home from dinner, or now in the night window over my desk. I have a woman's face now, a woman's body. When did this happen? I just came home from work one day and saw that I was a grown up. Then I realized that all the stories that gave my life its shape had happened in another place and time, with different people. The stories of an older, other life become the secrets of the present, not because you want to hide them, but because they never matter to the people who surround you now. An intersection where I wrecked my car, a dog that died, just the wood grain of my desk--a million simmering and lucid seconds made my face, my voice, my arms the way they are. And no one knows this.

Your face changes when there are stories important to you that no one around you knows. For a long time your face is clear and open because all the people you know see themselves in it everyday. You grow up then, you move away. Some signs are easier to read than others, some are easier to make. People begin to see what they need to see. They are easy to please. A few words, a gesture, the right outfit solidify you in someone's mind. You exist, not by virtue of the thousand collected moments of your past, but through your haircut. That is much easier for everyone. Being around people to whom your hidden stories mean nothing drives the stories deeper. The stories take on new and magic meaning because they are not public.

The stories which are happening outside, in public at that time, the stories of Janes and Joes and curriculum committees and train schedules, will they take on meaning a little later? In a million restaurant bathrooms I have caught my own eye in a dirty mirror and asked, is this important, this here and now? Is this one to string on the necklace of memorable days? Can I fairly count this with the campfire in Arkansas and the dinner in the park? For a long time the comings and goings of everyday life seemed excellent as the whispers of things to come. Sudden understandings, glimpses, pure moments of being. You recognized even as they happened that they would be in your mind forever.

Where is that sense of recognition now? It doesn't happen anymore. Now I am a milkweed spore, floating without gathering anything, going to a destination unknown. No more magnet, no more Voyager ship, collecting samples as it sails. Stories? Well, I have a lot of notes. Some other night, a long time from now, I may notice again that my face has changed, but by then I may not know what changed it.

I read old letters, an old journal, and I say to myself, we were so young then, so foolish. It seems that this is what is meant to happen. I lose, through faulty memory, the exact sense of a time. All ties are cut, and

I am free to float. I give myself away to the present. As for what is lost, simple nostalgia will easily take its place.

It is that losing which is the problem.

I think the only way around it is an uneasy compromise. To know that you do not remember correctly gives the point to the stories that live in your mind. What really happened is lost, was lost to you the second after it happened. The talismanic truth recedes behind us, but that's no matter. Was the dress I wore green or blue? In point of fact, it makes no difference. In my own fictions I gracefully amend that truth, allow the dress to become blue-green now, next time rose, then paisley, anything to keep it with me.

My best notes are always written in pencil, the better to fade at the creases, ready to smudge and shift into a new voice, blur into a new face. But that is at best a shaky bargain. My image wavers, crystallizing in the night window, and all I know is that I make it up myself.

Trysh Travis

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EXTERMINATORS

The summer before ninth grade, the summer of 1964, we were all working on our bug collections for Biology. It was a big deal because it was the first thing we were doing for high school. We went out every afternoon to sweep fields for wasps and leafhoppers, and out every night to check under streetlights and neon signs for beetles and moths. Extra orders meant extra credit, so we really hustled for orders--booklice were an order, earwigs were an order, there was even a microscopic one called Strepsiptera that lived between the plates in the abdomens of wasps. You had to catch a lot of wasps before you found one. Termites were also an order--Isoptera. After kicking over dozens of old logs in the woods, we decided an easier way to get them was to ride our bikes out South Ninth to an exterminator who said over the phone that sure, he'd give us a jar full.

The ride took forever, but was beautiful. We went past the Wea Creek which was named for a tribe of the Miami Confederation that had had their biggest village there. We rode past Shadeland Farms where a huge herd of Herefords stared and chewed. And then, we came up on the Eli Lilly plant. We'd smelled it before, but never really seen it. My mother used to joke when we had a southwest wind that "Lilly must be making penicillin today." I'd seen the plant before from the other side of the river when our family took Sunday drives down to Rumpza's Produce Stand, but now we were seeing it up close. Maybe we were lightheaded and thirsty from sucking up dust and peddling on gravel, but we'd never seen anything so ominous and unreal. Every bit of it was painted gray, and it shimmered in the heat like a mirage. It was enormous, much bigger than the Purdue football stadium. The whole compound was surrounded by a chainlink fence. The parking lot must have been at least five acres. We all knew about Lilly's, but we'd never been right up to it. No one said a word until after we'd picked up the termites.

Since then, I've heard a million Lilly stories. Everyone seems to have one around where we live. Most people joke about it. The fishermen say they won't fish the Wabash below Lilly's. They say in the '50's and '60's, Lilly buried 55 gallon drums of waste between the plant and the riverfront. A guy I roofed barns with said a friend of his works there and they have to wear white coveralls and rubber-soled shoes. He said alarms ring two or three times a week, but they just turn them off. Now, the plant produces the most popular soybean herbicide on the market. Apparently, the patent ran out recently, but other companies didn't start making it because the ingredients are too volatile. Four years ago,

Lilly had to buy up a small subdivision next to the plant because they'd poisoned the people's wells. I don't know what kind of a price they gave them.

When we got the termites home, we didn't want to handle them. They were white and puffy, almost transparent and prehistoric looking with strong mandibles, or pincers. After all, they eat wood. We put them in cyanide jars which snuffed them out immediately. Some orders breathe differently. Lepidoptera--butterflies and moths--breathe through their abdomens. To kill them you just have to drop lighter fluid onto their abdomens. It's a little easier, but you have to watch them gasp.

Ned Stuckey-French

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A LITTLE DEATH

Splat! I heard him before I saw him. Shit! I'd just filled the tank and washed the windshield. Never fails. Sounded like a big one. I looked for the smear, scanned the corners. Nothing. Then I saw him: big, primeval, and caught, definitely caught. He'd lodged in the air intake louvres right below the driver's side wiper. Now that I'd located him, he was all I could see.

Bulbous compound eyes with iridescent teal-green highlights. Long, delicate, folded wings whipped by the rush of air over the hood. Head battering the glass. Abdomen crushed, oozing the familiar yellow fluid. He should have been dead, but he wasn't. Oh no, not him. His legs scrabbled against the windshield trying to get a purchase. He struggled, reaching, then resting, and reaching again. He raised his enormous weight, stretched and pulled and strained. Mile after mile he fought, each bout shorter, each interval longer. Everything narrowed to this tiny epic struggle. It took far too long.

Finally, his legs contracted, then splayed loosely to the side. His eyes lost their blue-green light. His body wilted, and lay gently along the car's metal molding. His form still, his wings still fluttered.

Louise Shoemaker

[illegible]

"YOU, MR. NIXON"

I will always feel that Bill Barrs saved my life. He was the principal of the middle school in my home town. He had let me substitute teach during the long vacations in my senior year of college so I could "get some of that experience us damn administrative types are so hepped up about," he would say. When I graduated in 1970, I'd had five interviews but no job offers. My draft board made me 1-A, and Viet Nam looked like a real possibility. Mr. Barrs (I could never call him Bill) said he didn't do it just for me, but suddenly that August there was an English job at the middle school. The article in the paper said that there had been "an administrative decision to deal with the problem of 35-student English classes in the seventh and eighth grades." By September I was hired as the new English teacher.

The draft board didn't care about administrative decisions or class sizes though. In spite of the fact that I now had a teaching job, they refused to change my 1-A status. In October I received a letter from them. I carried it around, unopened, for two days. Alone in the steno room at school, I finally unsealed it and read the terse words: "You will report for a physical examination prior to your induction into the United States Army." I remember crying as the spirit duplicating machine thunked out 22 copies of Frost's poem, "Out, Out--." It took me two days to tell Mr. Barrs as though he were my father or something and might think that I didn't want to stay there teaching.

His face got very red as his eyes took in the words on the letter. "The bastards...", he said, very quietly and to himself, as though he didn't want me to know he ever used such words.

"Go back to class. Don't think about it now. At least you'll be home for Thanksgiving."

I said thanks and walked out, crushed, as if I had expected him to save me. On Friday of the following week, I walked into the teacher's room and felt everyone's gaze as I entered. Joe Allegro, a good friend and history teacher, said, "You think Nixon'll write back?" There on the table in front of him was a copy of the local newspaper. I saw a large block heading that read "An Open Letter to the President of the United States." The letter described a "teacher that the system of education in America will probably lose, a promising young man with energy for his work and ideals worth sharing with the young people of this community." I skimmed to the final line where the author called upon "you, Mr. Nixon," to "reorder the priorities of this nation and move with urgency to end the tragedy that is Viet Nam." The letter was signed, "William Barrs." He wasn't there that day, so I wrote a note thanking him for the effort and the compliments and ending with a postscript that teased him (he so often liked to tease me), "I'll bet you don't even know Richard Nixon."

In early November I was sitting in the teacher's room. I had a free period until the end of the day and my resigned acceptance of the change coming to my life in two weeks allowed me to read, blatantly, Time magazine while my colleagues worked. Mr. Barrs hustled into the room and crooked a finger at me.

"Come with me," he said in the stern and serious tone for which he was famous among the students of the district. "Get your coat, bring your stuff."

We walked hurriedly to his car and I got in. He handed me a letter from the draft board (I learned later that my Mom had opened it and then brought it to him) and I lifted its taped flap. It contained a blue-gray slip with my name, address, social security number and "status re-designation." The characters, I-Y, gleamed up at me and I felt suddenly lifted and hopeful, wonderfully hopeful. I couldn't speak for several miles except to say "Holy smokes! Can you believe this? Holy smokes!" Mr. Barrs drove on and smiled.

"How did you do this? I know you did this!" I said.

"Nixon did it," he said. "We're old friends."

We drove on towards New London and I finally realized that we were going somewhere.

"Where are we going anyway?"

"To see the Exorcist," he said. "I'm afraid to see it by myself and my wife won't go with me."

I remember saying "Holy smokes!" every two miles or so all the way there.

Andy Popinchalk

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COUNTER-PROPOSAL

As I walked into her office, I noticed the new furniture and realized this was the first time I'd been in there all year. Our new headmistress was not what I would call approachable. At her hiring interview, in fact, she had systematically alienated every member of the Faculty Advisory Committee. She must have made a better impression on the Board of Trustees.

An alarm went off somewhere in the back of my head when I saw the Dean of Faculty already seated at the head of the mahogany table. What was I doing at a conference table with the Headmistress from Hell and the Human Worm? I hoped I could play the game as well as they, but these people were pros. I was determined to exude calm professionalism. Surely I could do it: after all, I've got a degree in theatre.

LIES

The way I see it, I've told a lot of lies in 24 years. At first, I lied to entertain myself. Tricking my sister or brothers into foolish and distressing situations. The heat of the summer saturated our house, and we four kids lay slumped around furniture. We watched our fourth hour of re-runs. Jill, the youngest, was hungry. "Hmm, Jill, I know. You want some ice cream? Sherbet, I mean?"

"Yeah yeah," Jill said, jumping up from the couch.

"Okay, then, this is what you do. Mix orange juice and milk in a bowl. Stir them together until it looks frosty orange. Put it in the freezer, and in two hours you'll get your sherbet." Jill did all of this, and silently and excitedly she waited. She tasted the rancid mixture and grimaced. Milk and orange juice do not make orange sherbet.

"Starving children in India, Jill, would die for milk or orange juice. You've got to eat it." Another lie to entertain bored children. She ate the rot, but she cried.

As I grew up, lies were defenses to ward off evil truths, to avoid awkward but necessary mother-daughter talks. During dinner Mom said, "Car, what are those things on your neck?" She was staring hard at the unsightly blotches of thirteen-year-old love and lust which tattooed my neck.

Rich yelled, in eighteen-year-old wisdom, "Why surely you know, Mom, those marks are hickies, love bites."

"Na uh, Rich. They're uh, from my my curling iron, yeah, from my curling iron," I insisted. Mom and Dad glanced at each other over the plates. Mom smiled, but I continued. "Mom, that new curling iron is too powerful. It slips from my hand and keeps burning my neck." And to solidify my lie, I considered burning my forehead with the iron to make it real. A lie to stave off discomfort. No one hurt. Didn't seem such a bad lie, and the truth would've been too dismal with brothers lurking to shatter esteem.

In high school I lied less frequently. But the lies raised the stakes. Three weeks spent with my parents on an island of no fun. I was fourteen, budding and braced. Two older boys talked to me. "Yeah, I'm eighteen," I lied. "A freshman at University of Pennsylvania," I lied again. "English major," I lied for the third time in three sentences. Before I could dig myself any deeper, I stepped into the back seat of their car. A beer bottle rolled from the car and on to the asphalt. "Danger! Danger!" beat through my head, but I was too bent on coolness to get out. The three of us hung out. That was all. Not to say that I would've deserved any trouble they gave me. I wouldn't have, but after I lied, the kitty was larger. Eighteen-year-old girls do different things with boys than fourteen-year-old girls do. This time, lying threatened me more than curdled milk or spotted necks.

Nowadays, I tell lies by not telling. The omission of the truth is also a lie. During a visit to my parent's house, I call my lover. I pull the phone into the other room away from my parents, and I talk in a low voice. Unfortunately, the distance and uncomfortable silences on the phone strain the conversation. I hang up feeling cranky and insecure. Mom notices and asks, "Who was that?"

"A friend," I say, walking out of the room to avoid further questions. But my lover is more than a friend. Do I erase what we have when I say only a friend? I'd rather avoid the hurt feelings or unbridgeable gaps which the truth often brings.

I realize that with all my lies--comical, serious, and silent--I am too weak to look anyone straight in the eye as I defraud the truth.

Caroline Eisner

VOICES

"Grandpa? What are you doing?"

He pointed to the name "Alexander Simkulet" written in cursive on an old mustard colored envelope. And then he tapped his finger on a small green rectangular piece of paper. Grandpa didn't talk to me. He never did. Except maybe to curse me in Slavic. The words "Stadi fras" made me run out the door to escape the strap. I just figured Grandpa never had anything to say to me. He was quiet most of the time. I'd be out jumping off the porch seeing how far out over the prickly bushes I could leap, and he'd suddenly appear giving me a disapproving look. The strap. I knew I'd get the strap if I kept it up.

Or maybe I'd be down in the barn nosing around where he kept his tools. I'd smell his pipe first and know he was watching me. Before I was called "little devil" again, I took off. Once I sneaked into his bedroom when he wasn't there. I wanted to know things about my Grandpa that he couldn't tell me. His single bed took up most of the tiny room. On the floor was an old Maxwell House can that had spit tobacco inside. By the dresser a framed certificate with a picture taken when he was much younger and even handsome proclaimed that Alexander Simkulet was an American citizen.

I sat down in another chair at the dining room table, waiting, and watching him move the pen awkwardly in jagged strokes as he copied the words "Alexander Simkulet" on the piece of green paper. Having finished this, his morning's work, he put on his hat, and walked along the railroad tracks to the bank to cash his check.

Dorothy McCard

SLOTING TIME

She hobbled from washer to dryer, using the laundry cart as a walker, and then heaved loads of blue jeans into the dryer. She pulled from her apron pocket a knotted cotton handkerchief. She placed the handkerchief in one hand and with the other counted out dimes. Her cataract eyes squinted as she searched for the coin slot. She motioned to me for help.

"You are Rita's girl, I'm your relation. Put these dimes in for me." She pointed at her face and said, "My eyes."

"How many do you want me to put in, Amy?"

"Oh, they're blue jeans, it will take awhile. The boys are coming for me in an hour, so give them lots of time."

I plugged in three dimes. I offered to help her unload the other washers, but she returned to her chore and ignored my presence. She went to each washer and extracted large clumps of clothes and fed the waiting cart until it heaped full. She habitually yanked at her scarf. The tighter she pulled, the fatter her face looked. When the wadded handkerchief appeared from her pocket, I knew it was time for me to feed more dimes into the dryer.

"The boys are coming for me in an hour, put in lots of time."

Amy continued her work. The hour was eaten by dimes and the boys weren't there. She folded the clothes and creased the blue jeans with great care. When she had finished, she pulled out from under the counter some neatly folded, black garbage bags and filled them with clothes. She motioned to me again.

"Help me, hold that end of the bag." I did what she told me and cringed at the sight of her red flaky hands. "The boys will be here soon, they went to a cookout, they dropped me off to do their wash." She filled each plastic garbage bag then pulled colorful rag ribbons from her deep pocket. She used the ribbons to tie the bags shut. She pushed each bag near the door. "The boys

will be here soon, this way they can grab the bags easy." She mumbled to me.

I was almost finished with my wash, but folded slower than usual and avoided rushing to the dryers. The sun was setting through the smudged laundromat window, and silhouetted Amy's patient figure as each car drove past. Her stockings were rolled to her knees. Her scarf pulled tight, she waited for her grown sons to remember her.

"Amy, can I give you a ride? I can take you home if you want me to. I'm Rita's girl, it won't be a problem. I'm ready to leave now, it won't be out of my way."

"The boys went to a cookout, they probably got to drinking and forgot me. They wanted their clothes washed, they just dropped me off here. Give me a ride, I can't carry those bags, they're too heavy."

I loaded my car with Amy's sons' clothes. When I went in for her, she was still staring out the window for a sign of them. The harsh fluorescent lights yellowed her face. She gummied her jaw up and down.

"You're Rita's girl. Are you one of the younger ones?"

"Yes, Amy, the car is loaded, I can take you home now."

I took her by the arm and escorted her to my car. She gave brief directions, but I knew where she lived. I also knew her sons. They had many children and Amy was raising them. When we arrived at her house, I left the car headlights shining to light a path to her door. I unloaded the clothes and left Amy standing on her porch. She thanked me and said, "The boys will be looking for me, I hope they think to come home."

Geri Gutwein

NEW CAR

On hands and knees I extend one leg out, lifting up and down slowly in rhythm with the music. Muscles tighten with the repetition as our aerobics instructor counts. "Squeeze your thighs. Release and squeeze."

The doors burst open. Cindy, a rec staff member, strides quickly to Donna's side and shouts over the music. Behind her trails a small, mousey woman with owl-like glasses. Her hands, tightly stuffed in the pockets of a blue baseball jacket, point down.

I pull up from the mat. Hearing only "car" and "hit," I ask, "What did you say?"

Cindy turns to the class. "A new car with a dealer's license plate has been hit in the parking lot. We need to find the owner."

"What kind?" Just yesterday I brought home a brand new, blue Toyota.

Cindy and the small woman speak at the same time. In the jumble of words, I hear "dark" and "small." My car's small. It can't be my car!

I rise from the mat. "What color?"

"Blue, I think."

"Where's it parked?" I keep looking for clues to eliminate my car.

"It's down near the rec building in the first row."

I try to remember. Did I park in the first row? I can't remember. I'm so mindless! "Can you show me?" The small woman squints through her round lens, mumbles and turns, leads me to the door. I follow, dreading what I might find and ignoring my skimpy leotards in this cold October night.

She takes me down the dark sidewalk. Just beyond the first row, parked in the middle of a driving lane is a dark van.

"Is this the car you hit?"

She mumbles.

"I thought you said it was a small blue car."

"Yes."

She says nothing more. She must think I'm a mind reader! "Is this the car?"

"No, that's my car."

She stands there, silent, not helping. "Which car was it you hit?"

She wheels around and steps over to a small dark car. I follow, peering. "Where's it damaged?"

She points to the right bumper and tail lights, broken plastic and crushed metal against the wheel. I look at the car. I still don't know if it's mine. I'm such an ass when it comes to cars! Looking through the rear window, I notice the head rests aren't raised high above the seats. It isn't my car! I step back and walk briskly down the line of cars. There sits my little Toyota--safe, undamaged. I'm so elated I could fly. Then, I'm aware that I'm standing in the middle of a dark, cold parking lot in my leotard and that the small woman beside me waits.

"That's not my car. We need more information. What kind of car is it?" Scooching down, we travel around the car, reading the clues.

From the back fender the woman calls, "It's a Cavalier, and the dealer is Rick Baletti."

I run for the door. My near miss keeps me high. Turning to the steps, I hear a voice--unintelligible sounds. I turn.

"Hi, Baby." A dark, rounded face with a skimpy, black moustache is staring at me, the mouth fixed with an odd grin. He seems to expect some kind of response from me. I squint my eyes and peer at the figure under the porch light. This man, three feet away, has his shirt and pants spread open...I look down at something, kinda white... Oh! Is that all? Who the hell cares? My car is safe! I leap up the stairs, pull open the door, and escape.

Terry Goodwin

A LETTER TO MY DAUGHTER

Dear Jennifer,

Roe vs. Wade is dead. The news has even penetrated the benevolent fog of this grey morning here at Bread Loaf. I saw it first in the headlines of the NY Times. Later, I glanced at the cover of Newsweek on a library table. I didn't even register the visual symbol chosen to represent the case by the art director. I just saw the word, Abortion and the colon that followed, and that was all I could process right then. But it's impossible to escape the conversations around the lunch table and the angry references that surface in class discussions.

What are you and your friends saying about it? I hope you and I can sit down with a cup of tea and talk about it all when I get home. I think maybe it's time for both of us.

You see, Roe vs. Wade is dead. And so is the child I killed under its provisions. No more euphemisms; that's what happened.

No, it's not something you'd remember, so don't even try. You were less than a year old, and your brother was only two. I was strung out on diapers, the real kind that hung out on a line, and fatigue, the kind that numbs and immobilizes. Your dad was working three jobs, trying to take care of us and pay alimony and child support too. The deep furrows you know so well in his forehead, the ones that never go away, were just forming then. He was 44 when you were born, and as I watched the tight discipline of his schedule etch and alter his gentle face, I learned my first lesson about time. And I wanted to help him.

We'd never had any doubts about how important it was that I stay at home with you two while you were small. I wouldn't have missed it. Soon, when you were preschool age and Jeff was in grade school, I'd go back to work.

Then it hit. Almost unnoticed at first, since I didn't have time to look at calendars...maybe just a fluke... ignore it and it will go away. It can't be--we're so careful...Jennifer's hardly even weaned...No! ...not now, not ever...NO!...maybe it's cancer--even that would be better...No...no...

I went to get a pregnancy test, but not to the casual, teddy-bear of an obstetrician who delivered you and Jeff; I knew he was a Catholic. I went to Doc Renault, the second father I adopted during my first college years. He had nursed me through strep throat, mono, and flu, fed me his famous waffles for Sunday brunch, and even let us be married in his house. When he confirmed that I was pregnant, I cried. He patted my shoulder, handed me his pressed handkerchief even though there was a Kleenex box in the office, and left me alone. I stared stupidly at some disposable syringes, trying to focus eyes or mind or emotion. I had sat in the same office flushed with pure joy when he told me you were coming. He had weighed you there for the first time, chuckling because you had such big, beautiful eyes with long black lashes like your father's. "Good thing she takes after him," he had said.

He came back in and waited, holding my hand. I finally told him I couldn't possibly have another baby; it wasn't fair to my husband. And I'd had all those X-rays the month before, and the painkillers. What if the baby were handicapped? I couldn't, wouldn't cope with that.

"Don't decide right now. Go home, talk it over, think about it tonight. If you still feel this way tomorrow, call me and I'll give you a phone number."

I took the phone number. And in a few days, I was in another doctor's office, a strange one this time. It was infinitely normal, slightly upscale maybe. Since it was also a regular obstetric practice, there were women in the waiting room practically at full term, and that made me uncomfortable. I swear I can't even remember the doctor's name, or his face, except that he wore glasses and had a California-deep tan. I remember the nurse, though.

She did a complete history on me, remaining kind, but swift to notice and avert emotional detours. She mentioned my husband's age and said she could see another child might be difficult, especially with two other young children. I agreed too quickly, and was grateful. She explained the process to me and I nodded at appropriate times, concentrating fixedly on the clinical. I was prepped and gowned, and just before the doctor came in I told her I thought a girl who had never had a child would suffer more from fear of the physical experience ahead. What stripped my soul was the psychological terror that came from contrasting this experience to a

live, longed-for birth. She smiled slightly, and said that had been her observation. Then she turned away.

I was right. The pain was nothing compared with natural childbirth. It was all quick, efficient, and sanitized. After resting for a few minutes, I was given pads for the bleeding and a prescription for painkillers and was soon outside again, blinking in the light and looking for my ride. I wished I had brought my sunglasses to hide my puffy eyes.

The next weekend we had guests and we played badminton in our back yard by the swing set. I went at it a little gingerly, but no one seemed to notice. Right in the middle of the game, I wanted to scream. I wanted them to notice. I wanted them to stop and listen, to stare or spit. "Look at me! Can't you see what I've done? Doesn't it show? You hate me now, don't you? Can't believe you've just been fed by a monster like me, right? Leave! Run!"

But I didn't say any of that. Instead, I excused myself and went to the upstairs bathroom and threw up.

That was almost fifteen years ago. And since then I've learned another lesson about time.

I'm looking at the family picture I brought with me. You and your brother are tall, handsome teenagers now; independent, but close to each other and to your parents. All four of us like each other, and it shows, burning even through the dots of the photograph, making its own subtle pattern. Just for a moment I look hard for another figure, a phantasm that somehow might be picked up and exposed on the negative--the other I now know we could have assimilated into the pattern. There is always time for that.

I don't believe in sin exactly, but you know I believe very firmly in doing the best we can with the hand we're dealt. And once, only once, I panicked and broke the most important covenant I have with life. Broke it in such a shattering way that I can never exorcize that inner shriek that still deafens me several times a year.

But I still believe firmly that I was the only one who could make that decision. And Roe vs. Wade let me make it. I don't want that choice to be denied you. There are other times and other reasons, different from the ones I faced.

Just don't ever think it's an easy or a casual decision. Come to me; I'll respect your right to self-determination. But please read this again before you decide.

Love,
Mom

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Some names of authors and characters
have been changed to protect against injury.

The writers speak for themselves,
not for the institution.

Editors for this issue:
Dorothy McCard, Richard Steggerda

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Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

I WANT TO BE MY BROTHER'S MAID

I want to be my brother's maid. I want to make his bed, do his laundry, clean his bathtub. I want to vacuum, make casseroles, clean his oven. I want to iron and starch his shirts, shine his shoes, pick up his dry cleaning.

I used to hate my brother. When we were little, he tormented me until I cried. Until I chased him with scissors, threw a thesaurus at him, missed and put a hole in the dining room wall. I hated him so much I turned up the heat on his fish tank heater, melting and boiling his prized fish.

Now, things are different. Now, I want to make his life comfortable, clean, and sterile. I want his life to be a joy, worry free. My brother is rich. Richer than I'll ever be. He's a 26-year-old Wall Street thug. Takes from the rich and gives to the richer. He makes enough money to have his videos delivered. I want to be his maid.

One day a week, I will commute to New York. Clean his apartment, do his laundry, shopping, errands, and cook enough meals for the week. I will follow all of his directions. And I will love him for it. If he had children, I would stroller them to the park, and sit sedately proud of these children as they play on the swings. Maybe I'd knit little things for his children. Anything, as long as I could be his maid.

Now, he is by far my favorite sibling. It's difficult to remember just how hard I hated him. Luckily, I can look at my childhood war wounds and easily remember. He kicked my two front teeth out when we were tag-team wrestling. After I cut my toe off, he prepared a slide of my spilled blood and looked at it under his new microscope, yelling when he saw the red blood cells jiggling as they fought coagulation, before he ran to get help. My hair disguises the scar from when he told

me he was a living legend and could shoot the apple off my head with a boomerang. Heck, I don't care about a few scars. Doesn't matter anymore. I want to be his maid.

There is a price, though, to my servitude. I want up front, in hard cash, five thousand dollars. Five thousand dollars for three months. For one day a week of hard core maid-dom, I want money. And with that money, I will support myself so that I can write the other days of the week. This is a good deal, I remind him. Most maids don't do laundry or cook. And he can trust me. I won't drink his liquor or steal from him. After all, we are blood.

He considers this carefully when I propose it to him. He thinks he'll say yes, but he makes the mistake of telling my sister, and she tells my brother, and he tells his wife, who then tells her mother, who just so happens to drop it in conversation with my mother, and she tells my father, and he says, "No fucking way! You will not be your brother's maid. We didn't send you to college so you could pick up after your own brother. No way!" But, this is my life, and I want to write, not work in corporate corruption. I want to be a maid. My brother's maid.

Caroline Eisner

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TUNNEL FEVER

My sixth grade year was the worst of my life. I was attending a government school that had a dormitory for those students who lived beyond the bus route. Unfortunately, we fit that category. We had never been away from our parents before. My mother never even let us stay over at a friend's house.

I hated the dorm. At night it was spooky, because the older girls played with Ouija boards and predicted our futures. They told stories about children who had died in the dorm. The ghosts of these children haunted the waxed hallways at night. One ghost of great fame haunted the laundry room and tunnel. According to legend, she was a young girl who had died in her sleep. She floated around in her nightgown and cried for her mother. They warned us to beware of the laundry room and tunnel because those were the places where she had been sighted most often.

The laundry room was near the tunnel; the tunnel led from the dorm to the cafeteria. We used it when the weather was miserable. It was dark and musty. We could often hear strange sounds echoing up the steps. Sometimes, during the day we snuck down to the forbidden zone and peeked. Anyone who had work detail in the laundry room never went without a bodyguard.

One time my sister was ill and had a high fever. She was so sick that the matrons wouldn't let her go to supper. I was concerned about leaving her in the dorm alone, but the matron told me not to worry. Before I left, I wrapped her up in a blanket. I put her shoes next to her bed in case a ghost did appear. I promised to return as soon as possible with food. I ate quickly and stuffed half an orange in my pocket and left.

As I crept down the steps, I left behind clanging spoons, forks and knives, all those safe cafeteria sounds. I knew my sister was waiting for me. I had to brave it.

The tunnel was about ten feet wide and fifty or more feet long. Every step I took resounded off the stone wall. The cement floor was painted a glossy gray, and there were only a few lanterns to light my way. Water dripped somewhere and each drop clicked its way around the tunnel. I could feel a presence behind me. The darkness was eating up my space. I moved toward the wall and pressed my back against it. Then I heard moaning. Goose bumps edged up my scalp. I screamed. I ran to the exit. Long bony fingers cruised up my spine. The footsteps

behind me kept coming closer and closer. The faster I ran, the faster the ghost floated, soared. When I reached the end of the tunnel, I saw my sister at the top of the stairs. She was wrapped in her blanket, crying. I hugged her. She told me she had heard wild screaming from the tunnel. Hysteria overcame us, and we both ran for the safety of our room. The blanket was our enemy, it tripped us, slowed us down until my sister threw it from her shoulders.

We sat huddled on her bed in our room. Her fever had risen. I feared the tunnel ghost plagued her with a terrible disease, and she would die, but I didn't tell her this because she was sick enough. We huddled, our backs against the wall and watched the open door close on its own. We screamed and hugged each other tight. Her fever entered my body, and we were both going to die.

"Girls, girls stop screaming!" It was the matron. I told her about the ghost. She laughed at us and told us it was our imagination. We never again told the matrons when we were sick. And we vowed we would never let either one of us stay alone in that dorm again.

Geri Gutwein

HIP SHOT

"Too controlled," my teacher said, "too careful, you need to loosen up with your photographs. Be spontaneous. Try some hip shooting."

I was studying at a prestigious photo workshop above a perfect horseshoe harbor along the coast of Maine. Lots of money. Lots of fancy faculty. Lots of photographers passing through.

Harry was passing through. He'd been ten months in El Salvador, traveling with a guerrilla band, dodging bullets and shooting pictures--tense, triumphant pictures of freedom fighters with blinding, furious eyes I could scarcely look at.

Harry was a stringer for Time magazine. He'd pleaded with one Capitan to finish off a wounded captive rather than leave him writhing in the dirt. El Capitan had pointed his revolver up Harry's nose, then turned and shot the enemy soldier.

Harry, big and blond, was a little scary. He talked fast and bumpy. His thoughts raced around like a mouse in a maze, looking for the point. I went down to Rockland and did some hip shooting, as I'd been told: preset the camera, point it from the hip in the general direction of the subject, stay real loose and shoot. Everybody on Main Street knew I was up to something, but they didn't know what the hell it was. Neither did I.

Back at the darkroom, I "souped" the film, as I had learned to call it. Our darkroom looked down on the perfect blue harbor. And a classy little lobster restaurant. Plenty of raw silk suits and spiky heels. In the evening, BMW's, Mercedes, Volvos and an occasional Jag coasted down the lane next to our darkroom toward the restaurant.

Not tonight. Old Harry had parked his car catty-corner across the drive, blocking the BMW's. Harry left it running as though he knew he'd have to flee for his life at any moment.

Rich folks walking down the hill to dine. Mercedes touring cars parked in the street at the top. Wouldn't do. Somebody yelled, "Harry, you got to move your car!" A search was made. No Harry. Just his rumbling eight-cylindered, white and top-down, Olds 98. Brrrum, brrrum. This Puberty's Pride completely clogged the little lane leading down to the ritzy restaurant below.

Still no Harry. But he had left his motor running. So, I took her for a little spin around town, Big Man, and ended up down in the parking lot below. I took the keys up to the darkroom and printed one of my famous "hip shots" from that morning--a picture of a woman's skirt looking into a store window. My teacher said,

"There, you see, that's better. You've got the curve of the skirt intersecting with the upright column of the building. Very nice. What do you think?"

"I think it's shit," I said.

Well, along came Harry, maybe a little too fast on his approach for landing. He rifled through a bunch of prints just coming off the dryer. "Humpf," he said, "Where the hell's my car?"

"I saved it for ya," I said. "Look at this." And I showed him the skirt looking in the window--the hip shot.

"What do you think?"

He examined the 8 x 10 print carefully.

"It's shit," he said, grabbed the keys and banged out the door.

Douglas Yarrow

SUPPRESSED DESIRE

In the dream, the hard work has already been done. The house is small, small because before she got married, Laura Ingalls said, "I have always lived in small houses. I like them." So I like them too. In the dream there is a bed with clean sheets, and hot soup in bowls on a Sunday night. It is always Sunday night in the dream because on Sunday ABC shows old James Bond movies and those are the best for folding laundry. On Sunday nights the little house is clean and neat, ready to hold another week of work and cooking and the kind of play that runs in and out of rooms. Everything is in its place-- quiet and waiting. In the kitchen there are muffins made. The laundry is warm under my hands that straighten and fold-- such beautiful shirts, piled high in a corner of the sofa.

The quiet is the most important thing. In the dream we have so much time together that we do not need to talk. Children sleep in bunk beds, all their sound and vision cooled. After the movie we might turn off the t.v., let light and color drain out of the corners of the little house. I can separate the laundry into piles for different rooms and let out a dog, going from carpet to wood floor to linoleum in bare feet, to wait for the dog by the screen door and look out over a smooth suburban lawn, grey and frosted from a distant streetlight. On a night breeze, I hear a tree branch brush against the dining room window, remind myself to think of pruning in a few weeks. To think of pruning. To think of pruning and grocery lists and laundry on a Sunday night, and then to have a bath, and slip off quietly to bed in safe familiar arms. Sleep then is cool and unselfconscious, and I have no need for dreams.

Francine Pheneu

CHRISTMAS IN WEST SALEM

Christmas is a joyous time in any first grade. But in the rural district in southwest Wisconsin where I taught, Christmas was a month-long extravaganza. My class spent the weeks before vacation decorating the room, hanging bearded Santas from the ceiling, pinning paper angels to the boards, and plastering the walls with brightly colored creations. As we worked, we sang our favorite Christmas songs. I played "A Gene Autry Christmas" on the stereo. All this activity was designed to placate the spirits of my children, for they all knew that Christmas didn't really begin until the tree arrived.

My landlord, Maynard Tait, owned a Christmas tree farm a few miles into Schenk's Coulee. I had always wanted to ask Maynard for a classroom tree, figuring my

rent money helped cover his losses. But he had a reputation for being tight. In the seven years I rented from him, I dropped a lot of hints about a tree. His response was as quiet as the woods on Christmas morning. During my last year of teaching, ten days before Christmas, Maynard surprised me with a visit to my classroom. I sat at a large table, a Santa hat atop my head, shooting the bull with the janitor. We shared a leftover cupcake and a soggy rice crispy treat. Maynard surveyed my room, noting how his tax dollars were spent, examining the weight of the paper used in the Santas and the angels. "Frosty the Snowman" played in the background. "Ya don't have a tree yet? Why don't ya bring the kids on out to the farm, and we'll cut you one? That's Gene Autry, ain't it?" So the trip was arranged for several days later.

The following morning, I told the kids about our visit to a Christmas tree farm. Three days later, we boarded the school bus and headed north out of town. The highway cut from the wide valley of the LaCrosse River into Schenk's Coulee. It snowed lightly. The reddish-brown oak leaves clung steadfastly to their limbs, dotting the hillsides, a dark shadow of autumn against the clean snow. The springfed stream along the highway bubbled free. Icy lace lined the banks. Chestnut mares broke fresh tracks in the snowy field, spooked by the bright yellow bus as it blew down the road. Powdery clouds of snow billowed from the wheels of the bus as choruses of "Frosty the Snowman" were muffled by the frosted glass. A kestrel sat on a wire, leaning into the snowfall, waiting for a lunch to appear.

The Tait farm rested on the south face of a ridge, nestled into the backbone of the land. Maynard and his wife, Irene, had moved into the small valley when they retired from dairy farming. They started the Christmas tree farm a month later. Maynard greeted the bus as it pulled down the long lane. The bus doors opened. Its human contents swooshed out with a flurry of snowsuits, nylon and moon boots. Irene hurried from the barn and wished us all a happy holiday, then hustled into the house, excusing herself. She had chores. Maynard, wearing a bright green hat emblazoned with a yellow "Tait's Trees," led us behind the house. We gathered there for our lesson. Maynard explained the trees, how most were balsams and scotch pines, with only a few blue spruces (too expensive for us) and how they were planted in rows up the hillside to help hold the topsoil and how he and Irene went out every spring and summer to trim (they had found a lot of morels up on that section of the hill last spring), making sure the shape was just right, so people could find the best tree that would suit their particular living room.

After Maynard's speech, we took to the hillside like a brightly hued army. The cloud of our breath followed us through the snow. We had gone about fifteen feet, when the kids started pointing out trees that would look perfect in our room. Most were too tall. Some were white pines that grew in the woods near the top of the ridge. Maynard always answered, "No, I saw one the other day that you might like." We marched to the back side of the lot. There, standing alone, was a blue spruce, about eight feet high. It had been minutely manicured to a perfect blue-green cone. Fresh snow frosted the boughs. No one spoke. We all looked at the tree in the falling snow. "So what do ya think? That one do?"

With a resounding "Yes!!" that echoed through the coulees, the class ran around the tree, chanting "Yes, yes," intoxicated by the sight of Christmas. Maynard carefully sawed the tree at its base. We carried it down the hillside, stopping every six feet to change the carriers. We all wanted to touch that tree, to smell the fresh cut wood. When we reached the bottom of the hill, Maynard asked if anybody needed to warm up before the trip back to school. Most of us did, so he suggested his workroom in the barn. "Now don't mind all the stuff in there. I've been working on the tractor. Don't touch anything," he barked. "I don't want anybody to get

hurt." The children stood like polyester calves in front of the red double doors. Slowly Maynard pulled the doors. Their eyes opened wide. They let out a collective moo.

A wonderland of twinkling lights, fresh cut pine bows and homemade wreaths waited inside the barn. Irene, dressed in a bright, red dress with a white embroidered apron, stood smiling next to a decorated spruce near the back of the room. She was Mrs. Claus. Three festive picnic tables displayed a bountiful collection of cookies, sandbags and krumkaken. A bowl of punch centered each table. Maynard and Irene yelled "Merry Christmas!" The children raced to the tables and the feast was on. Outside, the fresh cut spruce stood in the dusting snow, forgotten, in the moment.

Jeffrey Maas

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MY APRIL INVENTORY

My principal wants to come into my classroom, at any time, and criticize my style of teaching without any formal documentation. He wants to pay me thirty-seven percent less than the average teacher in New York State. One of these really stinks! You may think it's the money, but actually it's the lousy way he observes.

His expectations of a well-run classroom contradict his background in psychology. He insists that the students sit quietly and take lengthy notes. The teacher must stand in front of the class and lecture without breathing. His measurement scale is between the numbers one (poor) and six (outstanding).

One morning this past April, he came into my classroom after I had warned the kids that he might be in to observe their behaviors. I received a four instead of a six.

The things that I needed to improve upon were: 1) the teacher's job is to do the talking while the students transcribe the lecture in their notebooks; 2) never sit on the desk because the teacher must maintain complete control; 3) the rows weren't uniformly spaced next to one another, so this allowed the students to share ideas rather than sit quietly; 4) the students should come up to the teacher's desk rather than the teacher floating around the room (his power strategy). Now, I know why he always stays in his office.

He did have one rather nice comment about the "classroom atmosphere." He said that I dressed like a teacher. Of course I dressed like a teacher. I had an interview that afternoon.

P. Ashe

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GOOD LUCK SPARKLES

A Sunday morning in Ripton. Granted these weren't the white capped mountains of the Aleutian Chain I was looking out on, but they were peaceful in the soft haze that promised a hot day ahead. The maple and birch leaves rustled against each other, and the woodpeckers hammered out their early morning wake up calls while I waited for my coffee to finish dripping. No telephone ringing, no television blaring, no close neighbors.

Jennifer and I sat down at the dining room table, looking out our picture window, hoping a deer might nip at the salt lick and interrupt our breakfast.

"Jenn, don't slurp your cereal."

"Why not?"

"It's not good manners, honey."

"I seen you do it once when--hey, Mommy! I just saw the hummingbird! We froze in our seats so we wouldn't scare Hum-Hum-Buzzy when he circled back. He darted up to his bright red feeder, hung in the air wingless, and flicked away."

the touch descended upon my shoulder. I fought my revulsion and let myself feel, to fend off all further doubt. The touch moved down my back and became heavier. I grabbed at my anchor tie and rolled off the ledge. Whatever was touching me grabbed on in scratching, clawing sounds as it fought to hang on to me—both of us suspended over the void. I moaned and wrenched myself back onto the ledge. My flashlight snapped on and I trained it on the foot of my sleeping bag to face what held on there.

"What the hell? What are you doing here? Where did you come from?"

My voice sounded unnaturally loud and out of place.

There at my feet was a woodrat, a small, bunny-faced, gerbil-eared rodent with a long hairy tail and huge, appealing eyes. Panting and smiling in the darkness, I was, at once, angry and glad—angry that it had scared me so and glad that I was not alone after all. The animal moved towards my knees and sniffed the rock. It scurried to my shoulder and waited, as if expecting me to invite it into the sleeping bag. For the next three hours it was there, alternately resting on my legs or waist, sharing my warmth or boldly trying to enter the bag at the opening near my neck. I was grateful for the little animal's presence, its trustful resting upon my knees or stomach. My sleep was light but pleasant.

I was awakened by lightning in the southwestern sky. Mt. Owen collects lightning strikes—I would have to get lower on the mountain. As I stuffed my pack with gear, I scanned the cracks and bulges of the summit for the little woodrat.

"Where are you?" I called against the rising wind.

"Thank you," I yelled, "Even though you scared the b'Jesus out of me, thank you."

I switched on my light, shouldered my pack and started off. I climbed down the familiar faces and dark couloirs that I had ascended the afternoon before.

"Be careful...think...No stupid mistakes."

The flashlight made eerie patterns on the rock and the storm moved closer. I could hear the rain coming as I ducked under a perfect overhang and pulled out my sleeping bag again. The lightning startled me in its brilliance and the thunder was instantaneous. I missed my small family, warm and asleep below. I missed the woodrat too and wondered where it went in storms. I slept hard.

I awoke in the clouds, but the valley below was clear and patched with sun. It took two hours to get down to the trees, near Ampitheater Lake where I stopped in the brightening warmth. I sipped water and sat looking back at Mt. Owen. It seemed a long time since I had been up there, and though I was happy to be where I was and happy to be heading down, I knew that in a few days that inexplicable feeling would return. I would want to be up there again. Perhaps the goodness of my life is clearest to me when I am alone and away from it. I smiled at the thought of that little woodrat and then ambled down the trail.

Andy Popinchalk

PITCH IN

I separate my trash this summer into three barrels. The red one is for burnables, the little white one with the step-open lid for food garbage, and the blue one for other. I know what to do with my burnables. I take them to the fire pit and burn them into ash to use in the outhouse, to help the waste decompose and to cut down on flies. My food garbage goes into a compost heap, which will later be dug into the garden. But the plastic and tinfoil in my blue basket is piling up. I envision a growing mountain of black plastic sacks in my back yard, surrounded by buzzing flies and a dreadful stench.

I am living a microscopic version of the problem we all face: where to dump the trash. Anywhere I have ever lived, the garbage truck rolls up every Monday or Friday morning, and three burly men jump off it to dump the garbage into a gigantic trash-eating monster which gobbles it up with a mighty roar. Poof! The trash has disappeared so we can happily go on making more. This summer, my trash doesn't seem to disappear so easily; in fact, it won't disappear at all. What can I do?

In elementary schools, children take field trips to get "hands-on experience." I am having a hands-on experience with trash removal. The trouble is, I don't know where to have it. Should I bury it in the woods? Clearly unsatisfactory to my sense of ecology. Dump it at Breadloaf? Better, for it would go wherever trash is supposed to go, but I would be horribly embarrassed.

A friend suggests taking the trash to Boston or Cambridge. "Let them deal with it," she suggests. "Pay them back for all the illegal dumping they do up here." It sounds like a great idea to me, but I won't be going there for two more weeks. What can I do in the meantime?

In desperation, I decide to put one of my "other" sacks into one of those green "Pitch In" containers by the side of the road. Never mind that they have signs on them about a \$200 fine; I will find one where the sign has been stolen.

I spend a few days with the trash in the back of my car looking for the perfect container. The one I finally choose is on a road with little traffic, beside a river, with a good view of the road in both directions. Most important, that frightening little white sign is missing. I park my car so that the trunk is right next to the "Pitch In" bucket, then stroll out, whistling, to admire the river. When I am certain no cars are within seeing or hearing distance, I whip open my trunk, grab the "other," fling it into the can, and saunter, whistling again, back to the driver's seat.

I made it! I'm home free—I'll do it again tomorrow, and the next day, and...

A voice in the backseat interrupts my self-congratulations. "What were you doing, Mummy? What was in that bag? Was that our garbage?"

How can I explain? I don't want my children to dump trash illegally. I want them to grow up with an ecological conscience. I compromise with a full explanation. Halfway through the lecture, I realize that they aren't listening. They have seen the act—that is enough for them. That was their hands-on experience; that was what they would remember.

Heidi Lyne

THE INTERNAL EYE

The radio comes on and I have nine minutes to push the button before the buzzer wakes my roommate. The first two minutes will be the best. It takes that long to wake up and remember. As soon as I'm fully awake, the consciousness of my body settles down on me again, and the day has begun. God, I'm tired of it. I roll onto my side and drop my legs over the edge of the bed and raise myself. I massage my numbed upper arms and get to my feet to push that button and turn off the cheery DJ.

My first job is dressing. It doesn't take long, since I never wear skirts.

It's jeans—black corduroy, brown corduroy, or navy corduroy. Size forty-two, but dark colors minimize. The shirt is the only real decision I have to make. I peek out the curtain to determine from the watery light whether I need a Pendleton plaid or a cheap Sears cotton one. On days I can't decide, I wear the cotton underneath one of the two chambray shirts I bought years ago at the men's clothing store at Moosehead Lake. For especially cold days I have the rust sweatshirt I pretended I was buying for my husband at King's Big and Tall Shop in Lubbock. Doesn't really matter. It all

looks the same. By the time I'm dressed some of the early morning stiffness is gone and the circulation has started again in my arms.

Breakfast is the first struggle of the day. What'll it be? There are frozen waffles, peanut butter, and syrup. Or pizza left over from yesterday? Oat bran with Equal? Skim milk, or the whole we keep for the cats? Then there's lunch to fix. Cafeteria food today? Whatever it is will be carbohydrate-loaded and probably greasy. There are Weight Watchers dinners in the freezer. Shall I have the fourth box this week of Beef Enchiladas Ranchero? Or maybe the Southern Fried Chicken Patty with Vegetable Medley? I'll take my chances with the cafeteria.

Nancy has used my car and has left the seat pulled forward again. I don't fit. I flick the lever in quick irritation and ease myself in. I adjust the seat belt so it will buckle and begin the drive to school. The car is a haven. The sun warms the left side of my face. It's quiet and I'm protected and invisible in my Honda. I could drive forever. But I have to stop and get out and go in. By this time I'm comfortable in the place. Their eyes don't bother me any more. They don't even really see me. I'm accepted like an unattractive house seen every day. Its lack of beauty ceases to annoy and it becomes a part of the landscape, real only if it bumps into you. And I'm getting good at not bumping into things.

I've arranged my classroom to accommodate my size. The desks are spread out in a U shape with a large area in the center. There is space for me to walk without knocking off notebooks, ramming into chairs, or brushing against students. There have been too many apologies for spilled books or jostled pens. I've left myself a straight, wide shot from my podium to my work table, and clear the passage after every restless class shrinks it.

Students bring in their own world and jolt me out of mine. While I'm working with the kids, I am not self-conscious. And this sustains the insupportable weight of living as I am. Laughter and talk pour out and I become Rob Peck on a Vermont farm, Ponyboy Curtis in an abandoned church reading Gone With the Wind, or a young New Mexico boy watching his pony named Gabilan die.

Lunch arrives. Again I must face the teachers' lounge. Work out my stance. Censor my comments. Eat in public. I always grab the corner seat away from the table if I can, so that I can get myself out of the way. I feel better in a corner. I can watch from there and have no one behind watching me. It always has to be the corner table in a restaurant, a seat in the corner of a class. Ever since second grade when I staked out my sunny corner of the playground from where I could watch the pretty little girls skip rope or play hopscotch or choose up sides for Red Rover. I absorbed it all with serious blue eyes turned inward. I do the same in the lounge.

I'm not totally silent at lunch. I calculate my contributions, though. Don't be too loud. Keep most of it to yourself. Let their animation pull you in, but don't intrude. These people are my friends. It's okay to talk some, and sometimes I can laugh. But I think about every word, every bite. Never eat one of the doughnuts Donna brings or the candy Doris Lee makes. Maybe there'll be some left by seventh hour when no one's around. Maybe then.

My stomach untightens after lunch as I head to my library or to class. My shape takes a back seat and, magically, I can come out. Kids don't frighten me. They accept me as I am, never dream I could be any different. They don't judge or speculate. And their eyes meet mine instead of focusing on the wall beyond my left shoulder. For them I am real, and for them I blossom. I can move, fling myself about, jump if I need to, sing. My voice can soar or quiver. I can shout out, "Stand back," said the elephant, 'I am going to SNEEZE!' I can be for them all the people I would be. For hours I am free, and then I contract again into this expanded body and go home.

Nights are the best and the worst. I can relax, finally get comfortable. There are no more external eyes, but the internal one never closes. Again I must eat. Struggle or abdicate? Feel bad either way. There's the long pause and then bed. I set the alarm. I prop myself with pillows, find a position that invites sleep, and feel it all settle around me again. God, I'm tired.

Sandra MacArthur

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BEE MASTER

Standing at the center of the stage, his 6'4" figure, grim and lean, silenced the squirming, giggling junior high students. An arc of spelling champions sat behind him. Though the rules were familiar, he reviewed them briefly, adding a few suggestions for spelling bee strategy.

"Before I introduce the Bee Master, Mrs. Goodwin, I have one more suggestion for the spellers. Be sure you understand which word you have been given. Don't be afraid to ask for a sentence. I don't want to be a racist, but sometimes a woman's voice is not as easy to understand as a man's."

Our principal had finally explained the years of contradictory behavior towards me and other women on the staff. The audience didn't laugh. I walked to the center of the stage, looked out, and exchanged a knowing glance with my friend, Nancy.

Terry Goodwin

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SERIOUS WEATHER

Travelling west, I see my grandfather for an hour between planes. He couldn't bring his dog into the terminal-- they made him leave it in the car. To celebrate the special occasion of my visit, he is wearing his shamrock tie and a new dark green cashmere jacket, on sale, he gleefully tells me, for \$300 marked down from \$595 at the Neiman's Last Call sale. Now I see where I get it.

We have forty minutes, which is exactly time for two beers in the airport bar. In search of a bathroom, I don't see the "Ladies" sign right next to the bar and end up walking ten gates away. Back at the bar there is no Lone Star beer, only Michelob waiting in frosted mugs. I am ripped off. The only time I drink Lone Star is when I am home, and now there is no chance.

I have serious weather talk with my grandfather. I have gathered ammo for this talk in advance, knowing he will want to hear it. There will be no lawn-watering or car-washing in Westchester or Dutchess counties this spring. The official water emergency began today. Reservoirs are down eight inches on the average. If I were really thoughtful, I would've brought the annual first quarter rainfall chart from the front page of last Thursday's Times. Dips in a bar graph would substantiate the scope of the water emergency. And finding the clipping later, my grandfather would remember that I visited.

He counters my New York story with good news: Texas is ahead of the average first quarter rainfall by six-tenths of an inch. The farmers have a good start on the year. Even last weekend, planting onions in the backyard, he had to fold up a towel to kneel on; the earth was so moist it soaked through to his knees. I think about muddy knees on my grandfather's khaki trousers, patches grainy and cool while the sun is very warm on your neck. I think of my Grandpa saying to his dog that he will have to go in to get a towel. What do you think of that, Domino?

I rubbed my face in the pillow to soak up the water, sat up like I had been asleep. I put my glasses back on and said, "Okay, Daddy. I'm awake now anyway."

His little MG was white with red on the inside with a black roof that folded down in the back. The cool breeze blew away all the heat. After we picked up some milk and baby food and colas, Daddy said, "Let's just drive around for awhile and let the ladies get settled."

He started talking about babies. "Ladies sure get all excited about a baby, don't they?"

"Yes, sir."

"They hadn't seen your little sister yet---She's lucky to have all that curly hair, isn't she?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you reckon it's going to stay curly?"

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"You know babies can change a whole lot before they get grown. A fat baby can grow up to be skinny. A little bitty baby can grow up to be a great big man. You know, I remember Ree used to have blonde hair, and now it's as brown as yours. In fact, I've noticed something else. I believe some babies are born pretty, and some of them stay that way all their lives. Like Rosie, probably. But some babies that start out real pretty, change when they grow up and don't always end up so pretty. You just can't always tell with a pretty baby. But you can always tell with an ugly baby. I've noticed the uglier a baby is when it's born, the prettier it will be when it finally gets all grown up. Your Aunt Tee told me that your mama wasn't too pretty when she was born."

I didn't say anything. Mama was the prettiest lady Daddy or I had ever seen.

"It's like God makes an ugly baby grow pretty from the inside out, and the longer it takes, the more that means He's working on getting that person just right, and one day, she'll just wake up and feel pretty all over."

We drove on for a while. Dad turned on to Central Avenue.

"Daddy?"

"What honey?"

"Do you remember how I looked when I was born?"

"I sure do."

"How?"

"You were the ugliest baby I had ever seen."

He laughed and laid his huge hand on my head. My eyes got all hot again, but I was smiling. And I smiled most of the rest of that day, and the next, and I kept on smiling long after the visit was over.

Laura Knotts

TRAPPED

Only one time have I ever broken a bottle. A green beer bottle that I pulled from a plastic trash can coated with stench. Beer still shifted on the bottom of the bottle. It was a balmy night in southern Indiana on a stately college campus. It popped as I cracked it against a stone wall. I expected breaking a bottle to sound differently.

I had just walked out of the movie, A Clockwork Orange, before its end. My gut had begun to churn while I watched the scene where they rape a girl on an open stage. There is no defense as they rip clothes from you. You will be violently reverted, inverted, for no better reason than caprice. Flaunting their power, jauntily and wittily destroying people, they bobbed about the screen with phallus noses.

I stalked the path back to my dormitory, swinging the bottle growing sweaty in my hand. There had been stories of rapes on campus, and a new escort service set up. A

perfect occupation for a rapist. I feared and wanted my opponent. I reached my dorm and quietly slipped the broken bottle into the trash, embarrassed yet reluctant to give up my weapon.

Not long before, I had an abortion. One performed with a cold heart. I drove myself the two-hour trip home, shifting from hip to hip to protect my aches, learning to work the clutch on one haunch. I sent the "infertile" father a letter of violence and smeared my blood on it.

I am trapped by biology.

Monica Spier

JOURNEY WITH DAD

"It's over, my girl." said Dad in his loud, hard voice when he told me his mother died. I would go with him to the funeral. The drive would take twenty hours. I had never gone on a long trip alone with my dad. Would the radio be enough company? I wasn't sure.

To pass time, he told stories about when he was a young boy. He worked for the Youth Conservation Corp, and planted trees. He went with his parents to pick oranges in California. They needed the money. I stared down the highway and watched the headlights eat up the night. I imagined Dad as a young boy in orange groves, the California sun burning his skin a darker brown. It was difficult to see this man, my father, being anything but Dad. As the stories and miles wore on, I began to see another side of my father, invisible to me before. It was the part of him that made all those years of quiet, supportive gestures understandable. Up to that time, he was just Dad. The man who was proud of his children, but never showed it. The man who yelled at us when we needed it. The man who drank until he passed out when his youngest son died. We talked. We were adults together.

Then, for miles he drove in silence, unaware of my presence. I strained in the dark to see his expression. The dashboard light illuminated nothing in his face. I wanted him to tell me he was sad about this mother's death, but he didn't. He was the oldest of two children. He had visited his mother often. This would be his last time. I asked him if he was lonely. He didn't answer.

When we arrived at my grandmother's house, all the arrangements had been made. I was the only daughter there with him on that day. Unknown relatives hugged and kissed me and spoke in Spanish. My dad introduced me as the school teacher.

At the church, Dad refused to sit up at the front. I sat in the last pew with him, unable to follow the prayers. The mass was said in Spanish. During the service, my mind wandered to my dad and his mother in a grove of orange trees. I wondered what Dad saw.

He stood at the foot of the grave at the cemetery. He seated me under the mourners' tent. I tried to stand next to him, but he motioned that I sit on the first chair next to the grave. I didn't want to sit there. I wanted to stand by him. I shivered from the cold. Dad responded to nothing. I wanted to cry for my grandmother and pray fiercely for her soul, but I watched Dad instead. I wanted him to sob loudly, do something. I wanted him to show me the Dad I learned about on the long drive to his mother's funeral. Instead he was the familiar someone.

When the priest sprinkled holy water on my grandmother's coffin, my father lifted one arm, moved his hand to his face, and flicked a tear from his cheek.

Geri Gutwein

Then Edith, Lije's wife, began to sing. She sang softly, beautifully. She sang as she worked with the warm earth. Elizabeth joined in, and Robert, and then the whole congregation of us. We pulled up weeds, cleared headstones, and we sang: "Bright morning stars is rising/Bright morning stars is rising/Bright morning stars is rising/Day is a breakin' in my soul."

Douglas Yarrow

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ROWING

The last time I went fishing with my dad was late in the summer of 1976. We stayed at a lodge in Western Ontario about a half day west of Thunder Bay. From there we drove out on lumber roads to fish different lakes in the area. This year, my brother wasn't there and neither were a bunch of my dad's friends or my mother's uncles. There was no carousing, no Canadian Club and lake water at sunset at the end of the dock. The fishing wasn't even that good. It was just my dad and me.

The early seventies had been a hard time. My parents were getting a divorce, and my dad had decided to switch jobs. I had just dropped out of graduate school and broken up with my first serious girlfriend. Now, off in Canada, we both knew without saying it that all we wanted to talk about was fishing. At night in the cabin, I'd listen to my dad tell his old stories. The time Uncle Clarence cut open a muskie that was floating dead on the surface and found that it had choked on a beer can. The time Uncle Harold stuffed the minnow with snuff and tossed it up to the gulls.

In the boat, during the day, we talked about strategies and tackle.

"Ned, have you seen this new rod Shakespeare has out? I think I'll get one."

"What say we put some minnows on hammered gold spinners and troll for walleyes for a while?"

And sometimes, we'd stop talking and just drift and the only sound would be the regular series of short whirs and soft kerplunks of red and white Daredevils or silver Johnson spoons we cast into the reeds for northern pike.

Our last day out had been a good one. We hadn't caught many fish, but that hadn't mattered. We'd been able to pull the boat up next to a bull moose as he swam across the lake. You could see the blue flies above his head. Now, in late afternoon, we worked our way up and back down a little river lined with pickerel weed and granite bluffs. As we came back out into the lake, we saw an eagle perched in the top of a dead pine. My dad said, "That's a pretty one to end on. Let's head back."

We had forty miles to go--twenty on the water and then another twenty on the lumber roads. My dad opened the motor to full throttle. I put on my jacket and rode the bounces in the front of the boat, watching the sunset start to pull itself together ahead of us. Then, the engine sputtered, coughed and died.

Dad said, "All that trolling sure burns up the gas. I'll hook up the second tank."

Then he stood up to switch to the second five-gallon can. He lifted it, expecting it to be full, lost his balance and sat down hard on the boat seat.

"Damn it, the guides are supposed to keep all these cans full. Damn them."

Then softer and more to himself, "Shoulda checked it this morning. Should always check."

With the sun going down, we did the only thing we could—we started to row. We switched off for a while, first he rowed, then me. We rowed and rowed. As the light faded, the inlets and the bays and the bluffs all started to look more and more alike. We checked the topographical map but it only told us what we already

knew--we were lost, and we were still a long way from the outfitter's dock and our car. Darkness began to fall faster than normal because a thunderstorm was building in the north. Getting quickly to the southern shore to set up camp became more crucial.

My dad was rowing.

"Ned, maybe you better take us in from here. We need to hurry and this would be a lousy place for me to have a heart attack."

"Right. Okay."

I just took the oars, but I wanted to tell him I was ashamed I hadn't even thought of that.

In another half hour or so, I got us to a granite point where we pulled the boat out and ate our only salami sandwich and one of the two apples we'd brought for the day. Then we sat for a while and watched and listened as the storm finished its roll in the north, maybe three miles away.

We had no sleeping bags and because the woods were dry, we were leary of building much of a fire. Enough had gone wrong already. It gets cold that far north in late August and so, without saying anything about it, my dad and I curled up together to stay warm.

In the morning, we ate the second apple and fished a little bit, but mostly we just waited, watching for planes and listening for boat motors. About noon, the owner of the lodge where we had been staying and some of his guides found us. They had been out in two boats since 6:00 that morning looking for us.

At the beginning of that summer, the summer of 1976, I felt like I'd been shot from a cannon. I was sick of the Bicentennial and I wasn't sure what I was going to do next with my life, so I headed out for two months of train rides and backpacking and hitchhiking. I did a bunch of crazy, hippie things and still tell stories about them, but what I remember most is snuggling up with my dad under his rain coat and not being able to sleep because I was cold and kept thinking about how he'd asked me to row.

Ned Stuckey-French

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SEXUAL HARASSMENT

They say that sexual harassment is anytime you are made to feel uncomfortable because of sexual advances or behavior. They say that if it makes you uncomfortable, it is sexual harassment. But what if it feels good at first? I thought my boss hired me because I was qualified for such a challenging position. That felt good. I thought I received the raises because I worked hard. That felt good. I thought she took me out to lunch because I finished a difficult project. That felt good.

Now, it all feels bad. She hired me because she wanted me. She gave me raises so I wouldn't quit. She took me out to lunch because she considered it a date.

Now, it all feels bad because I was so stupid. How could I have been so trusting, so naive? Now it all seems my fault. I didn't quit soon enough. I didn't tell her boss soon enough. I am a victim, and I blame myself.

The words in sexual harassment pamphlets do not understand the circumstances. They do not know. Uncomfortable? I don't think I could use that word to describe how I felt when she tried to hit me in the face with a metal ruler. Or how I felt when she made me sit in her office while she pleaded and begged me to have an affair, and when I stood up to go because this wasn't a "meeting" like she said, she threatened to fire me. Is that uncomfortable?

I waited until I could no longer handle the advances. Until she called me at home, made me work late, cursed at me, threatened to fire me. Now, it is too late. I quit a job I loved, a job at which I was good and better

OXFORD

CORRESPONDENCE



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

May 1989

Dear Bread Loaf Student at Lincoln College:

I am sending along the last set of details for your trip to Oxford. I hope that they make your trip easier and your arrival at Lincoln more pleasant.

Enclosures:

1. Medical Information Form. Please return in sealed envelope with your name on the outside to Hugh Coyle for transmittal to Lincoln.
2. Insurance Information.
3. Information Sheet re: Passport Number/Next of Kin.
4. Lincoln College Floor Plan.
5. List of Bread Loafers at Oxford, enclosed for your delectation, curiosity, anticipation.
6. Bus schedules from Heathrow and Gatwick to Oxford and Gatwick/London.

Your bill has been sent to you. It is due and payable upon receipt prior to your leaving for England. Bills not paid by the deadline given by Middlebury College will be charged a late fee of \$25.

Money: It's probably best to take your money in traveler's checks (American Express, Barclay, Visa) in £'s; banks charge 55-75p or more for an international exchange transaction. Traveler's checks in £'s eliminate the uncertainty of currency fluctuations. The best plastic money is VISA. Be sure to convert enough money into British currency at the airport to get you through the first weekend. There isn't time to open summer checking accounts at Oxford. Even certified cashier's checks will take two weeks to clear. Personal checks (yours, or those made out to you) are uncashable. You should take about \$1,000, or their £ equivalent, in traveler's checks for spending money while at Lincoln. Students in Messrs. Smallwood and Whitworth's course should expect to spend another \$300. Seniors will also encounter some graduation week extras including, but not limited to, a charge of \$12.75 for the rental of the hoods which are a part of the graduation ceremony.

Instructions on Arrival at Heathrow Airport - Commercial Flights - Concourse C

1. Go through Immigration, present passport, explain nature and length of stay.
2. Collect luggage downstairs.

3. If you have nothing to declare (no one does), go through customs exit GREEN AISLE.
4. Get \$ converted to £ at Barclay's Exchange near customs exit.
5. You can take a direct bus to Oxford from Heathrow and Gatwick (X70). Joy Makin and Dennis Kay strongly recommend the bus. There is frequent service and it's cheaper.
6. Or you can buy a British Rail (Air-Rail link) ticket to Oxford at the window next to Barclay's. Follow coach signs outside and get Brit Rail coach (bus) direct to Reading Station. Board express train north to Oxford. Outside Oxford Station, get a cab to Lincoln College (tip 5p per 25p charge). At main entrance to Lincoln, give your name to the Porter, who will give you your room assignment.
7. You should be met by a Bread Loaf Green Ribbon Greeter.
8. Get over jet lag.

Instructions on Arrival at Gatwick Airport - Charter Flights

1. After you go through Immigration and pick up your luggage, you can get to Oxford by bus (a 2-hour trip) or a bus-train link. There are two direct trains per day via Reading. There are many more trains with a change at Reading.
2. You can get a convenient direct bus to Gloucester Green, Oxford, a ten-minute walk or short taxi ride to Lincoln (see schedule).
3. There is also a train from Gatwick to Victoria Station, London. At Victoria Station, take the 'Circle Line' Underground (subway) West to Paddington Station. Get express to Oxford (1 hour). Or you can catch the X190 bus from Victoria Coach Station to Oxford.

Advanced Arrival: Lincoln cannot accommodate earlycomers, nor will the Mitre be available. You must make your own arrangements with hotels or guest houses. The attached medium-priced guest houses in Oxford have been recommended by Bread Loaf students and Joy Makin, the Steward of Lincoln College.

We need your expected time of arrival so that we can give the Steward an accurate meal count. Lunch is at 1:00 and dinner at 7:00. Your room in Lincoln will be ready on Monday. It will be either a living room with attached bedroom, or a single. There are shared bathrooms in most entries. Most bedrooms have hot water. The number of rooms in each entry varies from two to twenty-five. Some rooms are directly across the Turl (a medieval street not so wide as the road to the Barn at Bread Loaf). It is not possible to accommodate all Bread Loaf students in College quadrangles.

Registration Day, Monday, June 26: You will need to register in the Bread Loaf Office (Entry VII, Room 1) after taking your luggage to your room. After registration you can spend the day going to Blackwell's, checking out the location of the tutor's College where your seminar will be held (many of your first seminars will be held on Tuesday, June 28), or getting acquainted with Oxford. Mr. Danson will be in the Bread Loaf office during the day for registration and will have maps of Oxford for you. He will be assisted by Phebe Jensen and Paul Crumbley. They will be in residence at Lincoln and are ready to help you adjust to Oxford, socially and academically. Mr. Kay will take you

over in groups to sign in at the Bodleian. You will need two passport-sized photographs for your Bodley registration. You can either bring over extra passport pictures or obtain them from a coin-operated machine in St. Aldate's Street or in the Covered Market, a block from Lincoln. There will be an introductory meeting at 5:00 in the Oakeshott Room and a reception at 6:15 in the Beckington Room before dinner at 7:00. A short ceremony of welcome will follow afterwards in Hall.

Tutorials: You should be ready to read your papers before your seminar group or in tutorial, since that is part of the Oxford system. Do try to get as much reading done in advance as you possibly can. You'll be happier in July since substantial secondary reading will be assigned.

Mailing Address: (your name)
Bread Loaf School of English
Lincoln College
Oxford OX1 3DR
United Kingdom

Phones: The main phone at the Porter's Lodge of Lincoln College can be direct dialed from the States 011-44-865-279800, (for person-to-person calls stateside: 01-44-865-279800). If necessary, the Porter will take an incoming message and leave it on the Bread Loaf bulletin board outside the Main Entry. Should you wish to make or receive international calls between 1:30 and 2:30 P.M. Oxford time, the Bread Loaf office phone is 011-44-865-279818.

Dress: Casual clothes for travel and daily wear (corduroys, slacks, jeans, sweaters, informal dresses or skirts and blouses). Since the British like to dress for an occasion, suits and ties are more common in London than in New York, or at Bread Loaf. One or two dressy outfits for our formal evenings, opening night, our evenings in Stratford, London, and Commencement would be appropriate. Don't forget your raincoat. Try to underpack; there is a wide variety of stores in Oxford if you forget anything. Good walking shoes are a must. The Laura Ashley dress sale takes place in July.

Medical: Our doctors (McPherson, Fowler, McLennon and Lloyd) do not treat visiting students on the National Health Service. There are reasonable rates (a minimum of £10) for an office consultation or for a visit in College (£15 minimum in day time; £20 between 11 P.M. and 8 A.M.).

Laundry: Lincoln has washers and driers for your use. The College provides blankets, linens and towels, but not face cloths.

Computers: There are no computers available, but there is electricity (British voltage). I do not recommend your bringing your own word processors.

Sports: Bring your own squash and tennis rackets if you want to play. Lincoln has squash courts and tennis courts. Although the latter are not always

available, other tennis courts in the City are available for about £5 for six weeks. There is a 20-minute walk to the courts. Bicycles may be hired on a daily or weekly basis.

Reading About Great Britain: Bread Loaf students recommend a good student guide like Let's Go. You'll be given a map of Oxford and a copy of Vade Mecum, a handy guide around Oxford.

Please don't bring radios or stereos.

Weather: As unpredictable as Vermont's, only more frequently. Days can be warm (80°), although the average Oxford temperature in July is 60°. It does rain in Oxford, even on sunny days.

Time: Oxford is five hours ahead of Eastern Daylight Time. (It's daylight until 9:30 P.M. or so.)

Guests: Student guests can be accommodated at meals in Hall if responsible warning is given at the Bread Loaf office. You will be asked to sign up and to purchase a meal chit the day before. If you plan to have overnight guests, make reservations for them to stay in the Mitre, a nice bed-and-breakfast hotel across the Turl from Lincoln and operated under the auspices of Lincoln. If you'd like to stay in Oxford after the School, you can book a room at the Mitre. During the summer your guests can be accommodated there for £10.50 per diem for bed and continental breakfast. The cost of meals for your guests in Hall will be £2.10 for English breakfast, £3.80 for lunch and £5.75 for dinner. Your guests are not permitted to reside in College. Violations of Lincoln's regulations could create an embarrassing hassle. You will be billed by the College, and your guest will be asked to leave. We are guests of Lincoln College and are expected to abide by the Rules of Lincoln College.

Plays: We will make picnic excursions to the Barbican Theatre in London to see The Tempest on July 6 and to Stratford for Hamlet on July 25. Tickets have been purchased for you.

There; that should answer just about everything. I so hope that the trip will not be an anxious one for you because the summer holds every promise of being a wonderful one; Oxford, after all, is Oxford. I look forward to seeing you there myself in late July.

Cordially,

James H. Maddox
Director

JHM/elh

Guest Houses
(Bed and Breakfast)

Acorn Guest House
260 Iffley Road
Oxford OX4 1SE
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-247998

Combermere House
11 Polstead Road
Oxford OX2 6TW
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-56971

Mr. and Mrs. K. M. Flanakin
103 and 105 Woodstock Road
Oxford
United Kingdom

Old Parsonage Hotel
3 Banbury Road
Oxford
United Kingdom

Mulberry Guest House
265 London Road
Headington
Oxford OX3 9EH
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-67114

Portland House
338 Banbury Road
Oxford OX2 7PR
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-52076

The Ridings
280 Abingdon Road
Oxford OX1 4TA
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-248364

Lakeside Guest House
118 Abingdon Road
Oxford OX1 4PZ
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-244725

Norham Guest House
16 Norham Road
Oxford OX2 6SF
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-515352

Walton Guest House
169 Walton Street
Oxford
United Kingdom
Phone: 865-52137

BREAD LOAF — MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MEDICAL INFORMATION FORM

INSTRUCTIONS: In order to attend Bread Loaf, you must complete this form.
Except where otherwise noted, we require that you provide all the information requested.

WHERE NECESSARY, ATTACH ADDITIONAL SHEETS OF INFORMATION.

NOTE: *Do not use the reverse side of this form; it is reserved for use by the College physician.*

TYPE OR PRINT — Send the completed form to the Bread Loaf Office,
Old Chapel, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont 05753

If you put your name on the envelope and mark it "Medical Information - Confidential," it will be opened only by the Bread Loaf Medical Staff.

Name Campus Address

Address if living off-campus (include telephone number)

1. Do you have any physical disabilities or health problems? If so, please describe:

2. Do you have any allergies? Please describe:

3. If you are currently under the care of a physician, please give his name, address and telephone number:

4. Recent surgery or medical illness for which you are no longer under the care of a physician:

5. Have you had any emotional problems for which you have received treatment within the past three years?

Please describe:

6. If you are currently under the care of a psychiatrist or psychologist, please give his name, address and telephone number:

7. Please list any medications which you are currently taking:

8. Are you allergic to any medicines? Which ones?

9. Other pertinent information:

10. In case of emergency, please notify:

Name Relationship

Street

City State Zip Telephone
Area Code

Alternate:

Name Relationship

Street

City State Zip Telephone
Area Code

11. Your church affiliation (optional)

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY VT 05753

INSURANCE

We have provided a plan of accident insurance for summer school students. The plan provides medical reimbursement for the expense arising from an accident. Reimbursement will be made up to a maximum of \$1,000 for each accident. The plan is broad in scope and covers all accidents, wherever the student may be, during the term of the policy.

Exclusions: The Plan does not cover eyeglasses or hearing aids; dental treatment unless treatment is necessitated by injuries to sound, natural teeth; loss caused by plastic surgery for cosmetic purposes; loss caused by war or any enemy action; loss resulting from having been in or on an aircraft unless riding as a fare-paying passenger in a passenger aircraft operated by an incorporated passenger carrier; nor an expense incurred by a student after twelve months from date of termination of the student's insurance. In the event that the insured is covered by the Automobile Medical Payments provision of a motor vehicle policy, no duplication of payments will be made for automobile claims. In such an event there will be payment of any expense up to the policy limit that might exceed the amount of medical payments applicable to the particular case.

Claims: In the event of accident, claims should be reported to Fred S. James & Company, 40 Broad Street, Boston MA 02109, within 30 days from the date of the accident. Claim forms are available from the Bread Loaf Nurse, or the Nurse at Lincoln College. Medical bills must be submitted within 90 days from date of treatment.

The insurance will be effective for the periods indicated below:

English School	27 June - 12 August, 1989
English School at Lincoln College, Oxford*	26 June - 5 August, 1989

*Under Britain's medical program, you must have medical coverage to meet the treatment of medical conditions and problems you have on arrival in Britain. National Health will, at the discretion of our doctor, meet expenses of emergencies encountered during the summer. Expenses of hospitalization are paid by National Health under normal circumstances. Be sure to bring your medical insurance forms for claiming expenses under your own medical insurance plan.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD
INFORMATION SHEET

Please Print or Type

NAME: _____
 Last First Middle

PASSPORT NO. _____ DATE OF ISSUE _____

PLACE OF ISSUE _____ EXPIRATION DATE _____

NAME AS IT APPEARS ON PASSPORT _____

PERSONAL SICKNESS & ACCIDENT INSURANCE (if any)

Name of Company _____

Policy No. _____

Father's Name _____ Address _____

Mother's Name _____ Address _____

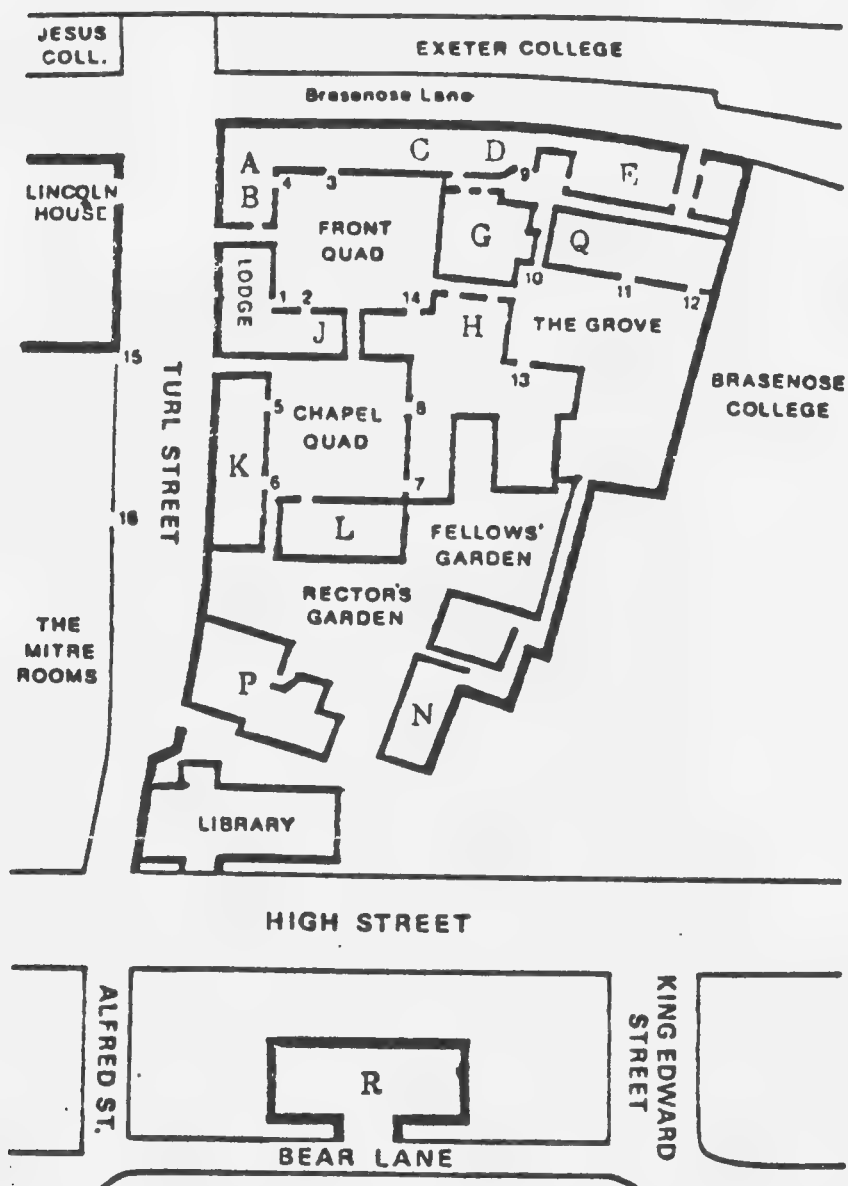
Spouse's Name _____ Address _____

ADDRESS & TELEPHONE NUMBER (with area code) OF PARENTS OR NEXT OF
KIN (Please give relationship.)

Signature _____ Date _____

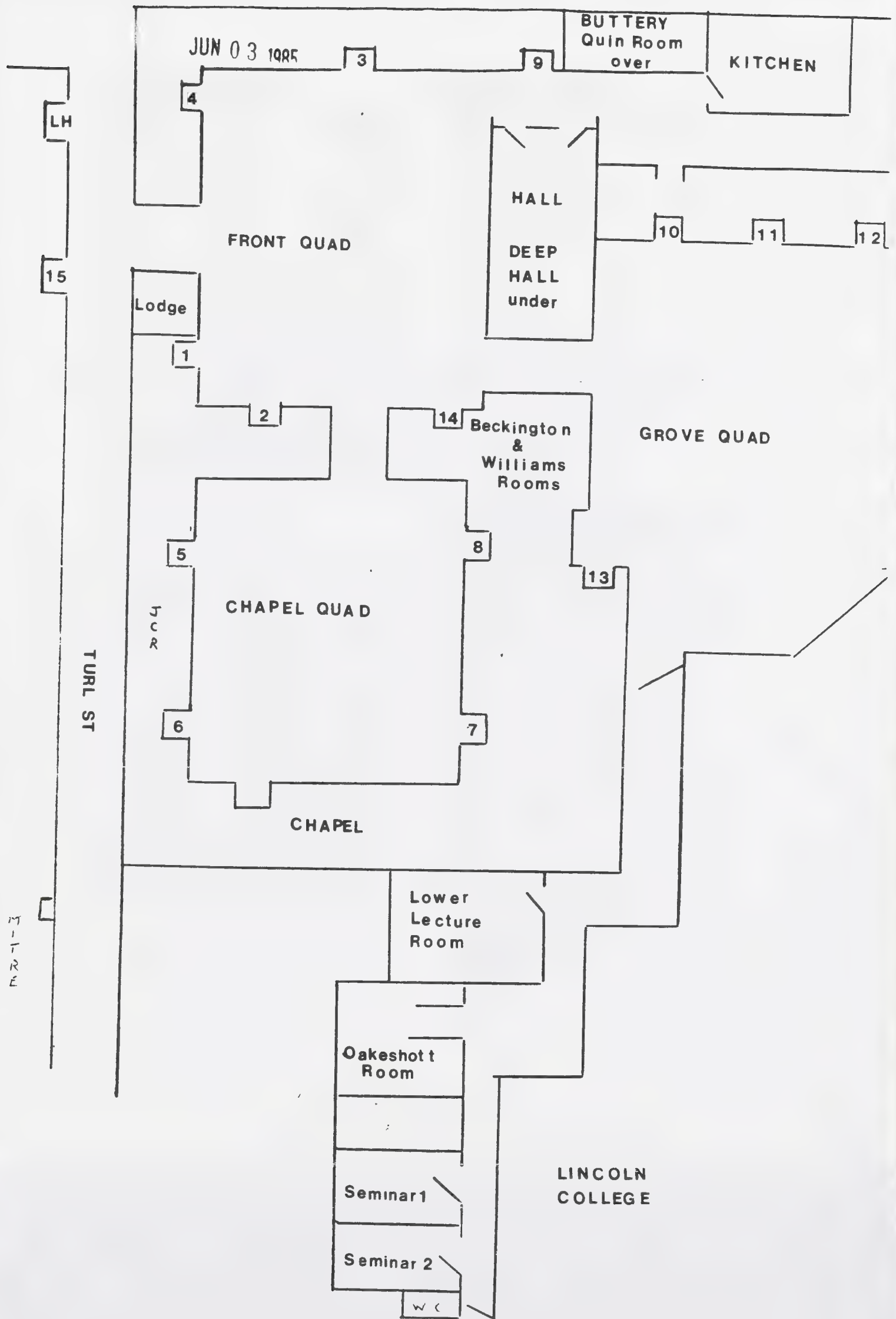
LINCOLN COLLEGE

Sketch Map GROUND FLOOR PLAN



- | | |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| A Bursar's Office | J John Wesley Room, over: |
| B Steward's Office, Rector's Office | War Memorial facing Chapel |
| & College Secretary's Office above | Quad |
| C Senior Common Room | K Junior Common Room |
| D Buttery, Quin Room above | L Chapel |
| E Kitchen | N Lecture Room |
| G Hall, 'Deep Hall' under | P Rector's Lodgings |
| H Beckington Room, | Q Middle Common Room |
| Williams' Room | R New Bear Lane Building |

NB Numerals indicate staircase numbers



OXFORD CityLink X70

Oxford to Heathrow & Gatwick daily

Oxford Gloucester Green		Heathrow airport central terminal bus sta. 4		Gatwick airport south terminal north terminal
0500	→	0605 0615	→	0710 0715
0630	→	0735 0745		
0800	→	0905 0915	→	1010 1015
0900	→	1005 1015		
1000	→	1105 1115		
1100	→	1205 1215	→	1310 1315
1230	→	1335 1345		
1400	→	1505 1515	→	1610 1615
1530	→	1635 1645		
1700	→	1805 1815	→	1910 1915
1830	→	1935 1945		
2000	→	2105 2115	→	2210 2215
2130	→	2235 2245		
2300	→	0005 0015	→	0110 0115

You should allow sufficient time to check in for your flight.
Heathrow airport central bus station is for terminals 1, 2 & 3.

from Sunday 2 October 1988 to Saturday 29 April 1989

Gatwick & Heathrow to Oxford daily

Gatwick airport south terminal north terminal		Heathrow airport terminal central 4, bus sta, bay 17 stop A		Oxford Gloucester Green
		0750 0810	→	0915
0815 0820	→	0920 0940	→	1045
		1020 1040	→	1145
		1120 1140	→	1245
1115 1120	→	1220 1240	→	1345
		1350 1410	→	1515
1415 1420	→	1520 1540	→	1645
		1650 1710	→	1815
1715 1720	→	1820 1840	→	1945
		1950 2010	→	2115
2015 2020	→	2120 2140	→	2245
		2250 2310	→	0015
2315 2320	→	2400 0010	→	0145*
0215 0220	→	0250 0300	→	0445*

* these journeys may arrive in Oxford earlier, depending on traffic conditions

from Sunday 2 October 1988 to Saturday 29 April 1989

OXFORD CityLink 190

Oxford to London daily
from Oxford, Gloucester Green

0535	M-F	0800 Su	1200	1600
0555	M-S	0820	1220	1620
0610	M-F	0840	1240	1640
0620	S	0900	1300	1700
0630	M-F	0920	1320	1720
0640	SSu	0940	1340	1740
0655	M-S	1000	1400	1810
0710	M-F	1020	1420	1910
0720	S	1040	1440	2010
0730	M-F	1100	1500	2125
0740	SSu	1120	1520	2225
0750	M-S	1140	1540	

M-F Mondays to Fridays only
M-S Mondays to Saturdays only
S Saturdays only
Su Sundays only
SSu Saturdays & Sundays only

All coaches also stop on request at Queens Lane,
St. Clement's, Gipsy Lane (for Polytechnic),
Headington Post Office, Green Road roundabout
and Sandhills Turn (for Thornhill Park & Ride)

from Sunday 27 March 1988

London to Oxford daily
from London, Victoria coach station,
bay 12

0745	M-F	1050	1450	1830
0815	M-S	1110	1510	1850
0830	S	1130	1530	1910
0845	M-F	1150	1550	1930
0850	SSu	1210	1610	1950
0905	S	1230	1630	2020
0915	M-F	1250	1650	2120
0930	S	1310	1710	2220
0945	M-F	1330	1730	2250 SSu
0950	SSu	1350	1750	2330
1010		1410	1810	0030
1030		1430		

M-F Mondays to Fridays only
M-S Mondays to Saturdays only
S Saturdays only
SSu Saturdays & Sundays only

All coaches also stop on request at
Grosvenor Gardens (opposite Lloyds Bank)
and Marble Arch, stop Y

from Sunday 27 March 1988



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

May 19, 1989

Dear

The recent record-breaking temperatures in Vermont have got me thinking of summer (so what else is new) and of that joyous day when Bread Loaf students new and old make their way back to the Mountain. The old ones should know their way around the place by now, but the new ones - well, we've all been "new ones" before so we know how it is. One thing that's all-important is maintaining the tradition of the Green Ribbon Greeters, that elite corps of Bread Loaf students whose smiles and dispositions make the first steps into the Mountain Kingdom not only bearable but enjoyable for "green" students.

That's where you come in. Bread Loaf would be proud to enlist you into that special group whose smiles and dispositions earn not only notoriety, but an honorarium of \$25.00 as well. In the way of benefits, you would receive permission to return to the Mountain a day earlier than most students and also be invited to a special meeting for Greeters after the evening meal on Monday the 26th. Your job as a Greeter would occupy you from mid-morning on Tuesday up to dinner. After that, you could either take the evening off or show newcomers how to spike a volleyball out on the playing fields.

I hope we can count on you to carry on this revered Bread Loaf tradition. A quick collect call to me at the office (802-388-3711, extension 5418) or a short note would be enough to reserve your own green ribbon for the summer. When you call, be sure to remind me to get your social security number; if you write, be sure to remember to include it with your words of acceptance.

There's only a little more than a month before the summer gets underway, even though the mosquitoes have already arrived in force. That gives us a few weeks to swat away and make the Mountain more tolerable insect-wise for you. Either that or part of your job as Green Ribbon Greeter will be to provide new students with a trial size bottle of Skin-So-Soft. In any event, we look forward to seeing you soon.

Best wishes,

Hugh Coyle
Administrative Director

GREEN RIBBON GREETERS - OXFORD

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH - Lincoln College, Oxford

Julie Hile

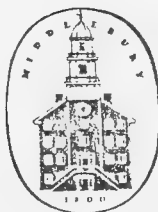
Edward Walpin

Kevin Dearingen

Alice Truax

Bill Brown

Anne Coen



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 7, 1989

Mr. Edward A. Walpin
875 Park Avenue
New York NY 10021

Dear Ned:

You can probably still remember your first jet-lagged entry to the world of Lincoln College from years past, so you know how much easier it would be if there was a veteran Oxfordian on hand to show the way. Would you be willing to serve as such a guiding hand (i.e. one of the elite corps of Green Ribbon Greeters) this summer at Oxford? You would need to be available in the late morning and afternoon of Monday, June 26th, to impart your knowledge and experience to those who were, until now, less fortunate.

This summer features an encore performance by the Danson-Jensen-Crumley team from 1987, so all should go smoothly overseas. Of course, it will go much more smoothly with your generous assistance. Our gratitude might not be expressed so generously (at least not financially), but we can offer you an honorarium of L5 for your services.

I'd appreciate it if you could give me a call as soon as possible either accepting or declining this offer. In the meantime, I trust that your bags are nearly packed for your return to the United Kingdom. How I wish I could be joining you...

Best wishes,

Hugh Coyle
Administrative Director

This letter was sent to:

Julie Hile
Edward Walpin
Kevin Dearing
Doug Teague
Alice Truax
Bill Brown
Anne Coen

LIFE AT LINCOLN: HOUSEKEEPING FACT SHEET

1. MEALS

Meal Times

All meals are served in Hall at the following times:

Monday - Sunday

Breakfast	8:00 a.m.
Lunch	1:00 p.m.
Dinner	7:00 p.m.

If you are on a special diet, please bring your diet identification card with you to every meal.

Coffee is served after Lunch and Dinner in the Junior Common Room (JCR), across from the Bread Loaf office in the Chapel Quad.

Signing Out for Meals

Every morning, a sign-out sheet for lunch and dinner will be posted on the bulletin board. If you are planning to miss a meal, you must sign out for that meal by 10:00 a.m. on the day in question. There are two important reasons for this procedure: the kitchen needs a fairly accurate head count for meals; otherwise food is wasted or there is not enough; and Bread Loaf must settle weekly accounts with Lincoln based on attendance at meals. Please make signing out for meals a priority.

Guests at Meals

Guests (including Bread Loaf students not on the meal plan) may dine in Hall at the following rates, payable in the Bread Loaf office:

Breakfast:	L2.10
Lunch:	L3.80
Dinner:	L5.75
High Table dinner:	L7.45

The office MUST be notified of lunch and dinner guests by 10:00 a.m. on the day in question.

Your guests can be accommodated at the Mitre for bed and breakfast for L10.50 per day.

2. DEEP HALL

Lincoln's very own pub is located underneath the Hall, accessible from the Grove Quad down Stairway 10. Deep Hall is open before lunch and dinner on every day except Sunday. It is perfectly acceptable to grab a pint, a glass of wine or whatever at Deep Hall and bring it

upstairs to have with a meal. The pub also sells wine by the bottle to take away.

Regular Deep Hall hours are:

Monday - Saturday: 11:30 til 1:00; 5:30 til 8:00

Wednesdays and Fridays: Open in the evening until 11:00

Sundays: Closed

3. OFFICE HOURS

Once registration is over and things settle down a bit, the Bread Loaf office will be open weekdays at the following times:

9:00 - 11:00 a.m.

1:30 - 3:00 p.m.

4. TELEPHONES

Outgoing Calls

Most phones - including the pay phones in Stairway 14 (Lincoln House), Stairway 6 in the Chapel Quad, and Stairway 10 in the Grove Quad - operate with phone cards which can be purchased at the Porter's Lodge, the Post Office, and various shops around town. When the phone card is inserted, a digital display tells you how much money is left on the card; once you're connected, the display counts down so you know how much time is left (and can see it ticking maddeningly away). This system allows you to make direct-dial calls to the States or anywhere else at the lowest rate possible, which is still not so cheap. It is, in fact, far cheaper to call from the U.S. to England as opposed to the other direction, which is a good thing to keep in mind if you plan to spend hours talking with someone at home.

If you want to make collect or credit-card calls to the States, dial 155 for the International Operator. The local operator is 100; Directory Inquiries is 194. You can make operator-assisted calls from any phone, including pay-card phones.

Local, collect, and credit-card calls may be made from the Bread Loaf office during office hours. You may also use the Bread Loaf phone for international and long-distance calls by first ascertaining from the operator what the charges will be per minute, timing the call, and paying us in office. Keep in mind, however, that these calls are no cheaper than calls made with a phone card.

Incoming Calls

Be warned that the Lincoln College pay phones have been rigged so that they will not ring, and as a result will not accept incoming phone calls. However, all other pay phones around Oxford do.

You may also arrange to have people call you in the Bread Loaf office during office hours, 9:00 to 11:00 a.m. and 1:30 to 3:00 p.m. Please don't arrange to receive a phone call in the office at any other time unless, of course, it is an emergency.

Messages can be left at the Porter's Lodge at any hour of the day (not after 11:00 at night, when the Porters go to sleep).

5. LAUNDRY

There are two laundry rooms in Lincoln: one directly downstairs from the Bread Loaf Office (Stairway 8 in the Chapel Quad) and one up two flights in Stairway 15 (across from Lincoln's main gate, next to the book shop). Washers and dryers take 10p coins (40p per wash load; 10p for about 20 minutes of drying time).

The laundry room in Stairway 15 has an ironing board and permanently affixed iron. The other laundry room (Stairway 8) has only an ironing board. Irons can be signed out from the Porter's Lodge.

6. MAIL

Mail arrives once a day, first thing in the morning, and is distributed in the Hall at breakfast. The mail remains in Hall throughout the day, though it is moved around to a windowsill or side table.

The Porters will weigh letters and sell postage if they're not too busy. The main Oxford Post Office is located down St. Aldgates Street, on the right just past the Tourist Information office; another, smaller post office is located on Michael's Street near the Nosebag cafe.

7. SECURITY

The peace and quiet inside the walls of Lincoln can beguile you into forgetting that Oxford is a big, busy modern city. There is always the possibility of theft, and in past years several items were stolen from the rooms of Bread Loaf students. Unfortunately, we are particularly vulnerable at the beginning of the program when intruders can go unidentified amidst so many unfamiliar faces.

Always lock your door when you leave your room, even if you'll be gone for a short time, and even if your room is in an isolated place. If you live on the ground floor, or if your window looks out onto an accessible ledge, be sure to lock your window when you leave the room as well. (If you lock your keys inside your room, there is a spare at the Porter's Lodge.)

Though the streets of Oxford are perfectly safe during the day, in past years some students have been harassed when walking around alone late at night. If you'll be walking about long after the pubs close, try to go with someone else.



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

July 1, 1989

Dear Colleague:

All grades of students at Bread Loaf are reported by letter. More important than the grade on the transcripts are the brief comments I'll ask you to write on each student at the time you submit your grade. These judgments become a part of the School's records and are most helpful in determining whether to readmit a student and in the preparation of letters of recommendation. Attached is a statement on School policy regarding these comments since they are included under the Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act of 1974.

I should like to suggest the following scale, but please remember Middlebury's computer has not been programmed to take Oxford grades:

<u>Description</u>	<u>Oxford</u>	<u>Bread Loaf</u>
A superlative achievement	A+ A	A+
An extraordinary accomplishment. Grades of A and higher are probably received by no more than 10% of all the students.	A- A-- AB	A
A distinguished performance at the Master's level. Excellent work	BA B++	A-
Very good work. (About half of Bread Loaf grades are B+ or A-)	B+?+ B+	B+
Good, competent performance, entirely creditable, but in the lower range of your class.	B?+ B B?-	B
Passing, but undistinguished work.	B- B-- BC	B-
A failure. No credit awarded		C

If you have concerns about any of this, let me know.

Sincerely,

James H. Maddox

JHM/elh

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Lincoln College, Oxford

July 31, 1989

Dear Bread Loaf Student in the Program in Writing:

Even though I've already imposed on you for your help in evaluating this summer at Lincoln College, I would be immensely grateful if you could give me your assessment of the Program in Writing so that we can improve the Program in 1990.

Sincerely,

James H. Maddox

1. Your writing course--methods, demands, instructor

2. The value of your experience for yourself and your school.

Name _____
(optional)

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

July 1989

Dear Bread Loaf Student at Oxford:

To begin planning our thirteenth summer, I would appreciate your help, as will the Director at Lincoln in 1990. These questions are meant merely to be illustrative, so please add anything you believe will help make next summer even better.

1. The Academic Program

Your comments on your course, its structure and demands, etc.
What was your judgement of your tutor, his (her) interest in you, the class? What was your assessment of the papers (amount of work required for them), your tutor's criticism?

2. Lincoln College

Your comments on your room, the food, the personnel of Lincoln, etc.

4. Improvements

What would improve the program? What was your happiest surprise?
Your most serious disappointment? What would you recommend I tell next summer's students?

5. Your further suggestions or comments. (Please use reverse, if needed.)

You may submit this assessment anonymously, but it will be more helpful if I knew who was advising me. Thank you for the time you've taken in filling out this form. It will help me help Bread Loaf Students at Lincoln in 1990.

James H. Maddox
Director

STATISTICS

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD
1989

FIRST-YEAR STUDENTS (11)

Carole Brown
Margaret Charles
Madeleine Hewitt
Alexandra Mahoney
Elizabeth McDonald
Michael McGuire
Erin McPherson
Lou Murrin
Gail Nelson
Mary Stechschulte
Margaret Wyszowski

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
Lincoln College, Oxford
1989

GENERAL STATISTICS

Student attendance by states: (according to applications)		Total student enrollment	72
		Men students	24
		Women students	48
Alabama	1	Former students	61
Alaska	1	New students	11
Arizona	1	Cancellations	41
California	5		
Colorado	1	Number of courses	15
Connecticut	2	Number of faculty	12
Delaware	2	Number teaching 1 course	8
Florida	1		
Georgia	1	1989 M.A. degree candidates	18
Illinois	1		
Indiana	1	1989 M.Litt. degree candidates	1
Iowa	1		
Kansas	1	Scholarship students	36
Kentucky	1	Candidates for Midd. M.A.	55
Maine	4	Candidates for Midd. M.Litt.	3
Maryland	3	Candidates for Midd. M.M.L.	0
Massachusetts	5	Undergraduates	4
Michigan	1	Continuing Education	4
Minnesota	2	Undesignated	6
Nevada	1		
New Jersey	4	Average age of students	34
New York	8	Median age of students	32
North Carolina	2	Under 21	0
Ohio	1	21-25	14
Oregon	1	26-30	15
Pennsylvania	2	31-35	10
Tennessee	2	36-40	15
Texas	2	41-50	17
Vermont	3	51 & over	1
Virginia	2		
Washington	2	Private school teachers	20
Wisconsin	1	Public school teachers	31
		College & Jr. College teachers	4
Ecuador	1	Other:	
Greece	1	Undergraduates	4
Indonesia	1	Graduate students	3
Switzerland	1	Ph.D. students	1
Tanzania	2	Unemployed	2
		Other occupations	7
		Pre-1984 B.A. or B.S. degree	52

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD

ENROLLMENT FIGURES

1978 - 59
1979 - 53
1980 - 58
1981 - 64
1982 - 64
1983 - 83
1984 - 72
1985 - 79
1986 - 83
1987 - 80
1988 - 78
1989 - 72

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD
1989

FACULTY LOAD

Bednarowska, Dorothy	4	(4)
Cunningham, Valentine	5	(5)
Danson, Lawrence	4	(4)
Gill, Stephen	10	(5 + 5)
Gray, Douglas	2	(2)
Kay, Dennis	8	(4 + 4)
Park, Roy	2	(2)
Pitcher, John	5	(5)
Smallwood, Robert	12	(12)(shared with Whitworth)
Whitworth, Charles	12	(12)(shared with Smallwood)
Wilders, John	8	(4 + 4)
Wood, Michael	10	(5 + 5)

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD
1989

COURSE ENROLLMENT

504.	Seventeenth-Century Poetry	(Wilders)	4
505.	Wordsworth and Coleridge	(Gill)	5
511.	Modern Criticism	(Wood)	5
518.	Shakespeare: On the Page and On the Stage	(Smallwood/Whitworth)	12
520.	Poetry as a Means of Grace	(Park)	2
524.	Chaucer	(Gray)	2
525.	Renaissance Romance and Fiction	(Kay)	4
526.	Shakespeare's Comedies in Performance	(Wilders)	4
528.	Shakespeare and His Contemporaries	(Kay)	4
541.	Hardy and Lawrence: Self, Sexuality and Society	(Gill)	5
550.	Aspects of Modernism	(Wood)	5
553.	Jane Austen and the Brontes	(Bednarowska)	6
556.	Robinson, Clarissa, Tristram, and Co.: Fiction from Defoe to Austen	(Cunningham)	5
557.	The Matter of Britain	(Pitcher)	5
558.	English Stage Comedy	(Danson)	4

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD

1989

GRADUATE CONTINUING EDUCATION (4)

Dennis Lenssen

Margaret Mitchell

John O'Dell

Margot Sempreora

UNDERGRADUATES (4)

Alexandra Mahoney

Middlebury College

Michael McGuire

Middlebury College

Erin McPherson

Middlebury College

Mary Stechchulte

Middlebury College

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD
1989

DECLINED TO WAIVE RIGHTS TO INSPECT FILE

Margaret Mitchell
Gilberto Sanchez

COMMENCEMENT

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE



The Bread Loaf School of English
at
Lincoln College, Oxford



TWELFTH SUMMER

Commencement Ceremony

THE LINCOLN COLLEGE CHAPEL

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1989

9:00 P.M.

1989

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts

THERESA BAKER
WILLIAM R. BROWN
RICHARD WILLIAM BURNISKE
RONALD WAYNE DODGE, JR.
JULIE SUZANNE HILE
TIMOTHY MARK HJELMELAND
SUSAN REA JONES
SHARON ELIZABETH KRAUSS
CHARLEEN SUNDER LETSEN
BEVERLY BROWN MCCOLLEY
DEANE EVELYN O'DELL
VIRGINIA MARIE PARKER
PHILIP S. POST
MARY CHRIS GRIFFIN REESE
DOUGLAS WOODCOCK TEAGUE
ALICE TRUAX
EDWARD A. WALPIN
DIANA GAIL WESTBROOK

Candidate for the Degree of Master of Letters

WILLIAM O. SEMPREORA
(awarded posthumously)

Processional

Introductory Remarks

LAWRENCE DANSON, M.A., Ph.D.
Professor of English, Princeton University

Introduction of Commencement Speaker

DOUGLAS WOODCOCK TEAGUE

Commencement Address

DENNIS KAY, M.A., D. Phil.
*Fellow and Tutor, Lincoln College, Oxford, and
University Lecturer in the University of Oxford*

Conferring of the Degrees of
Master of Arts and Master of Letters

LAWRENCE DANSON

JIM MURDEN
Chef, Lincoln College

Concluding Remarks

ALICE SANFORD TRUAX

JULIE SUZANNE HILE

Recessional

PANICULUM

Paniculum

Volume 11, No. 1 - Bread Loaf School of English - 27 June
1989

HELLO AGAIN

Welcome, if you haven't been sufficiently welcomed already. If you're new at Lincoln please come to the Orientation session at 4:00 in the Oakeshott room to be re-welcomed by Dennis Kay and us--director Larry Danson, assistants Phebe Jensen and Paul Crumbley. If you haven't already done so, get your handy sheet full of Facts of Lincoln Life inside the entrance to Hall.

GRAND OCCASION TONIGHT

A reception will be held today in the Grove Quad at 6:15, followed by a High Table dinner at 7:00. If it starts to rain, the reception will move into the Beckington room.

LIBRARY CARDS

Packs of Bread Loafers will leave from Lincoln this morning to register at the Bodley for reader's cards. Please be at the Porter's Lodge with two passport pictures AND a picture ID at:

- 10:55 for last names A - H
- 11:25 for last names J - O
- 11:55 for last names P - Z

MUSEUM ROAD JAUNT

Jackie Burniske, a veteran of Museum Road, is organizing a picnic get-together so the Bread Loaf families living out there can meet each other. Meet at 5:30 Thursday outside Number 13 Museum Road; bring the whole family and a picnic dinner.

BUSY DEEP HALL SCHEDULE

Starting tomorrow, coffee and croissants will be available in Deep Hall after 10:30 a.m. on weekdays. The pub's also open every day before lunch and dinner, and Mick the barman has generously offered to stay open in the evenings after dinner when demand is high. Since demand is already high, it looks like there will be a MODIFIED BARN DANCE this Friday night; watch this space for details.

SENIORS ALSO CROWD DEEP HALL

Graduating seniors--you know who you are--please come to

Deep Hall for a free pint and an organizational meeting
Thursday at 5:30.

PAGE AND STAGE AND BUS REVS UP

All Page and Stage students should come to the office
sometime tomorrow to pick up tickets for Saturday's marathon
theatre trip--to see the Plantagenet Trilogy at the
Barbican. Buses leave at (gasp) 8:15 a.m.

THEATER FOR EVERYONE ELSE

As in past years, there are extra tickets to all Page and
Stage plays. On Saturday the class is attending an all-day
theatrical extravaganza at the Barbican: a synthesis of
Shakespeare's first historical tetralogy. If you'd like to
purchase tickets, plan to come queue up at the Bread Loaf
office on Thursday after lunch. Details tomorrow on prices,
times, protocol.

Bread Loaf School of English, 28 June 1989

FOOD FIRST

Please try to figure out in advance when you'll be missing lunch or dinner. Sign out by 10:00 a.m. on the sheet that will be posted daily on this bulletin board.

NEWS FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD

Copies of the Herald Tribune, the Guardian, the Times, and the Independent are in the JCR (where we have evening coffee) for your perusal.

WORKING OFF LAST NIGHT'S MEAL

Lincoln's weight room, which is within walking distance of the college, has various contraptions for shaping up--including Universal weights. Ask the Porter for the key and directions.

ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY

If you can't think very hard without a key board in front of you, consider attending Julie Hile's upcoming meeting, where plans will be underway to rent computers for the duration of the course. Watch the board (or see Julie) for details.

WHOOOPS--SENIORS MISLED

The Senior meeting originally planned for Thursday has been put off until Friday at 5:30. Free pint offer still stands. Please spread the word.

TICKETS

How do you obtain tickets for the enticing list of plays posted on this board?

Page and Stage students may come purchase their tickets at any time. You can buy them all at once, or one at a time.

Everyone Else: You have tickets reserved for the two all-school plays: The Tempest and Hamlet.

A few days before each of the other plays we'll be selling extra Page and Stage tickets on a first-come, first-served basis. If you really want a ticket, and it looks like a play everyone wants to see, you might consider lining up outside the office early.

The drill starts tomorrow at 1:30 p.m. when we'll be selling tickets for the all-day Plantagenet trilogy on Saturday. According to Robert Smallwood, this is the "chance of a lifetime," well worth the \$49.50 price. The bus, which leaves at 8:15 a.m., costs an additional \$1.50. Yes, it's a little steep, but it's really for three plays, beginning at 10:45, 3:15, and 7:45.

A TIMELY MESSAGE

Cold? Warm up now in Deep Hall, where coffee and croissants are available today and every weekday after 10:30 a.m.

BARGAIN AT ANY PRICE

So it's £49.50, and so you have to get up at dawn after Friday night revelry - you may be sorry in years to come if you miss the opportunity to see the Plantagenet Trilogy at the Barbican this Saturday. Tickets go on sale at 1:45 this afternoon in the Bread Loaf Office. (We'll sell tickets to the rest of the Page and Stage plays throughout the summer, a few days before each production.)

SENIORS DISINVITED

There is no Senior meeting tonight. Come to get a free drink and choose a fearless leader tomorrow evening at 5:30 in Deep Hall.

HOMES FOUND FOR ITINERANT FAMILIES

For all of you who have been camping at the Mitre, your flats at Museum Road will be ready TODAY at noon. Make your key swap at the Porter.

FAMILIES, ONCE INSIDE, GO OUTSIDE

Bread Loafers with families can meet their new neighbors tonight at a picnic dinner. Gather at 5:30 outside the new residence of Jackie and Buddy Burniske, Number 13 Museum Road, with picnic dinner and umbrella. See Jackie for rain contingency plans.

DANCING...

Dance Friday night in Deep Hall to dance tapes specially imported by A. Truax. Admission one pound, necessary to defray the cost of audio equipment.

...AND SINGING

One piano player and one aspiring conductor are sought by Madrigalists in search of an organizer. Voices of all sizes and shapes also in demand. See the sign-up sheet posted elsewhere on this board.

SOLUTION FOR COMPUTER DILEMMA FOUND

Owing to the grace and generosity of Joy Makin, Dennis Kay, and Lincoln students, the computer problem is solved. Bread Loaf students who pay a nominal fee (£10 for the summer) can sign out a key from the Porter's Lodge and use Lincoln's own computers, which have Word Perfect and Microsoft Word on hard disk. Details, protocol, and sign-up sheet are in the Bread Loaf office.

SUNDAY MORNING SNOOZING

Breakfast will be at 8:45 a.m. on Sunday mornings only.

BREAD LOAF OFFICE HOURS

Now that the Bread Loaf office is running like a well-oiled machine, our regular office hours will be 9:30 to 11:00 a.m., and 1:45 to 2:30 p.m. Larry Danson's office is 12:1. He's available most days right after lunch, or just get in touch through the Bread Loaf office to make an appointment.

WHO'S AFREUD OF ALICE'S WISHES?

A copy of On Dreams disappeared after being left for a moment by the Porter's Lodge. Alice Truax, who claims she owns the book, also claims she intended to finish reading it and only set it down for an instant. Alice also asserts that the well known text by S. Freud has similarly disappeared from all Oxford book stores. What is more, the at all times reliable assistants in the Bread Loaf office have discovered that the Bodleian is missing its copies and that the Lincoln College librarian has no recollection of ever having seen the work.

DANCE IN DEEP HALL

Put on your dancing shoes and come to Deep Hall tonight for the first of the summer's underground dances. The music will begin around 9:00 and Mick promises to keep the taps flowing as long as thirst requires. Possible guest appearance by Dennis Kay who will display his "pyramid" step.

PLEASE SIGN OUT FOR MEALS

Please sign out for meals by 10:00 the morning you plan to miss one or more meals. Chef needs to know how much food to prepare.

PLANTAGENET ATTENDERS

Breakfast will be served at 7:45 for all persons planning to go into the Barbican tomorrow. The bus departs from Trinity College gates at 8:15 - be there. (Trinity College and its gates are across Broad Street opposite the Turl)

RICHARD'S WALK

Due to the popularity of the walk Richard Kortum has generously offered to lead, two groups will depart on successive Saturdays. If you have signed up and wouldn't mind going next Saturday, shift your name to the appropriate list and help even up the numbers for each excursion.

SENIORS

The first meeting with the director will be held this afternoon at 5:30 in Deep Hall. Think about who would make a good class president and who you would like to have deliver the commencement address. The director will reward your efforts with a free pint.

GIVE US LIBERTY...

British taxes have taken the Bread Loaf office by surprise. The prices we've been quoting for guests at breakfast, lunch, dinner, or for overnight rooms in college did not have VAT added to them. As of this moment, they will increase by a shocking 15%.

BIKES

If you have rented a bike for the summer, preserve it by taking advantage of the lock up accross the street in the college garage.

CHRISTOPHER RICKS WILL SPEAK

On Tuesday of this week at 5:15 - please note change of time - Christopher Ricks will deliver a lecture in the Oakeshott Room. Mr. Ricks is a wonderfully engaging scholar well known for his quick wit. The lecture will be followed by a reception at 6:15 and a High Table dinner at 7:00. All are welcome.

GUESTS FOR TUESDAY DINNER

Any students wishing to invite guests to Tuesday's dinner must notify the office by 10:00 Tuesday morning. Students living on Museum Road must alert the office if they plan to attend. The rate for guests at High Table meals is L8.50 per person.

KING JOHN AND TEMPEST IN THE OFFING

Tickets for King John and The Tempest will be sold on Tuesday and Wednesday, respectively, beginning at 1:30. The Tempest is an all-school event and tickets will be provided for all students; however, guest tickets must be purchased on Wednesday. Departure times for King John on Wednesday and The Tempest on Thursday are a little uncertain because of the impending rail strike which threatens to provoke traffic snarls in London. Watch this space for further details.

ONCE MORE INTO THE BREECH

This Friday at 7:45, Pip will lead a party of the intrepid on a tour of pubs out Cowley way. He promises to show us some of the oldest and most beautiful pubs in Oxford. This will be new territory for those who joined Pip last Thursday, so don't hold back for fear of a repeat.

MADRIGALISTS

The first meeting for all interested singers will take place today at 6:00 in the Oakeshott Room. See Alice Truax if you have any questions.

NOT QUITE WIMBLEDON. BUT...

There are four grass tennis courts and a hard court at the Lincoln College Sports Ground. It's up the Cowley Road about one-and-a-half miles from college (left at Bartlemas Close), an interesting bike ride past and incredibly high-density of Indian, Jamaican, Chinese, and Italian restaurants. More precise directions available from Josh Danson, Larry Danson, or Dennis Kay.

BOSTONIAN HERE FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

Professor Christopher Ricks, who has recently become one of us by pledging allegiance to Boston College, returns to his native soil tonight to lecture on King Lear. His performance is not to be missed. Lecture begins at 5:15 in the Oakeshoot Room; reception follows in the Grove Quad; four-course dinner begins in Hall at 7:00. Red white and blue dress optional.

KING JOHN TOMORROW

Today at 1:45 we will sell ten extra King John tickets. The play is an odd one, but the production reportedly smashing. It's a bargain at £7.50, including the bus. Performance is Wednesday evening at the Pit, the small theatre underneath the Barbican.

MUSEUM ROAD ALERT: TEMPEST TICKETS ON SALE TOMORROW

We have ten extra tickets for the all-school trip to the Tempest at the Barbican on Thursday. If you're enrolled in Bread Loaf, do nothing: we promise not to scalp your ticket out from under you. But if you would like to purchase a ticket for a spouse or significant other, please let us know, since we're trying to give these hangers-on first dibs on the extra tickets. Formal ticket sales will begin at 1:45.

EXTRA TEMPEST TICKETS?

Do you have a tutorial Friday? Are high table dinners, pub crawls, and the myriad temptations of Deep Hall keeping you from the books? In other words, are you giving up your chance to see The Tempest? If we can't dissuade you of this foolhardy decision, please do let us know about it so we can give your ticket to someone else.

MEETING WITH COMPUTER FOLK

Wednesday 1:30 meet at the Porter's Lodge for Lab Orientation. Bring £10.00 if you've not already forked it over.

OXFORD SUMMER BALL

We've recently recived an invitation to the Oxford Summer Ball, billed in promotional literature as an opportunity to participate in an old Oxford tradition. For £22.00 per person--plus the cost of a ball gown or tux--you can join other summer Oxfordians in an eclectic evening of string quartets, live jazz, and dancing, with champagne coming out of your ears all the while. You will be served by waiters in French Revolutionary period costume, and go marching out of the hall after midnight to the accompaniment of Highland Scottish Pipers. Intrigued? Come to the office for more information.

WALKERS ARE TENDED BY CHEF

Jim, our illustrious chef, has generously offered to deliver boxed lunches along the route for Richard Kortum's walking party. You should still bring some kind of bag in which to carry plenty of liquids for the three

hour jaunt. Also, if you're signed up for this Saturday, consider switching to the next walk on the Saturday following, which will be less crowded.

MARK YOUR CALENDERS FOR GROUP PUNT

Next Wednesday, July 12th, intrepid mariners will depart from the Porter's Lodge for an afternoon of punting. If you can't come then, don't worry: we'll plan another trip.

POTENTIAL BOUNCERS SEEK MUSIC

Did anyone brazenly disregard the Middlebury directive not to bring a radio to Lincoln? We are trying to arrange an informal aerobics class; we have the room, potential instructors, and willing boppers, but no music. Please notify the office if you sneaked any kind of music maker louder than a Walkman into the college. We promise not to rat on you.

WARS OF ROSES BREED DISEASE

Several members of the Bread Loaf battallion at the recent wars seem to have brought back a cold. If your throat starts to tickle, suffering members of the office staff recommend staving off the foe with Vitamin C and Dequadin, miracle throat lozenges on sale at Boots.

TWO SHOWS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

If you buy a ticket for King John for tonight (and we've got plenty left) you'll not only see a brilliant production of one of Shakespeare's rarely performed plays, directed by Deborah Warner, the rising star who did the much acclaimed Titus Andronicus two years ago at Stratford. You will also get to see London by bus from the middle of a historic rail and tube strike. See the chaos and confusion as dozens of cars battle for one parking space. Share the excitement as we wonder if we'll get to the theatre in time. So that we can enjoy this unique experience as long as possible, our bus will leave earlier than usual, at 4:00 P.M., from Trinity Gates.

TEMPEST TALES

Tomorrow, the bus to Prospero's island will leave at 4:30 from Trinity Gates--across from the head of the Turl on Broad Street. Stop by the Porter's lodge on your way to the bus to pick up a scrumptious packed dinner. Going to London earlier to look around? If so, let us know and we'll give you your ticket in advance.

TEMPEST TICKETS?

Anyone who won't be going to the Tempest please let us know AS SOON AS YOU CAN. Those of you in the market for the Tempest tickets, come by the office between 1:45 and 2:30. It seems we have exactly enough for all Bread Loaf spouses who want one.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF CHOLESTEROL

Bowing to the pressure of carnivores Doug Teague et al., the Chef will provide cooked English breakfast once weekly instead of the usual fruit, cereal, and yogurt selection. The new schedule begins tomorrow morning with eggs and bacon.

NEW WAYS OF WORKING OUT

Lisa McCullough has volunteered to lead an aerobics class. The first one will be held in the Lower Lecture room (that's below the Oakeshott) at 5:00 on Friday afternoon. Times will be negotiable after then.

WINE SECRET OF OXFORD GLOW

That feeling of serenity you get walking around Oxford at quiet times may be caused not by the aura of centuries of scholarship, but by the unconscious awareness that you're walking on acres of wine. Beneath Lincoln, in particular, there is a fortune in the stuff. Ted, the butler, has offered to lead a tour of the Lincoln's wine cellars next Thursday (July 13) at 11:00 a.m. You really don't want to miss this. If you can't come then, watch this space for announcement of a second tour later in the summer.

TEMPEST at 16:30

The buses transporting the entire school to the Barbican will depart from Trinity Gates at 4:30 this afternoon. Our far-famed box lunches will be at the Porter's Lodge for all persons on the meal plan to pick up on their way out of college. If today is as hot as yesterday was, play goers might be wise to purchase cold drinks to take on the bus with them.

PUB TOUR APPROACHES

Pip's first "official" exploration of a few of his favorite pubs begins at 7:45 tomorrow. Finish your papers before dinner and get ahead on your reading so as not to miss this architectural cum gastronomic immersion in a gormandizers' dream land.

RICHARD KORTUM'S WALK SATURDAY

All persons fortunate enough to be joining Richard on the first of his two Saturday walks need to be at the Porter's Lodge at 9:45 in the morning. Chef will provide lunches for all on the meal plan but cold drinks will be the responsibility of individuals trekers.

TOMLINSON NEXT TUESDAY

Charles Tomlinson will read a selection of his poems in the Oakeshott Room at 5:15 next Tuesday. A reception and High Table dinner will follow, so plan ahead. All persons not on the meal plan must notify the office by 10:00 AM on Tuesday if they intend to join us at hall.

BALL GAINS MOMENTUM

A number of Bread Loaf students have expressed interest in attending the Oxford Summer Ball to be held in the Guildhall next to Christ Church on the 26th of July. The office would be happy to assist ball goers but we need to know how many of you there are and how we can be of service.

VOLUME LEVELS

While not yet a serious problem, the echoing of voices in halls and quads can become a grave source of irritation to students agonizing over late-night papers. The best solution is communication: inform neighbors of deadlines and locate friends with quieter rooms where you can repair when even the beating of your heart becomes a distraction. Unfortunately, some areas of college are impossible to make sound proof.

CYMBELINE TICKETS AVAILABLE TODAY

Starting at 1:45 this afternoon, the office will begin selling tickets to Cymbeline, one of Shakespeare's four Last Romances, a fantastic play that features kidnapped royal babes, a wicked stepmother, a calumniated bride, an honest-to-God epiphany, and more folkloric elements than you can shake a stick at. This seldom staged and very wonderful play is only now opening in Stratford and presents playgoers the opportunity of viewing a production as yet untainted by the reviewer's pen. We will depart for Stratford at 5:00 on Monday. Tickets are a hefty L22.00 but well worth it, if only to hear Fidele's dirge, one of the three most beautiful songs in the English language.

EXPLORATION OF PUBLIC HOUSES SET FOR TONIGHT

Pip's tour of four Oxford ale houses will begin this evening at 7:45. Those interested in participating should gather at the Porter's Lodge after dinner. All of the proposed establishments are within easy walking distance, which eliminates any necessity of car pooling and aids the digestion immensely.

UNIVERSITY PRODUCTIONS OPEN THIS WEEKEND

The University Drama Society opens The Country Wife and Restoration this Saturday. We are told that the proscenium is constructed out of building scaffolding and that other similarly innovative touches proliferate in the plays. Each year local theatrical organizations mount plays well worth seeing for freshness and pure love of language. Tickets are available through Tickets in Oxford.

SENIORS MEET ON MONDAY

All seniors please gather in Deep Hall on Monday at 5:30. Come with ideas about the senior gift, the champagne reception, other details surrounding graduation.

MADRIGALISTS MELD

This summer's madrigalists please meet in the Oakeshott Room today at 2:00. If you have any questions, see Alice Truax.

AEROBICS ENTHUSIASTS

Lisa McCollough will be leading an exercise session this afternoon at 5:00 in the Lower Lecture Room. Tights recommended, no spectators please.

FOOD FOR WALKERS

Jim, our wonderful chef, will be delivering boxed lunches for everyone on the meal plan who has signed up for Richard's Saturday walk. Your name should be on the meal sign-out sheet already, under "walkers." If you didn't sign up for the walk but decide to go at the last minute, you'll have to bring your own lunch.

ALL-SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPH

Members of the senior class have expressed an interest in organizing a photograph of all Bread Loaf people at Lincoln. On the contiguous sheet, please indicate whether or not you are interested in possessing such a photo and if you are willing to pay a moderate fee. We must have this information by Monday morning, SIGN NOW or there won't be a photo.

TRIP TO STRATFORD TODAY AT 5:00

Page and Stage and lucky extra ticket holders: meet at Trinity Gates at 5:00 for the bus to Stratford and Cymbeline. Packed dinners will be in the Porter's Lodge by quarter til. We have a few extra tickets at £23.50 each if anyone finds a window of opportunity in his or her schedule.

SENIORS

Julie and Alice remind you of today's 5:30 Senior meeting in Deep Hall. No more free pints but, heck, we can always treat each other! Topics for discussion: class photo, graduation speakers, champagne reception, class gift.

PARTY TOMORROW, PUNT WEDNESDAY, TOUR CELLAR THURSDAY, WORK WHEN?

Leisure activities planned for this week include a High Table dinner tomorrow night, kicked off by Charles Tomlinson's poetry reading; a punt expedition that will leave from the Porter's Lodge at 3:00 Wednesday; and a tour of the wine cellar on Thursday morning at 11:00. This is not even to mention the movies, plays and concerts going on around Oxford; details in Daily Information, posted behind you.

MUSEUM ROADERS

If you'd like to attend High Table dinner tomorrow, please either come by the office and alert us during office hours this afternoon (1:45-2:30), or leave us a note on the board. We need to know by 10:00 tomorrow in our never ending attempt to give the Kitchen an accurate count.

BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING

We have recently installed a hidden video camera behind the eyes of one of those patriachs staring down at you in Hall. We use the footage thus obtained to figure out exactly who ISN'T signing out for meals. This data is then entered into your file, and made available to anyone inquiring about your strength of character, ability to follow directions, etc. So if you've been negligent about signing out for meals, SHAPE UP. This goes double for you people with special diets.

THE BIG PINCH

Middlebury loan cheques have been delayed by computer malfunction and the Fourth of July. We hope to have them soon. If you're in dire straits in the meantime, see Larry; we'll try to help out.

WHAT TIME IS IT, ANYWAY?

Is anyone confused by meal times on the weekends? Here is the final,
immutable schedule for Saturdays AND Sundays:

Breakfast: 8:45

Lunch: 1:00

Dinner: 6:30

CHARLES TOMLINSON POETRY READING TONIGHT

In the Oakeshott Room at 5:15 this afternoon, Charles Tomlinson will read from his poetry. Tomlinson, who is also a painter, a translator, and a critic, observes with a precise and trenchant eloquence the marks of humanity on the landscapes of England, the American southwest, and Italy. He is one of Britain's most distinguished writers, and his readings are always an elegant delight. The reading will be followed by a reception in the Grove Quad and High Table dinner.

RUSH ON MIDSUMMER TICKETS ANTICIPATED

We have only FOUR extra tickets to Midsummer Night's Dream at Stratford for this Friday. Price, including the bus, is 23.50. If you're determined to go, you should plan to be at the office by 1:45 WEDNESDAY (that's tomorrow) when the tickets will go on sale.

PRIVILEGED TICKET BUYERS

We are reserving Midsummer Night's Dream tickets for John Wilder's Shakespeare class and Larry Danson's Stage Comedy class. You eight can come pick up your tickets anytime, but please, if you do not intend to avail yourself of this special opportunity, let the office know right away so we can release your ticket to someone else.

90 MINUTE SENIOR SESSION IN DEEP HALL...

Yesterday's Senior meeting forged through graduation arrangements and guests, parties, champagne, boat trip, class gift, toaster, appointment of Doug Teague as treasurer, and more. Applause to those who showed up! People who missed the meeting: see Alice or Julie in College and Ron Dodge on Museum Road for an update. AND please note: Senior lump-sum fee is due to Doug by this Friday.

MESSAGE FROM SENIORS

If you would like to reserve a spot on the end-of-summer evening cruise, please place a check mark next to your name on the notice on this bulletin board. It'll be Friday, August 4, the night before graduation. In years past this has been a wonderful party--dancing, starlight, good friends and drink. And since this affair takes planning, we need to know your preference by this Friday. The cost will be £6.00.

PUNTING PROTOCOL

The great punt expedition leaves tomorrow at 3:00 from the Porter's lodge, and will return sometime before dinner. We promise not to completely douse you, but you should wear clothes that could get a little damp. The walk to the punt is about half an hour. Cost should be no more than £2.00 for punt rental. Bring whatever liquid refreshment is appropriate to the weather and the status of your work; it gets thirsty out there if the sun's out.

MORE SHAKESPEARE

Among the cultural temptations posted on this board is a flyer for an upcoming production of As You Like It. We can get a discount -- ticket price drops from £7.00 to £4.50 -- if ten or more of us purchase tickets as a group. Watch the board for a sign up sheet as the time approaches.
tspan

PUNTING PARTY HAS PERFECT WEATHER (as of 9:00 AM)

At 3:00 this afternoon all persons intrepid enough to brave the balmy air and commit a few glorious hours to gentle rocking in the cushioned bosom of a flat-bottomed boat meet at the Porter's Lodge. From there we will walk to the Cherwell Boat House off Bardwell Street. Bring refreshment, books, enough cash to cover a two pound rental fee and whatever you think you will spend at the Victoria Arms. The boats are spacious so don't worry about bringing too much. We will be back in time for dinner.

LINCOLN WINE CELLARS OPEN FOR VIEWING

Tomorrow at 11:00 AM Ted will lead a tour of the Lincoln wine cellars. Take the few minutes required to see what treasures exist beneath the quads you daily tread. If you know fine wines or if you simply want to see what a lot of excellent wine looks like when its all stacked up in one place, don't miss this opportunity.

TICKETS FOR A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

The few tickets that remain for Dream will go on sale at 1:45 this afternoon. The price is £23.50 and the bus departs from Trinity Gates at 5:00 Friday afternoon.

DEEP HALL PARTY IN THE WORKS

The second of this summer's late night revels in Deep Hall is scheduled for Saturday night. Music will begin at around 9:00 and Mick will run the taps as long as thirst requires. If you have favorite tapes you want to play, bring them with you. There will be a nominal charge of £1.00 to defray rental expenses for sound equipment.

SAY "STILTON" SENIORS

As decided at the meeting Monday, we will take an informal Senior Photograph tomorrow, immediately after lunch. Please meet in the Grove Quad at 1:30 so some of us can make 2:00 commitments. Please spread the word and remind one another.

SENIOR MEETING CHANGED TO TUESDAY

Seniors will meet in Deep Hall at 5:30 on Tuesday instead of Monday because of the play scheduled Monday afternoon.

OXFORD SUMMER BALL

The office has received packets of information about the ball to be held on the 26th at the Town Hall. We will be glad to distribute these to any interested persons.

PAGE AND STAGE CLASS DEPARTS EARLY

Members of the Page and Stage Association of Omnibus Inhabitants must be present at Trinity College gates by 10:30 tomorrow morning if they want seats in a conveyance travelling to Stratford. Incidentally, there will also be a tour of the Stratford production facilities while seats in the main theater are prepared for evening sitting.

THE OTHER DREAM DEPARTURE

Those of us not in the Page and Stage class will catch our bus at 5:00 in front of Trinity College gates. This means that if you are not in the Page and Stage class you can work on your paper all day before going to see A Midsummer Night's Dream. There is some extra room on the 10:30 bus if you'd rather spend the day kicking around Stratford, but you should let the office know if you want to leave early.

WINE CELLAR TOUR THIS MORNING

Ted, our esteemed Butler, will guide all interested persons through the labyrinthine reaches of the Lincoln wine cellars at 11:00. The tour group gathers at Hall.

SENIOR PICTURE AFTER LUNCH

All seniors who wish to be included in the senior picture must present themselves in the Grove Quad at 1:30 sharp. Dress is informal. (Also, this is a prime opportunity to pay your money to Doug Teague.)

TEACHER RESEARCHERS TAKE NOTE

Yesterday a missive from the Mountain informed the Office that reports must be turned in by July 15th. These reports should be five to eight pages in length. The Office will forward all reports to the Mountain.

HAMLET AT THE NATIONAL

Tickets for the first of two bus trips to see Hamlet will go on sale Friday at 1:45. This production is at the National Theater in London and costs £17.00. The all-school trip scheduled for the 25th will see a different Hamlet at Stratford.

KITCHEN TOUR MONDAY

At 2:00 Monday afternoon Chef will graciously lead all interested persons through the confines of his private domain. The intricate character, the ancient grandeur, the monumental dimensions of the kitchen make seeing it an unforgettable experience. Don't miss this opportunity to see one of the oldest parts of Lincoln and trace the history of English cookery.

HAMLET AT THE NATIONAL

Tickets for the National Theater production go on sale this afternoon at 1:45. This is the first of two opportunities to see Hamlet this summer; the entire school has tickets for the Stratford production on the 25th. The cost of transportation and admission for Monday's performance is £17.00.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM IS TODAY

Two buses depart for Stratford today, at 10:30 and 5:00. All persons attending Dream will return in a single bus following the conclusion of the play. No matter when you leave, please pick up your lunch at the Porter's Lodge on your way to Trinity gates.

DANCE SLATED FOR SATURDAY IN DEEP HALL

Music and drink in plenty this Saturday beginning around 9:00. Dress light and keep all your loose change in a coin purse so it won't bounce across the floor in the middle of your favorite Fine Young Cannibals tune. See Alice Truax about music requests.

REMEMBER THAT DINNER IS AT 6:30

Dinner on Saturday and Sunday is at 6:30 and will always be buffet. Do yourself the favor of engraving this on your cerebral cortex so you won't miss the wonderful spread Chef unfailingly prepares.

COMPUTER FOLKS WILL MEET NEXT WEEK

All persons now using or planning to use the Lincoln computers are invited to a lab orientation session next Wednesday at 1:30. Gather at the Porter's Lodge. Bring £10.00 if you haven't already forked it over.

STEVEN GILL STUDENTS TRAVELLING TO LAKE DISTRICT

Congratulations: you are the recipients of a, well not overly munificent but we hope welcome, meal allowance. Please stop by the Office during regular hours sometime today and pick up your £9.

HOFFMAN OF VENICE

Due to the extraordinary interest in the Phoenix production of Merchant of Venice, the Office is organizing a lottery to determine who receives tickets. Winners will gain the right to pay £16.50, ticket and bus, for the Friday 28 July evening performance. If you want to cast your name in the pot, please sign up on the sheet posted on this board by Monday evening.

Paniculum

Volume 12, Number 15 - Bread Loaf School of English
17 July, 1989

TODAY'S HAMLET LEAVES AT 4:00

The Hamlet Page and Stage people will be seeing tonight starts at 7:00; bus departure for the National Theater is therefore at 4:00. This is not the all-school Hamlet, which we will be attending in Stratford on the 25th.

CHEF'S TOUR AFTER LUNCH

Today at 2:00 we all have the rare opportunity to tour the Lincoln kitchen. Chef will describe the history of these ancient rooms as well as explain how he and his crew produce the delicacies we daily enjoy. If you are interested in cookery and delight in tools and procedures, you ought not to miss this.

ROMEO AND JULIET ON WEDNESDAY

Tickets for the Stratford production of Romeo and Juliet will go on sale tomorrow at 1:45. This interpretation is new this year and will be staged in the Swan. For £18.00 you can see the RSC perform Shakespeare's best known play in a theater that combines the best of Elizabethan and modern viewing.

MERCHANT LOTTERY TOMORROW

The question as to who will receive tickets to The Merchant of Venice will be resolved tomorrow immediately after lunch. An unbiased person will draw names from a hat; all persons concerned with possible conflicts of interest originating within the Office are invited to observe.

MADRIGALS MEET THIS AFTERNOON

Madrigal practice takes place in the Oakeshott Room at 1:45. Be there. Aloha.

SATURDAY NIGHT DANCE A GREAT SUCCESS

All who attended agree that Saturday's dance in Deep Hall was a triumph that simply must be repeated. Special thanks to Alice Truax and those who assisted her in organizing the event. The next Deep Hall dance will be hosted by the senior class on Saturday, July 29. Note this date on your calendars and be ready to set those papers aside.

MERCHANT LOTTERY TODAY

Immediately upon opening the Office at 1:45, a fair minded and honest soul will draw the names of those fortunate few who can then purchase tickets to Dustin Hoffman's Shylock. The Assistants will post the winning names in tomorrow's Paniculum.

ROMEO AND JULIET GO ON SALE THIS AFTERNOON

As soon as the Merchant lottery is concluded, the Office will begin selling tickets to Romeo and Juliet in Stratford. This is the only play we will be seeing in the Swan, the smaller theater beneath the main stage that provides seating on three sides of the performers. If you are an R&J enthusiast, this is an excellent opportunity to see the play close up. Tickets sell for £17.50 and the bus departs at 5:00.

PAGE AND STAGE CREW LEAVES EARLY TOMORROW

Once again, Lincoln will enjoy an extended period of blissful quiet as the Page and Stage class spends Wednesday revelling in Stratford. Their bus leaves at 10:30 AM and all of the rest of us need to make sure they are all on it.

PIP'S PASTORAL PUB PERAMBULATION

Pip has invited any and all interested Bread Loaf people to join him and Dennis on Thursday evening at the General Eliot in South Hinksey. The walk to Hinksey is lovely and Dennis promises to bring his dog, so the company will be excellent. Those who went on the walk led by Richard Kortum passed through South Hinksey and know how beautiful it is. A group will depart from Lincoln at 7:45 PM on Thursday.

SENIOR MEETING ABSENTEES

Seniors who missed yesterday's class meeting please stop in Julie Hile's room (12:3) today at 5:30 PM for a lightning-quick update. Matters discussed yesterday include photo orders, senior gift, Deep Hall dance, post-graduation celebration, boat trip....

NO COMPUTER MEETING THIS WEEK

There will be no supplemental meeting for computer users this Wednesday.

MADRIGALISTS GATHER TOMORROW

All madrigalists who can possibly manage it are requested to attend a rehearsal Wednesday after lunch in the Oakeshott Room. This is a semi-official meeting.

THOSE WAITING FOR CHECKS FROM THE MOUNTAIN

The Office is sensitive to your anxiety and is praying with you for the speedy arrival of your long overdue loan checks. When they do arrive, we will notify you and help you to cash them so the money you so patiently await will instantly be at your disposal.

Paniculum

Volume 12, Number 17 - Bread Loaf School of English
19 July, 1989

ROMEO AND JULIET TONIGHT

Don't forget that the bus to Stratford departs at 5:00 from Trinity gates. We still have tickets to this new production of R&J for only £17.50. Wear light clothes and be prepared to picnic on the banks of the Avon.

MICHAEL WOOD MOUNTS FILMS

For the first of what promises to be a regular series of Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday evening film showings, Michael Wood invites all interested persons to join him in the Oakeshott Room to see The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie, directed by Luis Bunuel. The show will start at 8:00.

RURAL PUB ENTHUSIASTS

A group of us will be leaving from the Porter's Lodge at 7:45 tomorrow night to walk out the Abingdon Road and over the fields and ponds to South Hinksey where we will lift a pint with Pip and Dennis. Once there, we will observe life from the garden of the General Eliot.

SENIORS ATTEND

A reminder that the next Senior meeting will be Monday, 24 July at 5:30 PM in Deep Hall. As we're preparing to spend your £25.00, you may want to make a special effort to attend.

Deane, Ron, Tim, Ned, and Bey: please catch Sharon Krauss at lunch today to see Mark's Grove Quad shots and place your class photo order.

INTERESTED IN THE OXFORD SUMMER BALL?

Members of the Oxford Summer Ball Steering Committee have been by the Office to determine how many of us are planning to attend the Ball. Please stop by the Office before 10:00 AM tomorrow and let us know if you are definitely going.

JAZZ PIANIST SOUGHT

Michael McGuire and Val Cunningham would welcome the services of a jazz pianist to complete a threesome. The entire community would benefit from the formation of such a group as they might be persuaded to play for us in Deep Hall, so put the screws to anyone you know who plays jazz piano.

IMPROMPTU MADRIGALIST REHEARSAL

For all madrigalists who can make it, there will be an informal practice session at 1:45 in the Oakeshott Room.

PROCLAIM YOUR TALENTS

Note the presence of a Talent Show sign-up sheet on the bulletin board very close to where the Paniculum is posted. The organizers of this event want very much to know who is willing to participate. Please sign the sheet if you are interested. Contact Maddy Hewitt if you have questions.

Paniculum

Volume 12, Number 18 - The Bread Loaf School of English
20 July, 1989

TRIP TO THE GENERAL ELIOT TONIGHT

Leave your books for a few hours this evening and enjoy the balmy weather from the garden of a country pub. Pip and Dennis will toast the summer with any and all willing to make the walk to South Hinksey and drink The General Eliot's finest.

WORDSWORTHIANS RETURN

Members of Stephen Gill's class who returned yesterday from the Lake District say we are lucky to have them back as the trip was so lovely they didn't want it to end. We are, of course, extremely pleased they condescended to return, it having been so terribly quiet here while they were away, the quads somehow less cluttered, the tables in Hall less crowded, the conversation, well, somehow more sparkling and elevated, less given to ungoverned narratives of childish splendor in uncut grasses.

ALL GO TO STRATFORD NEXT TUESDAY

Remember that the second of the summer's all-school excursions to the theater will take place next Tuesday. We will be seeing a well received production of Hamlet that Robert Smallwood describes as "lively." The bus departs at 5:00 from Trinity gates. If you want to purchase an extra ticket, please indicate your intent on the sheet posted close to the Paniculum. We will try to accommodate all spouses and family members first.

BIKE PARKING

Some Bread Loaf students have apparently been parking their bikes against the inside garage wall, next to the prominently displayed FELLOWS BIKES ONLY sign. These words mean that unless you're a Lincoln fellow, you should park your bike downstairs in the bike lock. Don't risk incurring the wrath of an irate don.

PICTURE PRESSURE

A senior photo will never grace the walls of any senior who has not ordered a picture from Sharon Krauss by this evening. This is a last call.

SOCCER PLAYERS PREPARE

This Sunday at 2:30 the Bread Loaf contingent at Lincoln will have an opportunity to redeem its good name which suffered mightily after last week's defeat on the softball diamond. Be ready.

Paniculum

Volume 12, Number 18 - The Bread Loaf School of English
20 July, 1989

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Paniculum

Volume 12, Number 19 - The Bread Loaf School of English
21 July, 1989

JIM MADDOX ARRIVES THIS WEEKEND

The main man from the Mountain arrives Saturday morning. We in the Office know many of you would like to speak with him and we will accommodate your wishes as soon as we learn from Jim how he wants us to schedule appointments. Watch for notes in the Paniculum.

LOAN CHECKS EVEN NOW ENROUTE

Okay, here's the final word on those elusive loan checks: Jim Maddox will have them with him when he arrives, and you can have them by Monday. This news comes with our sincerest apologies for the delay. If you're strapped for funds, the office will try to help you out by cashing your personal checks in reasonable amounts to the best of our own financial ability.

HAMLET ON TUESDAY

If you who will not be joining us to see Hamlet in Stratford, please notify the Office so we can release your ticket. As things now stand, we do not have enough extra tickets to accommodate all the friends and family members of Bread Loaf students.

JOB MARKET UPDATE

Members of the Bread Loaf community have expressed an interest in sharing information about job openings and the employment needs and wishes of people here at Lincoln. The Office will be glad to begin a list and/or act as a clearinghouse for job descriptions and employment desires. Let us know how we can best serve you.

CHAR AND DENNIS PLEASE NOTE

Char Letson and Dennis Lenssen each have FAX messages in the Office.

WORDSWORTHIAN'S EXPOUND

A borrowed response from suntanned, but Worthy (sic) Wordsworthians to the sneers of a posted Paniculum:

Ah, better far than this to stray about
Voluptuously through fields and rural walks
And ask no record of the hours given up
To vacant musings, unproved neglect

Of all things, and deliberate holiday.
"The Prelude"
Book One
lines 252-256

Honest response from planet Earth:

So then I judged that all that stuff was only one
of Tom Sawyer's (i.e. W. W.'s) lies. I reckoned
he believed in the A-rabs and the elephants, but
as for me I think different. It (i.e. voluptuous
strayings, etc.) had all the marks of a Sunday
school.

Adventures of Huckleberry Finn
M. Twain
Chap. 3, end.

CALENDAR OF MAJOR EVENTS

Tuesday, 25 July: All-school trip to see Hamlet
Saturday, 29 July: Talent Show at 9:00 (tentative)
Senior Dance at 10:00
Sunday, 30 July: Director's Party for Seniors at 5:30 in
Beckington Room
Tuesday, 1 August: Anne Barton lecture at 5:15
Awards Banquet and High Table at 7:00
Friday, 4 August: Senior Boat Trip following early dinner
Saturday, 5 August: Graduation festivities begin with
reception at 6:15

MADDOX ENSCONCED

Jim Maddox arrived early Saturday morning and is now comfortably settled in the Fellows Guestroom, on the ground floor of Staircase 13. Jim's office hours are 11-1 and 2-4; he will be attending to financial matters in the morning and all other concerns after lunch. Those of you awaiting checks can drop in today between 11:00 and 12:30 or arrange to see Jim at your earliest opportunity. All persons wishing to speak with Jim for any reason are encouraged to make an appointment at the Office.

SOCCER TEAM TRIUMPHANT

Inspired by the brilliant play of John Austin and James Kay, Bread Loaf soccer players upset the Lincoln College team to even the summer's balance of athletic power. With two weeks remaining in the summer, a palpable tension is felt in college as rival athletes attempt to sustain normal relations after losing in sports associated with national origins and personal identity. While no one is overly optimistic, there is some hope that bitter feelings will be smoothed over at the talent show and dance scheduled for Saturday night.

AS YOU LIKE IT OPENS THIS WEEK IN OXFORD

If you would like to see As You Like It at the Rose Theatre, preview performances are scheduled for this week on Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday. On these days tickets will sell for £4.00 instead of the regular £7.00.

HAMLET DEMAND OVERWHELMING

Because so many of you want to take family and friends to Tuesday's Hamlet in Stratford, the demand for tickets considerably exceeds the supply. The Office must learn if any members of the program will not be going so that we can arrange a lottery of all available tickets tomorrow morning. We apologize for any inconvenience but see no other way to equably distribute tickets. We will post winners of the lottery in tomorrow's Paniculum.

SENIORS SMELL THE BARN

Seniors! Please remember the class meeting today at 5:30 PM in Deep Hall. We're heading into the home stretch!

MADRIGALISTS TUNE IN

All of you singers out there are kindly requested to attend this afternoon's madrigal rehearsal at 1:45 in the Oakeshott Room. The talent show is coming up soon and graduation is only two weeks away.

WEDNESDAY BREAKFAST

Some of us will be eating breakfast in the Quinn Room Wednesday morning. Don't be alarmed if you attain consciousness in a strange environment. Lincoln will be

holding a formal dinner Tuesday night and won't be able to replace the tables in Hall until after breakfast the next day.

DIRECTOR'S PARTY FOR SENIORS

As many of you have already guessed, the party for seniors will be held on July 30 and not August 30. Spouses are welcome.

Paniculum

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25 July, 1989

TWO BUSES TO STRATFORD TODAY

Members of the Page and Stage class leave from Trinity gates at 10:30 this morning and the rest of us leave at 5:00 in the afternoon. Box lunches will be available at the Porter's Lodge fifteen minutes before departure, so please pick yours up on the way to the bus if you are on the meal plan. Tickets will be distributed on the bus.

HAMLET TICKET CRUNCH

If you are not able to attend Hamlet today and have yet to notify the Office, please do so immediately. So far, we have located tickets for all but one of the people who have requested them.

JIM MADDOX AVAILABLE

The Office is now making appointments for all people interested in meeting with Jim. If you would like to talk with him, please stop by the Office and set up a time. He is in his rooms from 11:00 to 1:00 and 2:00 to 4:00.

PRE-RAPHAELITE TOUR TOMORROW

A walkabout tour of William Morris and Pre-Raphaelite sites and sights will begin at 2:00 tomorrow afternoon at Carfax Towers. The entire circuit lasts about two hours and is free. See Deborah Alvarez if you have any questions.

PUNT PARTY PLANNED FOR SUNDAY

Any and all interested in spending a glorious day punting on the Cherwell are invited to join a group leaving from the Porter's Lodge at 12:00 this Sunday. If you would like to make one of this company, plan ahead by securing drinks and picnic food beforehand. We will be leaving early enough to spend an hour or two at the Victoria Arms before it closes for the afternoon, but that will not be sufficient to stave off hunger and thirst for an entire day's punt. Punts cost individuals about £1.00 per hour and require a deposit of £25.00 that will be returned when the boats are moored in one piece.

HINKSEY AGAIN THIS THURSDAY

Pip has invited all interested people to join him, Dennis, and Peter the gardener at the General Eliot in South Hinksey

this Thursday after dinner. The walk there is beautiful and the atmosphere conducive to tall pints and congenial conversation.

MADRIGALISTS BE READY TO REHEARSE EVERY DAY

Madrigalists need to stay in touch with one another as rehearsals are necessary now that time is growing short. Please see Alice Truax and Julie Hile about daily sessions in the Oakeshott Room at 1:45.

HOW MUCH FILM WOULD WOOD AIR IF WOOD COULD AIR FILM?

Michael Wood, master of the arts of mechanical reproduction, will be showing films in the Oakeshott Room tonight and tomorrow night at 8:00. The first of these is The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie, by Luis Bunuel, and the second is A Touch of Evil, by Orson Wells. This time the machinery will function correctly and all who sacrifice valuable study time will be amply rewarded.

PRE-RAPHAELITE TOURS AFTER LUNCH

The tour of William Morris and Pre-Raphaelite sites departs from Carfax Towers today at 2:00. Deborah Alvarez will happily answer any questions you may have about this two-hour excursion.

STUDENTS ON THE MOUNTAIN

The Office now possesses multiple copies of the long-awaited roster of students now studying at Bread Loaf in Vermont. Should you wish to possess your own copy, please drop by the Office and take one.

SENIORS INVITE ALL TO DEEP HALL

The seniors merrily invite you to their prom/party/bash this Saturday in Sultry Deep Hall at 10:00 - following the talent show.

MADRIGALISTS TAKE HEED

...1:30...Oakeshott Room.

PLAN NOW FOR SUNDAY PUNT

Complete papers and read ahead so that you can be part of the crew setting off for the river at noon on Sunday. Sleep late the morning after the talent show and senior dance and then leisurely drift down the Cherwell until dinner.

FAUSTUS TICKETS GO ON SALE

The Office will begin selling tickets to the last of this summer's plays at 1:45 on Friday. Seeing Dr. Faustus in the Swan will cost £10.50.

COMPUTER USERS

Please return the key to the computer room immediately upon your concluding computer work. Students desperate to enter the room have not been able to do so because the previous user has walked away with the key.

WOE UNTO DESPOILERS OF THE HERALD TRIBUNE!

Whomsoever taketh it upon him/herself to wreaketh havoc on the sports section, by a most ragged and unseemly removal of the baseball standings, shall be hunted down and flailed with red-hot pincers.

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27 July, 1989

MERCHANT DEPARTURE

All persons fortunate enough to have secured tickets to Merchant of Venice will depart from Trinity gates at 4:30 tomorrow afternoon. Lunches will be available at the Porter's Lodge for all on the meal plan.

DR. FAUSTUS TICKETS GO ON SALE TOMORROW

The Office will sell the few extra tickets we possess at 1:45 Friday afternoon. The cost is £10.50, including the bus fee. By tomorrow we may have more tickets as we are trying to negotiate additional purchases even now.

TOUCH OF EVIL IN OAKESHOTT ROOM

Michael Wood will be showing Orson Welles' A Touch of Evil tonight at 8:00 in the Oakeshott Room. This magnificent demonstration of mechanical artistry in the age of reproduction is available to any and all who wish to view it.

MADRIGALISTS

Keep your eye on the board for any changes in rehearsal times. If you don't see anything, assume that you are to meet in the Oakeshott Room at 1:45.

APPOINTMENTS WITH JIM MADDOX

The Office is delighted to arrange meeting times with any of you who wish to speak with Jim. He will be available afternoons next week.

GATHERING AT THE GENERAL ELIOT

Pip will be delighted to lift a pint with all persons who care to join him and Dennis and Peter after dinner tonight. Pause for a bit to enjoy the evening air and refreshment available at the General Eliot in South Hinksey.

TALENT SHOW PARTICIPANTS

There will be a rehearsal tonight in the JCR at 10:00. Please attend.

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28 July, 1989

DR. FAUSTUS TICKETS ON SALE TODAY

Thanks to the efforts of our esteemed director, the Office possesses ten additional tickets to Dr. Faustus in Stratford next Monday. We will begin selling these at 1:45 this afternoon. The cost is £10.50 or £17.50.

HOFFMAN AT THE PHOENIX

The bus to Merchant of Venice leaves at 4:30 this afternoon from Trinity College gates. If you are not travelling in on the bus, please notify the Office.

IMPORTANT, SERIOUS, MAJOR, MADRIGALS MEETING

All madrigalists are encouraged to attend this afternoon's crucial rehearsal at 1:45 in the Oakeshott Room.

TURNING THIRTY AT THE HEAD OF THE RIVER

Phebe Jensen, Alice Truax, Kathy Havard, and Lauren Muller invite one and all to join them in celebrating the passing of their thirtieth year. They will begin drinking cider and ale around 9:30 this evening at the Head of the River pub located next to Folly Bridge.

TALENT STILL BEING ACCEPTED

Maddy Hewitt says there is still plenty of time to schedule additional talent for tomorrow's talent show. If you have been holding back until that last paper was underway or behind you, now is the time to step forward and proclaim your gifts.

ALMOST TIME TO CAST LINES

Our boat trip is fast approaching! Next Friday we will set sail from Folly Bridge at 8:00 PM, and will spend a night under the stars with dancing and music and room to move. There will be a cash bar, which will have munchies, so there will be no need to worry about anything. Ask anyone who has been before - it is an event not to be missed! But here's the catch - we need your money (£7.50 of it). And the person who will happily collect your money is Doug Teague. Just find him any time before next Wednesday. Please speak to your scouts and make certain the seniors' invitation is extended to them. All scouts are invited as guests of the senior class and their admission is covered.

--Dinner will be at 6:00 in order that scouts and kitchen staff have time to clean up and prepare for the boat trip.

IMPORTANT WEEKEND EVENTS

Saturday, 29 July: 9:00 PM Talent Show in Oakeshott Room
10:00 PM Dance in Deep Hall

Sunday, 30 July: 12:00 Punting Excursion Departs from
Porter's Lodge (Participants should bring
picnic food, plenty of refreshment, and
enough cash to cover punt rental)
5:30 Director's Party for Seniors in
Beckington Room

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31 July, 1989

DR. FAUSTUS BUS THIS AFTERNOON

The last theater excursion of the summer departs for Stratford from Trinity College gates at 5:00. Lunches for those on the meal plan can be picked up at the Porter's Lodge enroute to the bus.

THE TIME TO EVALUATE IS NOW

Please take a few minutes sometime in the next three days to fill out the course evaluation forms available in Hall. We know you are busy, but you can help immensely by completing these forms before Jim leaves Thursday morning.

IMPORTANT SENIOR MEETING

The presidents of the senior class request that all seniors please attend an important meeting tomorrow at 4:15 in the Lower Lecture Room. Because the Ann Barton lecture is at 5:15, you are encouraged to come to the meeting dressed for the evening.

ANN BARTON SPEAKS TOMORROW, AWARDS TO FOLLOW

At 5:15 tomorrow Ann Barton lectures on "Shakespeare's Comedy and the Naming of the Parts." This is our last High Table dinner prior to commencement; those of you who can't be here on Saturday should make a special effort to attend, especially since annual awards will be announced as soon as the noise of eating subsides. Museum Roaders need to sign up for High Table if they plan to be on hand.

MADRIGALISTS MEET IN CHAPEL AFTER LUNCH

Madrigalists meet in the chapel after lunch.

LETTERS TO THE MOUNTAIN

Jim is more than happy to deliver any letters you have written to friends in Vermont. The only catch is that he must have your letters by dinner-time on Wednesday.

STAYING FOR GRADUATION?

All students are cordially invited to stay for graduation and the various celebratory activities surrounding it. Unfortunately, the large number of graduates this summer means that not everyone will be able to sit in Hall or

observe events in the chapel. Please don't be daunted by space restrictions as there will be plenty of food and drink and all the room necessary for late-night dancing in Deep Hall. Though we have no additional space in Hall, we will be happy to accommodate you once we know how many of you there are. To best serve you, the Office needs to know who among you plan to stay for graduation. PLEASE WRITE "YES" OR "NO" BESIDE YOUR NAME ON THE ATTACHED SHEET IF YOU DO OR DON'T PLAN TO BE HERE FOR GRADUATION.

WILL YOU BE ON THE BOAT FRIDAY?

Doug Teague needs to collect \$7.50 from all persons planning to join the boat party this Friday. You can easily find him at lunch tomorrow (he's the tall blond man with the Georgia accent). Exact change is best.

DOES AND DON'TS FOR THE LAST WEEK

- Do complete your last paper soon enough to visit with friends you won't see again until next summer.
- Don't put off washing your clothes until the last minute; you will find the submarine impossibly crowded.
- Do confirm travel plans and change money if necessary.
- Don't leave large quantities of cash in obvious places in your room - hide it.

LOST AND FOUND

A child's jacket and what looks like a camera case were left in Deep Hall Saturday night. They are now in the Office.

SPECIAL COMPUTER WRAP-UP

All computer users are requested to meet briefly on Wednesday at 6:30 in Deep Hall to advise Lincoln and Bread Loaf as to how computer access can be improved next year.

Paniculum

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1 August, 1989

ANNE BARTON AND AWARDS TONIGHT

At 5:15 this afternoon Anne Barton, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, will lecture in the Oakeshott Room on "Shakespeare's Comedy and the Naming of the Parts." Ms. Barton is one of the editors of The Riverside Shakespeare-- and one of the most distinguished critics of Renaissance drama. A reception in Grove Quad will immediately follow the lecture. This reception can be thought of as an opportunity to digest Ms. Barton's words as well as a time to prepare for Lawrence Danson's eloquent presentation of awards at High Table.

CONFIRM BOAT PARTY PLANS

Today at lunch Doug Teague will be collecting £7.50 from all people planning to be part of this Friday's excursion on the Thames. Please try to pay him today as seniors must determine how many people can be counted on to attend. Remember that all scouts and other members of the Lincoln staff are invited as guests of the senior class, so make sure they know their presence is desired.

SENIOR MEETING BEFORE LECTURE

Seniors are reminded of their meeting at 4:15 in the Lower Lecture Room. The meeting will run right up to the time of Anne Barton's lecture and seniors are advised to come dressed for the evening.

MADRIGALISTS REHEARSE IN CHAPEL AFTER LUNCH

Madrigalists rehearse in chapel after lunch.

KEEP THE EVALUATIONS COMING

A few student evaluations have begun to trickle into the Office, but a great many more are needed if Jim is to take all the completed forms back to Vermont when he goes Thursday morning. Please take a minute to perform this simple task.

INTERESTED IN JOB PLACEMENT?

The Office has just received a packet of information from Carney, Sandoe & Associates, a teacher placement agency directed by Ben Bolte, a recent Bread Loaf graduate. If you would like more information, all the requisite forms and

literature are available in the Office.

MAILING BOOKS ACROSS THE BOUNDING MAIN

The perplexing prospect of mailing all those books you now realize you have accumulated over the course of the past five weeks can be immeasurably simplified by taking advantage of the mailing service Blackwells offers. There is some expense involved, but the amount is quite reasonable. You can learn more by inquiring at Accounts in Blackwells or asking Kevin Dearing.

STAYING EXTRA DAYS IN COLLEGE

Students can stay one extra day in Lincoln if, and only if, they notify the Office and pay the £12.19 by the time the Office closes at 2:30 on Friday. We must have concluded all financial business by that time as we close our books Saturday morning. Should you wish to stay longer in Oxford, the easiest thing to do is to book rooms in local bed & breakfasts.

LUGGAGE PHOBIA CAN BE MEDIATED

Lincoln has graciously agreed to store luggage for students while they travel after the conclusion of summer session. If you are one of those persons who wants to travel light, you can bring extra luggage to the Office and we will turn it over to Charles Martin for storage until you return.

PANICULUM

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2 August, 1989

JIM MADDOX LEAVES TOMORROW MORNING

Any letters or messages you want Jim to deliver must be in the Office by 2:30 this afternoon or placed in Jim's hands at dinner. He departs for Vermont early, so stop by the Office immediately if you want to schedule time with him.

DECLARE YOUR BOAT PARTY PLANS NOW

The seniors must know by the end of the day today how many of us will be joining them on the boat this Friday night. Declare your intentions by paying Doug Teague £7.50 during lunch. Please make a special effort and handle this bit of business now so the seniors can accurately inform the boat company.

APPLICATIONS AVAILABLE NOW

All persons planning to take classes next summer in Oxford or in Vermont must fill out a short application form. Please do not overlook this detail as it could seriously complicate your having your wishes fulfilled. Applications available in the Office.

KEEP THE EVALUATIONS COMING

If you haven't already done so, please pick up your student evaluation form in Hall and complete it as soon as possible. The director depends upon your input to assess the operation of both the academic and the domestic functions of the program.

IF YOU WANT TO STAY AN EXTRA DAY

Should you wish to linger in college until Monday morning, you can do so for a fee of £12.19. You must, however, notify the Office of your plans by 2:30 Friday afternoon. If we don't hear from you, we will assume that your room will be vacant by the middle of the day Sunday.

STORING LUGGAGE

The Office has already begun receiving the luggage some of you have chosen to store while you travel. We have room for more and will be pleased to accommodate you; the only catch is that you must retrieve your things during regular college hours, when staff is on hand.

THERE ARE THIEVES ABROAD

Remember that we all become considerably more vulnerable to theft as guests arrive, friends depart, and for a variety of reasons routines fall into pieces. Be careful to lock your door and conceal all valuables, especially cash. We have been fortunate so far but thefts have been reported in the area, so remain alert.

GRATITUDE AND GRATUITIES

Many of you are now thinking about ways of expressing affection and gratitude to the scouts who have helped us this summer. Cash is the customary means. In past years the Office has collected \$5.00 from each student to create a fund that is distributed equally to all the scouts; in this way room is still left for more personal thanks while at the same time guaranteeing that no one is overlooked. We are beginning the collection in the Office now.

ITS NOT TOO LATE TO GET ON THE BOAT

Though the Wednesday deadline is past, seniors are yet able to collect your \$7.50 and include you on their list for tomorrow's boat party. If you want to step on board at 8:00 tomorrow evening, pay Doug Teague during lunch today.

EARLY DINNER TOMORROW

Dinner will be at 6:00 tomorrow instead of at 7:00 so that all of us and members of the Lincoln staff have ample time to clean up and still be at the boat by 8:00.

LATE MAIL

Any mail that arrives at Lincoln after the conclusion of the regular session will automatically be forwarded to Middlebury. This means that any already late mail will be extremely late by the time it has again been forwarded and you finally have it in your hands. We are afraid there is little the Office can do to speed this process.

WE STILL DESIRE EVALUATIONS

Please complete the student evaluation forms that can be found on the table in Hall. We will happily collect these and forward them to Jim in Vermont.

DON'T FORGET TO APPLY

All of you who are planning to attend Bread Loaf either here or on the Mountain must fill out the appropriate application form, no matter how many times you have been here or there before. Take a few minutes now to secure a place for next summer.

JIM'S THANKS EXTENDED TO ALL

All of you are to be commended for making Jim Maddox's first trip to Oxford a warm and enjoyable one. He left feeling very pleased with your abilities as both students and connoisseurs of culture. He especially enjoyed the opportunity to speak with many of you individually.

THE OFFICE CLOSES TOMORROW

All business transactions cease tomorrow at 2:30 in the afternoon. This means that the Bread Loaf financial accounts will be closed and no new booking for extra nights in college will be possible. The only continuing activity is the collection of money for the scout's tip, which does not involve our records.

ARE YOU LEAVING EARLY?

Please notify the Office of any plans to leave early. Knowing when you will no longer be a part of the meal plan helps us to predict numbers in Hall. This is especially useful now that more and more guests are joining us and we must consider turning people away.

Paniculum

Volume 12, Number 29 - The Bread Loaf School of English
4 August, 1989

SENIOR REHEARSAL RESCHEDULED

Commencement rehearsal for all seniors and ushers begins at 1:30 in the Oakeshott Room. We have had to change the location because of a wedding in the chapel.

MADRIGALS TO FOLLOW SENIOR REHEARSAL

Madrigalists will gather in the Oakeshott Room at 2:15, immediately upon the conclusion of senior rehearsal.

GRATITUDE FOR SERVICES RENDERED

Many of you have already taken the extra minute required to drop by the Office and donate \$5.00 to our Scout's Gratuity Fund. We will continue collecting even after the Office closes its books this afternoon at 2:30. The sum we gather will be distributed to all members of the staff, those who look after your room and those who serve you in Hall. If you haven't yet contributed, stop by the Office or look for the basket we will circulate at meals.

BOAT SAILS AT 8:00 THIS EVENING

All of you planning to be on board when the senior class party sails from Folly Bridge must be there no later than 8:00 PM. Dinner will be served at 6:00 instead of at 7:00 so all of us can be on time. To reach Salter Brothers, walk to High Street and turn right, turn left on St. Aldates, continue to Folly Bridge, cross the bridge, take the steps leading down to the left, steer toward the gangway leading onto the boat.

SPECIAL NOTE TO COMPUTER USERS

Please write down your ideas about the workings of the Lincoln Computer Lab for Bread Loaf and post them on the board for Julie sometime before you leave. Be as specific as you can, particularly about glitches on the machines so we can inform the college about them. Thanks very much for your good-hearted cooperation through the term. Congratulations on finishing up!

BREAD LOAF TEACHER-RESEARCH AWARDS

The Office has just received a FAX from Vermont with a description of what a Teacher-Research Award is and brief summaries of the awards made during the past year. The

Office now has copies of these materials we can distribute to interested persons.

ARE YOU STAYING IN COLLEGE SUNDAY NIGHT?

Anyone intending to stay in Lincoln Sunday night must have notified the Office and paid the additional \$12.19 by the time the Office closes at 2:30 this afternoon. The last meal served to Bread Loaf is breakfast on Sunday.

APPLICATIONS AND EVALUATIONS

If you haven't already done so, please stop by the Office before 2:30 this afternoon to complete an application and give us your student evaluation.



